THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Vol. III.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING,

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.
AS YOU LIKE IT.
TAMING THE SHREW.

LONDON,

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MDCCLXXVIII.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's

DREAM.

Perſons Repreſented [1]

Theſeus, *Duke of* Athens.
Egeus, *Father to* Hermia.
Lyſander, *in love with* Hermia.
Demetrius, *in love with* Hermia.
Philoſtrate, *Maſter of the Sports to Theſeus.*
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snowt, *the Tinker.*
Starveling, *the Taylor.*

Hippolita, *Queen of the* Amazons, *betrothed to* Theſeus.
Hermia, *Daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lyſander.
Helena, *in love with* Demetrius.

Attendants.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or* Robin-goodfellow, *a Fairy.*
Peaſebloſſom, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtard-ſeed, } *Fairies.*

Pyramus, Thiſbe, Wall, Moonſhine, Lyon, } *Characters in the* Interlude *performed by the* Clowns.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen: Attendants on Theſeus and Hippolita.

SCENE, Athens, *and a Wood not far from it.*

[1] The enumeration of perſons was firſt made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.



ACT I. SCENE I.

The [a] Palace of Theseus in Athens.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Philostrate, with attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in

[a] This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 8. 1600, by Thomas Fisher. It is probable that the hint for it was received from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*. Thence it is, that our author speaks of Theseus as *duke* of Athens. The tale begins thus:

"Whilom as olde stories tellen us,
"There was a *Duk* that highte Theseus,
"Of Athenes he was lord and governour, &c."

Late edit. v. 861.

Lidgate too, the monk of Bury, in his translation of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, calls him by the same title, chap. xii. l. 21.

"*Duke* Theseus had the victorye."

Creon, in the tragedy of *Jocasta*, translated from *Euripides* in 1566, is called *Duke Creon*:

So likewise Skelton:

"Not lyke *Duke* Hamilcar,
"Nor lyke *Duke* Asdruball."

Stanyhurst, in his translation of Virgil, calls Æneas, *Duke* Æneas; and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 2d Part, 1632, Ajax is styled *Duke* Ajax, Palamedes, *Duke* Palamedes, and Nestor, *Duke* Nestor, &c. STEEVENS.

There is an old *black-letter'd* pamphlet by W. Bettie, called *Titana and Theseus*: I have not seen it; but one might imagine from the coincidence of names that Shakespeare took a part of his plot from it. FARMER.

This pamphlet was entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1608; but Shakespeare has taken no hints from it. *Titania* is also the name of the Queen of Fairies in Decker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607.

STEEVENS.

 Another

Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue [3].

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit Phi.*
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her:—
Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,

[3] *Long* WITHERING OUT *a young man's revenue.*] *Long withering out* is, certainly, not good English. I rather think Shakespeare wrote, *Long* WINTERING ON *a young man's revenue.* WARBURTON.

That the common reading is not good English, I cannot perceive, and therefore find in myself no temptation to change it. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's Translation of the 4th B. of *Homer:*
" — there the goodly plant lies *withering out* his grace." STEEVENS.

This

This man hath [4] witch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds [5], conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law [6],
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god [7];

One

[4] —*witch'd*—] The old copies read *bewitch'd*. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*gawds*,—] i. e. baubles, toys, trifles. Our author has the word frequently: See *K. John*, act III. sc. v.
Again, in *Apius and Virginia*, 1575:
"When gain is no grandsier,
"And *gaudes* not set by, &c."
And, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:
"——and in her lap
"A sort of paper puppets, *gauds* and toys."
The rev. Mr. Lambe in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Floddon*, observes that a *gawd* is *a child's toy*, and that the children in the North call their play-things *gawdys*, and their baby-house a *gawdy-house*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Or to her death; according to our law*,] By a law of Solon's, parents had an absolute power of life and death over their children. So it suited the poet's purpose well enough, to suppose the Athenians had it before.—Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter. WARBURTON.

[7] *To you your father should be as a god,*
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,

One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do intreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befal me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death [8], or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

There-

To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To LEAVE *the figure, or* disfigure it.]

We should read:

To 'LEVE *the figure,* &c.

i. e. *releve*, to heighten or to add to the beauty of the figure, which is said to be *imprinted by him.* 'Tis from the French, *relever.* Thus they say, *Tapisseries relevées d'or.* In the same sense they use *enlever*, which Maundeville makes English of in this manner. — "*And alle the walles withinne ben covered with gold and sylver, in fyn plates: and in the plates ben stories and bataylles of Knyghtes* ENLEVED." p. 2 8. Rabelais, with a strain of buffoon humour, that equals the sober elegance of this passage in our poet, calls the small gentry of France, "*Gentilhommes de bas relief.*" WARBURTON.

I know not why so harsh a word should be admitted with so little need; a word that, spoken, could not be understood, and of which no example can be shown. The sense is plain, *you owe to your father a being which he may at pleasure continue or destroy.* JOHNSON.

[8] —*to die the death,*—] Shakespeare employs this expression in

King

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
[9] Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye [1] to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd [2],
Than that, which, withering on the virgin-thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, [3] to whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

King John; and I meet with it again in the second part of the *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"We will, my liege, else let us *die the death*."

So, in *Preston's Cambyses*:

"Do not my grace entreat no more,
"For he shall *die the death*."

Again,

"I give consent and make a vow
"That thou shalt *die the death*."

Again, in *Mucedorus*, Bremo says:

"Who fights with me that doth not *die the death*?"

[9] *Know of your youth*,] Bring your youth to the question. Consider your youth. JOHNSON.

[1] For *aye*] i.e. for ever. So, in *K. Edward* II. by Marlow, 1622:

"And sit for *aye* enthronized in heaven."

Again, in the *Tragedy of Crœsus*, 1604:

"Whereas the other makes us live for *ay*." STEEVENS.

[2] *But* earthlier *happy is the rose distill'd*,] Thus all the copies; yet *earthlier* is so harsh a word, and *earthlier happy* for *happier earthly*, a mode of speech so unusual, that I wonder none of the editors have proposed *earlier happy*. JOHNSON.

It has since been observed, that Mr. Pope did propose *earlier*. We might read, *earthly happier*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*to whose unwish'd yoke*] Thus the modern editors; the particle *to* is wanting in the old copies. STEEVENS.

The. Take time to pause: and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;——And, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him[4].

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him:
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man[5].

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,

[4] *You have her father's love, Demetrius;*
Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.
I suspect that Shakespeare wrote;
"Let me have Hermia; do you marry him." TYRWHITT.

[5] *Spotted*] As *spotless* is innocent, so *spotted* is wicked.
JOHNSON.

My

My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolita; What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something, nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty, and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt Thes. Hip. Egeus, Dem. and train.*

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
[6] Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
But, either it was different in blood;

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low [7]!

Lys.

[6] *Beteem them*—] Give them, bestow upon them. The word is used by Spenser. JOHNSON.

"So would I, said th' enchanter, glad and fain
"*Beteem* to you his sword, you to defend." *Faery Queen.*

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd. How? Ask Dalio and Milo*, a Com. 1635:

"I could *beteeme* her a better match."

But I rather think that to *beteem* in this place signifies (as in the northern counties) to *pour out*; from *tommer* Danish. STEEVENS.

[7] *Too high to be enthrall'd to love.*] This reading possesses all the editions, but carries no just meaning in it. Nor was Hermia displeas'd at being in love; but regrets the inconveniencies that generally attend the passion: either, the parties are disproportioned, in degree of blood and quality; or unequal, in respect of years; or brought together by the appointment of friends,

and

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;
Her. O spight! too old to be engag'd to you!
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:
Her. O hell! to chuse love by another's eye!
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it [8] momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night [9],
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!

and not by their own choice. These are the complaints represented by Lysander; and Hermia, to answer to the first, as she has done to the other two, must necessarily say:

O cross!—too high to be enthrall'd to low!

So the antithesis is kept up in the terms; and so she is made to condole the disproportion of blood and quality in lovers.

THEOBALD.

Sir T. H. adheres to the old reading. STEEVENS.

[8] The old editions read *momentany*, which is the old and proper word. The modern editors, *momentary*. JOHNSON.

[9] *Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night,*
That, in a spleen, *unfolds both heaven and earth,*
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:]

Though the word *spleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakespeare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, assumes every now and then, an uncommon licence in the use of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is usual with him to employ one, only to express a very few *ideas* of that number of which it is composed. Thus wanting here to express the ideas—of a sudden, or—*in a trice*, he uses the word *spleen*; which, partially considered, signifying a hasty sudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himself about the further or fuller signification of the word. Here, he uses the word *spleen* for a *sudden hasty fit*, so just the contrary, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he uses *sudden* for *splenetic*——*sudden quips*. And it must be owned this sort of conversation adds a force to the diction. WARBURTON.

Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night,] *colly'd*, i.e. black, smutted with coal, a word still used in the midland counties.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*:

"—Thou hast not *collied* thy face enough." STEEVENS.

The

The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
[illegible]ick bright things come to confusion.
[illegible] If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our tryal patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
[1] I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote [2] seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And, in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow [3];

[1] *I have a widow aunt,* &c.] These lines perhaps might more properly be regulated thus:

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child,
And she respects me as her only son;
Her house from Athens is remov'd seven leagues,
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place—— JOHNSON.

[2] —remote,—] *Remote* is the reading of both the quartos; the folio has, ——*remov'd.* STEEVENS.

[3] Lys. ——*If thou lov'st me then,*
Steal forth thy father's house, &c.
Her. *My good Lysander!*
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By, &c. &c.
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.]

Lysander.

By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers lo
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage q
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed, fair Helena! Whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Lysander does but just propose her running away from her father at midnight, and straight she is at her oaths that she will meet him at the place of rendezvous. Not one doubt or hesitation, not one condition of assurance for Lysander's constancy. Either she was nauseously coming, or she had before jilted him, and he could not believe her without a thousand oaths. But Shakespeare observed nature at another rate.—The speeches are divided wrong, and must be thus rectified; when Lysander had proposed her running away with him, she replies:

Her. *My good Lysander*———

and is going on, to ask security for his fidelity. This he perceives, and interrupts her with the grant of what she demands.

Lys. *I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow, &c.*
By all the vows that ever men have broke
In number more than ever women spoke———

Here she interrupts him in her turn; declares herself satisfied, and consents to meet him in the following words:

Her. —*In that same place thou hast appointed me,*
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

This division of the lines, besides preserving the character, gives the dialogue infinitely more force and spirit. WARBURTON.

This emendation is judicious, but not necessary. I have therefore given the note without altering the text. The censure of men, as oftner perjured than women, seems to make that line more proper for the lady. JOHNSON.

4 ——*by that fire that burn'd the Carthage queen,*] Shakespeare had forgot that Theseus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and consequently long before the death of Dido. STEEVENS.

Deme-

Demetrius loves [5] your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are [6] lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so [7]!

[5] The quarto reads—*your* fair. JOHNSON.
The reading of the quarto is the true one, and I have restored it. *Fair* is used again as a substantive in the *Comedy of Errors*:
"My decayed *fair*,
"A sunny look of his would soon repair."
Again, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:
"But what foul hand hath harm'd Matilda's *fair*?"
See a note on the *Comedy of Errors*, act II. sc. i.
Again, in *A Looking-Glass for London and England*, 1617:
"And fold in me the riches of thy *fair*."
Again, in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:
"Then tell me, love, shall I have all thy *fair*?"
Again, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616: "Though she were false to Menelaus, yet her *fair* made him brook her follies."
Again,
"Flora in tawny hid up all her flowers,
"And would not diaper the meads with *fair*." STEEVENS.

[6] *Your eyes are lode-stars*;] This was a complement not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode star is the *leading* or guiding star, that is, the pole-star. The magnet is, for the same reason, called the *lodestone*, either because it leads iron, or because it guides the sailor. Milton has the same thought in *L'Allegro*:
"*Tow'rs and battlements he sees*
"*Bosom'd high in tufted trees*,
"*Where perhaps some beauty lies*,
"*The* cynosure *of neighb'ring eyes*."
Davies calls Elizabeth, "*lode-stone* to hearts, and *lode-stone* to all eyes." JOHNSON.
In Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry V. promises his friends to be their "guide, *lodesman*, and conductor."
So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:
"Led by the *loadstar* of her heav'nly looks."
Again, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:
"The *loadstar* and the honour of our line."
Again, in the ancient Mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:
"Chief *lodesterre* of my felicytie." STEEVENS.

[7] —*O, were favour so*!] *Favour* is *feature*, *countenance*. So, in *Twelfth-Night*, act II. sc. iv:
"———thine eye
"Hath stay'd upon some *favour* that it loves." STEEVENS.

Yours

Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go [8];
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated [9].
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. Oh, that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. [1] His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see [2],
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold

[8] This emendation is taken from the Oxford edition. The old reading is, *Your words I catch.* JOHNSON.

[9] —*to be to you* translated.] To *translate*, in our author, sometimes signifies to *change*, to *transform*. So, in *Timon:*

"——— to present slaves and servants
"*Translates* his rivals"——— STEEVENS.

[1] His folly, Helena, is *no fault* of mine.] The folio and one of the quartos read, *His folly, Helena, is* none *of mine.* JOHNSON.

[2] Perhaps every reader may not discover the propriety of these lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to consider the power of pleasing, as an advantage to be much envied or much desired, since Hermia, whom she considers as possessing it in the supreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loss of happiness. JOHNSON.

Her

Her silver visage in the watry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsels swell'd[3];
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and strange companions.
Farewel, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, 'till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit Herm.*

[3] *Emptying our bosoms of their counsels* swell'd;
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends, and strange companions.]

This whole scene is strictly in rhyme; and that it deviates in these two couplets, I am persuaded, is owing to the ignorance of the first, and the inaccuracy of the later editors: I have therefore ventured to restore the rhymes, as I make no doubt but the poet first gave them. *Sweet* was easily corrupted into *swell'd*, because that made an *antithesis* to *emptying*: and *strange companions* our editors thought was plain English; but *stranger companies*, a little quaint and unintelligible. Our author very often uses the *substantive*, Stranger *adjectively*; and *companies*, to signify *companions*: as *Rich.* II. act I:

"*To tread the* stranger *paths of banishment.*"

And *Hen.* V:

"*His* companies *unletter'd, rude and shallow.*" THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton retains the old reading, and perhaps justifiably; for a *bosom swell'd with secrets* does not appear as an expression unlikely to have been used by our author, who speaks of a *stuff'd bosom* in *Macbeth.*

In Lylly's *Midas*, 1592, is a somewhat similar expression: "I am one of those whose tongues are *swell'd with silence*." Again, in our author's *K. Richard* II.

"———the unseen grief
"That *swells* in silence in the tortur'd soul."

In the scenes of *K. Richard* II. there is likewise a mixture of rhime and blank verse. I have therefore restored the old reading, —*strange companions.* Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with Theobald.

STEEVENS.

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit Lys.*
Hel. How happy some, o'er other some, can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no [4] quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys themselves in [5] game forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne [6],
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail [7] some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence

[4] *no quantity,*] *Quality* seems a word more suitable to the sense than quantity, but either may serve. JOHNSON.

[5] *in game*] *Game* here signifies not contentious play, but *sport, jest.* So Spenser:

"*'twixt earnest, and 'twixt* game." JOHNSON.

[6] —*Hermia's* eyne,] This plural is common both in Chaucer and Spenser. So, in Chaucer's Character of the *Prioresse,* late edit. v. 152:

"——hir *eyen* grey as glas."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen,* b. i. c. 4. st. 9:

"While flashing beams do dare his feeble *eyen.*" STEEVENS.

[7] —*this* hail] Thus all the editions, except the quarto, 1600, printed by Roberts, which reads instead of *this hail,* his *hail.* STEEVENS.

If

If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Cottage.

Enter Quince the carpenter, Snug the joiner, Bottom the weaver, Flute the bellows-mender [8], *Snout the tinker, and Starveling the taylor* [9].

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip [1].

Quin. Here is the scrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and dutchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play

8 ——*the* bellows-mender,] In Ben Jonson's masque of *Pan's Anniversary*, &c. a man of the same profession is introduced. I have been told that a *bellows-mender* was one who had the care of *organs*, *regals*, &c. STEEVENS.

9 In this scene Shakespeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man pants to perform when he first steps upon the stage. The same Bottom, who seems bred in a tiring-room, has another histrionical passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is therefore desirous to play Pyramus, Thisbe, and the Lyon at the same time. JOHNSON.

1 *the* scrip.] A *scrip*, Fr. *escript*, now written *ecrit*.
So, Chaucer, in *Troilus and Cressida*, l. 2. 1130.

"*Scripe* nor bill".

Again, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1633, Part II:

"I'll take thy own word without *scrip* or scroll."

Holinshed likewise uses the word. STEEVENS.

treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so [2] grow to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is—The most lamentable [3] comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scrowl: Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom the weaver.

[2] —*grow to a point.*] Dr. Warburton reads *go on*; but *grow* is used, in allusion to his name, Quince. JOHNSON.

To *grow* to a point, I believe has no reference to the name of *Quince*. I meet with the same kind of expression in *Wily Beguiled*

"As yet we are *grown* to no conclusion."

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"Our reasons will be infinite, I trow,
"Unless *unto some other point we grow.*"

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"*Grow* this to what adverse issue it can."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. B. vi. ch. 31.

"The court therefore is well advis'd to sentence not to *grow*."

Again, in Holinshed's Reign of *King John*, p. 184: "—if the matter did not *grow* to any such enforcement." STEEVENS.

And so grow on to a point.] The sense, in my opinion, hath been hitherto mistaken; and instead of a *point*, a substantive, I would read *appoint* a verb, that is, *appoint* what parts each actor is to perform, which is the real case. Quince first tells them the name of the play, then calls the actors by their names, and after that, tells each of them what part is set down for him to act.

Perhaps, however, only the particle *a* may be inserted by the printer, and Shakespeare wrote to *point*, i. e. to appoint. The word occurs in that sense in a poem by E. N. 1614, called *I Would and would Not*, stanza iii:

"To *point* the captains every one their fight." WARNER.

[3] *The most lamentable comedy*, &c.) This is very probably a burlesque on the *title page* of *Cambyses*: "A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant Mirth, containing, *The Life of Cambises King of Percia*, &c." By Tho. Preston, bl. l. no date.

STEEVENS.

Lilly's *Campaspe*, which was printed in 1591, and is intituled a *Tragical Comedy*, was perhaps intended to be ridiculed.

MALONE.

Bot.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in [4], to make all split [5].

"The raging rocks,
"And shivering shocks,
"Shall

[4] *I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a* CAT *in*:] We should read:

A part to tear a CAP *in*.

for as a ranting whore was called a *tear-sheet*, [2d Part of *Hen.* IV.] so a ranting bully was called a *tear-cap*. For this reason it is, the poet makes *bully Bottom*, as he is called afterwards, wish for *a part to tear a cap in*. And in the antient plays, the bombast and the rant held the place of the sublime and pathetic: and indeed constituted the very essence of their *tragical* farces. Thus *Bale*, in his *Acts of English Votaries*, part 2. says—"*grenhyng like termagauntes in a play*." WARBURTON.

In the old comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, 1611, there is a character called *Tear-cat*, who says: "I am called, by those who have seen my valour, *Tear-cat*." In an anonymous piece called *Histriomastix*, or *The Player Whipt*, 1610, in six acts, a parcel of soldiers drag a company of players on the stage, and the captain says: "Sirrah, this is you that would rend and *tear a cat* upon a "stage, &c." Again, in *The Isle of Gulls*, a comedy by J. Day, 1606: "I had rather hear two such jests, than a whole play of such *Tear-cat* thunderclaps." STEEVENS.

[5] *To make all split.*] This is to be connected with the previous part of the speech; not with the subsequent rhymes. It was the description of a bully. In the second act of the *Scornful Lady*, we meet with "two *roaring boys* of Rome, that *made all split*." FARMER.

Again, in the *Wild Goose Chace*, by B. and Fletcher:

"I love a sea voyage and a blustring tempest,
"And *let all split*." STEEVENS.

"Shall break the locks
"Of prison-gates;
"And Phibbus' car
"Shall shine from far,
"And make and mar
"The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will[6].

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisne,*

I meet with the same expression in the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: "Her wit I must employ upon this business to prepare my next encounter, but in such a fashion as shall *make all split.*" MALONE.

[5] *As small*, &c.] This passage shews how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was at that time a part of a lady's dress so much in use that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene: and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone might play the woman very successfully. It is observed in Downe's *Memoirs of the Playhouse*, that one of these counterfeit heroines moved the passions more strongly than the women that have since been brought upon the stage. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability. JOHNSON.

Prynne, in his *Histriomastix*, exclaims with great vehemence through several pages, because a woman acted a part in a play at Blackfryars in the year 1628. STEEVENS.

Thisne:

Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the taylor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother [7].—Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snow. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, there is a play fitted [8].

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study [9].

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the dutchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

7 —*you must play Thisby's mother.*] There seems a double forgetfulness of our poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of Thisby, and the father of Pyramus, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moonshine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the least notice taken here. THEOBALD.

Theobald is wrong as to this last particular. The introduction of *Wall* and *Moonshine* was an after-thought. See act III. sc. i. It may be observed, however, that no part of what is rehearsed is afterwards repeated, when the piece is acted before Theseus. STEEVENS.

8 there *is a play fitted.*] Both the quartos read *here*. STEEVENS.

9 —*slow of* study.] *Study* is still the cant term used in a theatre for getting any nonsense by rote. Hamlet asks the player if he can "*study*" a speech. STEEVENS.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's-day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow [1].

Quin. [2] Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon light; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties [3], such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot.

[1] —*your perfect yellow.*] Here Bottom again discovers a true genius for the stage by his solicitude for propriety of dress, and his deliberation which beard to chuse among many beards, all unnatural. JOHNSON.

This custom of wearing coloured beards, the reader will find more amply explained in *Measure for Measure*, act IV. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

[2] —*French crowns*, &c.] That is, a head from which the hair has fallen in one of the last stages of the *lues venerea*, called the *corona veneris*. To this our poet has frequent allusions. STEEVENS.

[3] *properties*,] *Properties* are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their respective parts, dresses and scenes excepted. The person who delivers them out is to this day called the *property-man*.

So,

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings [4].

[*Exeunt.*

So, in *Albumazar*, 1610:

" Furbo, our beards,
" Black patches for our eyes, and other *properties.*"

Again, in *Westward-Hoe*, 1606:

" I'll go make ready my rustical *properties.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *At the duke's oak we meet*—hold, or cut bow-strings.] This proverbial phrase came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word, that their *bowstrings* were *broke*, i. e. their arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially—*hold or* cut *bow-strings*—i. e. whether the bow-string held or broke. For *cut* is used as a neuter, like the verb *frets*. As when we say, the *string frets*, the *silk frets*, for the passive, *it is cut* or *fretted*. WARBURTON.

This interpretation is very ingenious, but somewhat disputable. The excuse made by the militia soldiers is a mere supposition, without proof; and it is well known that while *bows* were in use, no archer ever entered the field without a supply of *strings* in his pocket; whence originated the proverb, *to have two strings to one's bow*. In *The Country Girl*, a comedy by T. B. 1647, is the following threat to a fiddler:

" ————fiddler, strike,
" I'll strike you, else, and *cut your begging bowstrings.*"

The *bowstrings* in both these instances may only mean the *strings* which make part of the *bow* with which musical instruments of several kinds are struck. The propriety of the allusion I cannot satisfactorily explain. STEEVENS.

Hold, or cut cod-piece point, is a proverb to be found in Ray's Collection, p. 57. edit. 1737. COLLINS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Wood.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck (or Robin-good-fellow) at another.

Puck. How now, ſpirit! whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale [5],
Thorough buſh, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moones ſphere [6];
And I ſerve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs [7] upon the green:
The cowſlips tall her penſioners be [8];

In

[5] *Over hill, over dale,* &c.] So Drayton in his *Court of Fairy:*
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire. JOHNSON.

[6] —*the* moones *ſphere*] Unleſs we ſuppoſe this to be the Saxon genitive caſe, (as it is here printed) the metre will be defective. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen,* B. III. c. i. ſt. 15:
"And eke through feare as white as *whales* bone."
STEEVENS.

[7] *To dew her orbs upon the green:*] For *orbs* Dr. Gray is inclined to ſubſtitute *herbs.* The orbs here mentioned are the circles ſuppoſed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whoſe verdure proceeds from the fairy's care to water them. Thus Drayton:
They in their courſes make that round,
In meadows and in marſhes found,
Of them ſo called the fairy ground. JOHNSON.

Thus in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus* "—ſimiles illis ſpectris, quæ in multis locis, præſertim nocturno tempore, ſuum *ſaltatorium orbem* cum omnium muſarum concentu verſare ſolent." It appears from the ſame author, that theſe dancers always parched up the graſs, and therefore it is properly made the office of *Puck* to refreſh it. STEEVENS.

[8] The cowſlip was a favourite among the fairies. There is a hint in *Drayton* of their attention to May morning:

—*For*

[9] In their gold coats ſpots you ſee;
Thoſe be rubies, fairy favours,
In thoſe freckles live their ſavours:
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear [1].
Farewel, thou [2] lob of ſpirits, I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

——For the queen a fitting tow'r,
Quoth he, is that fair cowſlip flow'r.—
In all your train there's not a fay
That ever went to gather May,
But ſhe hath made it in her way,
The talleſt *there that groweth.* JOHNSON.

[9] *In their gold coats ſpots you ſee*;] Shakeſpeare, in *Cymbeline*, refers to the ſame red ſpots:

"*A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops*
"*I' th' bottom of a cowſlip.*" PERCY.

Perhaps there is likewiſe ſome alluſion to the habit of a *penſioner*. See a note on the ſecond act of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

[1] *And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.*] The ſame thought occurs in an old comedy call'd the *Wiſdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600; i. e. the ſame year in which the firſt printed copies of this play made their appearance. An enchanter ſays:

"'Twas I that led you through the painted meads
"Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,
"*Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl.*" STEEVENS.

[2] *——lob of ſpirits,*] *Lob, lubber, looby, lobcock,* all denote both inactivity of body and dulneſs of mind. JOHNSON.

So, in Preſton's *Cambyſes:*

"It was ſuch a fooliſh *lob* as thou."

Again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1606:

"The *lob* has his laſs, the collier his dowdy."

Both *lob* and *lobcock* are uſed as terms of contempt in *The Rival Friends*, 1632. Again, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"Hold thy hands, *Lob.*"

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Eſau*, 1568:

"Should find Eſau ſuch a lout or a *lob.*"

Again, in the *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, by B. and Fletcher: "There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, that had a giant to her ſon, that was called *Lob-lye-by-the-fire.*" This being ſeems to be of kin to the *lubbar-fiend* of Milton, as Mr. Warton has remarked in his *Obſervations on the Faery Queen.* STEEVENS.

Puck.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his ſight.
For Oberon is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, ſtol'n from an Indian king;
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling [3]:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild:
But ſhe, per-force, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheen [4],
But they do ſquare [5]; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knaviſh ſprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow [6]: Are you not he,
That

[3] —*changeling*:] *Changeling* is commonly uſed for the child ſuppoſed to be left by the fairies, but here for the child taken away. JOHNSON.

[4] —*Sheen*,] Shining, bright, gay. JOHNSON.

So, in *Tancred and Giſmund*, 1592:

" ——— but why
" Doth Phœbus' ſiſter *ſheen* deſpiſe thy power?"

Again, in the ancient romance of *Syr Tryamoure*, bl. l. no date.

" He kyſſed and toke his leve of the quene,
" And of other ladies bright and *ſhene*." STEEVENS.

[5] *But they do ſquare*;] To *ſquare* here is to quarrel. The French word *contrecarrer* has the ſame import. JOHNSON.

So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

" ——— let me not ſeem rude
" That thus I ſeem to *ſquare* with modeſty."
" ——— pray let me go, for he'll begin to *ſquare*, &c."

Again, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

" Marry ſhe knew you and I were at *ſquare*,
" And leſt we fell to blowes, ſhe did prepare." STEEVENS.

[6] *Robin Good-fellow*;] This account of Robin Good-fellow correſponds, in every article, with that given of him in *Harſnet's Declaration*, ch. xx. p. 135: " And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly ſet out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Siſſe the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeſes would not curdle, or the butter would

That frights the maidens of the villag'ry;
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern[7],
And bootless make the breathless huswife churn;
And

would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have got head. But if a pater-noster, or an housle egge were beturned, or a patch of tythe unpaid—then beware of bull-beggars, spirits, &c." He is mentioned by Cartwright as a spirit particularly fond of disconcerting and disturbing domestic peace and oeconomy.

Saint Francis and Saint Benedight
Blesse this house from wicked wight;
From the night-mare and the goblin,
That is hight good-fellow Robin.
Keep it, &c.

Cartwright's *Ordinary*, act III. sc. 1. v. 8. WARTON.

Reginald Scot gives the same account of this frolicksome spirit, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, Lond. 1588. 4to. p. 66. "Your grandames, maids, were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding of malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight—this white bread and bread and milk, was his standing fee." STEEVENS.

[7] *Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,*
And bootless make the breathless huswife churn;] The sense of these lines is confused. *Are not you he*, says the fairy, *that fright the country girls, that skim milk, work in the hand-mill, and make the tired dairy-woman churn without effect?* The mention of the mill seems out of place, for she is not now telling the good but the evil that he does. I would regulate the lines thus:

And sometimes make the breathless housewife churn
Skim milk, and bootless labour in the quern.

Or, by a simple transposition of the lines:

And bootless, make the breathless housewife churn
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern.

Yet there is no necessity of alteration. JOHNSON.

A *Quern* is a hand-mill, kuerna, *mola*. Islandic. So in *Stanyhurst's* translation of the first book of *Virgil*, 1582, *quern*-stones are mill-stones:

"Theyre corne in *quern-stoans* they do grind, &c."

Again, in *The more the Merrier*, a collection of epigrams, 1608:

"Which like a *querne* can grind more in an hour."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the seventh book of the Odyssey:

"——some apple-colour'd corne
"Ground in faire *quernes*."

Again, in the old Song of *Robin Goodfellow*, printed in the 3d volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*

"I grind

And sometime make the drink to bear no barm [8];
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck [1],
You

"I grind at *mill*,
"Their malt up still, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] —*no* barm;] *Barme* is a name for *yeast*, yet used in our midland counties, and universally in Ireland. So, in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594: "It behoveth my wits to work like *barme*, alias yeast." Again, in the *Humourous Lieutenant* of B. and Fletcher:

"I think my brains will work yet without *barm*."

Again, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

"Such *barmy* heads will always be working."

Again, in the Prologue to *Wily Beguiled:*

"Go to that *barm-froth* poet, and to him say, &c."

See Verstegan, p. 61. STEEVENS.

[1] *Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,*
You do their work,]

To those traditionary opinions Milton has reference in *L'Allegro:*

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,——
With stories told of many a feat,
How Fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd and pull'd she said,
And he by frier's lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn
Which ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber *fiend.*

A like account of Puck is given by Drayton, in his *Nymphidia:*

He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall.——
This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bed doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us makes us to stray,
Long winters' nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.

It will be apparent to him that shall compare Drayton's poem with this play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was then some system of the fairy empire generally received, which they both represented as accurately as they could. Whether Drayton or Shakespeare wrote first, I cannot discover. JOHNSON.

The

You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright[2];
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

The editor of the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, in 4 vols, 8vo. 1775, has incontrovertibly proved Drayton to have been the follower of Shakespeare; for, says he, "*Don Quixot* (which was not published till 1605.) is cited in the *Nymphidia*, whereas we have an edition of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* in 1600."

In this century some of our poets have been as little scrupulous in adopting the ideas of their predecessors. In Gay's ballad, inserted in the *What d'ye call It*, is the following stanza:

"*How can they say that nature*
"*Has nothing made in vain;*
"*Why then beneath the water*
"*Should hideous rocks remain?* &c. &c.

Compare this with a passage in Chaucer's *Frankeleines* Tale, late edit. v. 11179, &c.

"In idel, as men sain, ye nothing make,
"But, lord, thise grisly fendly rockes blake, &c. &c."

and Mr. Pope is more indebted to the same author for beauties inserted in his Eloisa to Abelard, than he has been willing to acknowledge. STEEVENS.

[1] —sweet *Puck*,] The epithet is by no means superfluous; as *Puck* alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It signified nothing better than *fiend*, or *devil*. So, the author of *Pierce Ploughman* puts *the pouk* for *the devil*, fol. lxxxx. b. v. penult. See also fol. lxvii. v. 15. "*none helle* powke."

It seems to have been an old Gothic word. *Puke, puken*; Sathanas. *Gudm. And. Lexicon Island.* TYRWHITT.

[2] Puck. *Thou speak'st aright*;] I would fill up the verse which I suppose the author left complete:

I am, thou speak'st aright;

It seems that in the Fairy mythology Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the trusty servant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakespeare Titania. For in Drayton's *Nymphidia*, the same fairies are engaged in the same business. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggen; Oberon being jealous, sends Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs opposes him by a spell. JOHNSON.

In very likeness of a roasted crab [3];
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt [4], telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And *taylor* cries, and falls into a cough [5]:
And then the whole quire hold their hips [6], and loffe,
[7] And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But [8] room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress:—'Would that he were gone!

[3] —*a roasted crab*;] So, in the anonymous play of *King Henry* V. &c.

"Yet we will have in store a *crab* in the fire,
"With nut-brown ale."

Again, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"And sit down in my chaire by my wife faire Alison,
"And turne a *crabbe* in the fire, as merry as Pope John."

In *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600, *Christmas* is described as: "—sitting in a corner turning *crabs*,
"Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale." STEEVENS.

[4] *The wisest aunt*,—] *Aunt* is *procuress*. In Gascoigne's *Glass of Government*, 1575, the *bawd* Pandarina is always called *aunt*. "These are *aunts* of Antwerp, which can make twenty marriages in one week for their kinswomen." See, *Winter's Tale*, act IV. sc. i. Among Ray's proverbial phrases is the following, "She is one of mine *aunts* that made mine uncle go a begging." The *wisest aunt* may mean the most *sentimental bawd*. STEEVENS.

[5] *And taylor cries*,] The custom of crying *taylor* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair falls as a taylor squats upon his board. The Oxford editor, and Dr. Warburton after him, read *and rails or cries*, plausibly, but I believe not rightly. Besides, the trick of the fairy is represented as producing rather merriment than anger. JOHNSON.

[6] —*hold their hips, and loffe*,]
"And laughter holding both his sides." *Milton*. STEEVENS.

[7] *And waxen*,] And encrease, as the moon waxes. JOHNSON.

[8] But *make* room, faery. Thus the moderns. All the old copies read—*But room Fairy*. The word Fairy or Faery, was sometimes of three syllables, as often in Spenser. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Oberon [9], *king of Fairies, at one door with his train, and the queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.
Queen. [1] What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.
Ob. Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy lord?
Queen. Then I must be thy lady: But I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sate all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.
Ob. How can'st thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolita,

[9] Enter *Oberon*,] *Oberon* had been introduced on the stage in 1594, by some other author. In the Stationers' books is entered "The Scottishe story of James the fourthe, slain at Floddon; intermixed with a pleasant comedie presented by *Oberon*, *King of Fairies*." The judicious editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, in his *Introductory Discourse*, (See vol. iv. p. 161.) observes, that *Pluto* and *Proserpina* in the *Marchant's Tale*, appear to have been "the true progenitors of Shakespeare's *Oberon* and *Titania*." STEEVENS.

[1] *Queen*] As to the *Fairy Queen*, (says Mr. Warton in his *Observations on Spenser*) considered apart from the race of fairies, the notion of such an imaginary personage was very common. Chaucer, in his *Rime of Sir Thopas*, mentions her, together with a Fairy land:

"In the old dayis of the king Arthure,
"Of which the Bretons speken great honour;
"All was this lond fulfillid of fayry:
"The *Elf-quene*, with her jolly company
"Daunsid full oft in many a grene mede:
"This was the old opinion as I rede."
Wife of Bath's Tale. STEEVENS.

Know-

Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night[2]
From Perigunè, whom he ravished[3]?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring[4],
Met

[2] *Didst thou not lead him* through the glimmering night] We should read:

Didst thou not lead him glimmering through the night.

The meaning is, She conducted him in the appearance of fire through the dark night. WARBURTON.

Of all attempts at emendation, surely this is the most unnecessary. The *glimmering night* is the night *faintly illuminated* by stars. In *Macbeth* our author says:

"The west yet *glimmers* with some streaks of day."

STEEVENS.

[3] *From* Perigenia, *whom he ravished?*] Thus all the editors; but our author, who diligently perus'd Plutarch, and glean'd from him, where his subject would admit, knew, from the life of *Theseus*, that her name was Perigyne, (or Perigune) by whom Theseus had his son Melanippus. She was the daughter of Sinnis, a cruel robber, and tormentor of passengers in the Isthmus. Plutarch and Athenæus are both express in the circumstance of Theseus ravishing her. THEOBALD.

Ægle, Ariadne, and Antiopa were all at different times mistresses to Theseus. See Plutarch.

Theobald cannot be blamed for his emendation; and yet it is well known that our ancient authors, as well as the French and the Italians, were not scrupulously nice about proper names, but almost always corrupted them. STEEVENS.

[4] *And never, since the middle summer's spring*, &c.] There are not many passages in Shakespeare which one can be certain he has borrowed from the ancients; but this is one of the few that, I think, will admit of no dispute. Our author's admirable description of the miseries of the country being plainly an imitation of that which Ovid draws, as consequent on the grief of Ceres for the loss of her daughter:

Nescit adhuc ubi sit; terras tamen increpat omnes,
Ingratasque vocat, nec frugum munere dignas.
——*Ergo illic sæva vertentia glebas*
Fregit aratra manu, *parilique irata colonos*

Ruri-

Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
[5] By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain [6],
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every [7] pelting river made so proud,

That

Ruricolasque boves letho dedit: arvaque jussit
Fallere depositum, vitiataque semina fecit.
Fertilitas terræ latum vulgata per orbem
Sparsa jacet. Primis segetes moriuntur in herbis.
Et modo sol nimius, nimius modo corripit imber:
Sideraque ventique nocent.

THE *middle summer's spring.*] We should read THAT. For it appears to have been some years since the quarrel first began. WARBURTON.

By the *middle summer's spring*, our author seems to mean the *beginning* of *middle* or *mid* summer. *Spring* for *beginning* he uses again: 2d. P. Hen. IV:

"*As flaws congealed in the* spring *of day.*"

which expression has authority from the scripture, St. Luke, ch. i. v. 78: "whereby the day-*spring* from on high hath visited us." Again, in the romance of *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510:

"—arose in a mornynge at the *sprynge of the day*, &c."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 10:

"He wooed her till day-*spring* he espyde."

Ovid had been translated by Golding:—the first four books in 1565, and all the rest, in a few years afterwards. STEEVENS.

[5] *Paved fountain*;] A fountain laid round the edge with stone. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *paved* at the bottom. So, Lord Bacon in his *Essay on Gardens*: "As for the other kind of *fountaine*, which we may call a bathing-poole, it may admit much curiosity and beauty. .... As that the bottom be finely *paved* .... the *sides* likewise, &c." STEEVENS.

[6] —*the winds, piping*] So, Milton:

"*While rocking winds, are piping loud.*" JOHNSON.

[7] —*pelting river*] Thus the quartos: the folio reads *petty*. Shakespeare has in *Lear* the same word, *low pelting farms*. The meaning is plainly, *despicable*, *mean*, *sorry*, *wretched*; but as it is a word without any reasonable etymology, I should be glad to dismiss it for *petty*: yet it is undoubtedly right. We have "*petty pelting officer* in *Measure for Measure*." JOHNSON.

That they have over-borne their continents [8].
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock [9]:
The nine-mens' morris is fill'd up with mud [1];
And

So, in Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575:
"Doway is a *pelting* town pack'd full of poor ſcholars."
This word is always uſed as a term of contempt. So, again in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "—attire never uſed but of old women and *pelting* prieſts." STEEVENS.

[8] Overborn their *continents.*] Born down the banks that contained them. So, in *Lear*:
"——— *cloſe pent up guilts*
"*Rive your concealing* continents!" JOHNSON.

[9] —murrain *flock:*] The *murrain* is the plague in cattle. It is here uſed by Shakeſpeare as an adjective; as a ſubſtantive by others:
"——ſends him as a *murrain*
"To ſtrike our herds; or as a worſer plague,
"Your people to deſtroy."
Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613. STEEVENS.

[1] *The nine-mens' morris*]. This was ſome kind of rural game played in a marked ground. But what it was more, I have not found. JOHNSON.

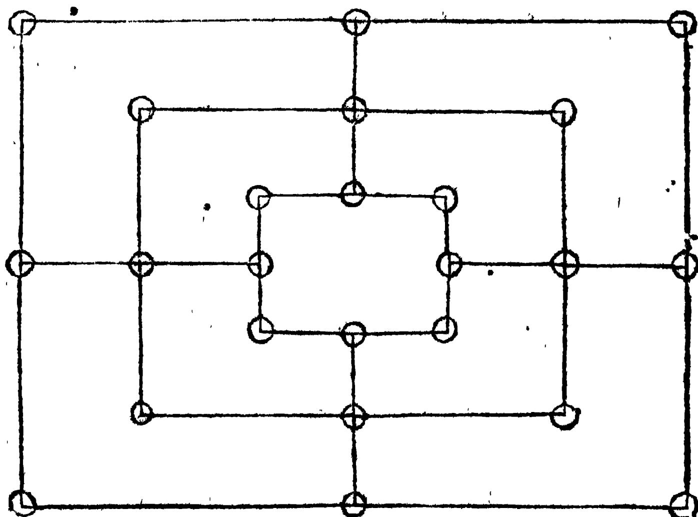
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;] In that part of Warwickſhire where Shakeſpeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonſhire, the ſhepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to repreſent a ſort of imperfect cheſs-board. It conſiſts of a ſquare, ſometimes only a foot diameter, ſometimes three or four yards. Within this is another ſquare, every ſide of which is parallel to the external ſquare; and theſe ſquares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both ſquares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other ſtones, which, they move in ſuch a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner ſquare is called the Pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. Theſe figures are by the country people called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Merrils*, and are ſo called, becauſe each party has nine men. Theſe figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the graſs at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy ſeaſons never fail to be *choaked up with mud.* JAMES.

See Peck on Milton's *Maſque*, 115, vol. i. p. 135. STEEVENS.

Nine

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
The human mortals [2] want their winter here [3],
No

Nine men's morris is a game still play'd by the shepherds, cow-keepers, &c. in the midland counties, as follows:
A figure is made on the ground (like this which I have drawn) by cutting out the turf; and two persons take each nine stones, which they place by turns in the angles, and afterwards more alternately, as at chess or draughts. He who can place three in a strait line, may then take off any one of his adversary's, where he pleases, till one, having lost all his men, loses the game.



ALCHORNE.

In Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the article *Merelles*, is the following explanation. "Le Jeu des Merelles. The boyish game called Merils, or fivepenny morris; played here most commonly with stones, but in France with pawns, or men made on purpose, and termed *merelles*." The pawns or figures of men used in the game might originally be *black*, and hence called *morris*, or *merelles*, as we yet term a black cherry a *morello*, and a small black cherry a *merry*, perhaps from *Maurus* a *Moor*, or rather from *morum* a mulberry. TOLLET.

[2] *The human mortals.*] Shakespeare might have employ'd this epithet, which, at first sight, appears redundant, to mark the difference between *men* and *fairies*. *Fairies* were not *human*, but they were yet *subject to mortality*. STEEVENS.

 I think

No night is now with hymn, or carol blest:—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale

[3] *The human mortals want their winter* HERE,] But sure it was not one of the circumstances of misery, here recapitulated, that the sufferers wanted their *winter*. On the contrary, in the poetical descriptions of the golden age, it was always one circumstance of their happiness that they wanted winter. This is an idle blunder of the editors. Shakespeare without question wrote:

"*The human mortals want their winter* HERYED,"

i. e. praised, celebrated. The word is obsolete; but used both by Chaucer and Spenser in this signification:

"*Tho' wouldest thou learne to* CAROLL *of love*,
"*And* HERY *with* HYMNES *thy lassie's glove*."

Spenc. Cal. Feb.

The following line confirms the emendation.

No night is now with Hymn *or* Carol *blest*;

and the propriety of the sentiment is evident. For the winter is the season of rural rejoicing, as the gloominess of it and its vacancy from country labours give them the *inclination and opportunity* for mirth; and the fruits, now gathered in, the *means*. Well therefore might she say, when she had described the dearths of the seasons and fruitless toil of the husbandmen, that

The human mortals want their winter heryed.

But, principally, since the coming of Christianity, this season, in commemoration of the birth of Christ, has been particularly devoted to festivity. And to this custom, notwithstanding the impropriety, *hymn or carol blest* certainly alludes. Mr. Theobald says, *he should undoubtedly have advanced this conjecture into the text, but that Shakespeare seems rather fond of hallow'd. Rather* than what? *hallowed* is not synonymous to *heryed*, but to *blest*. What was he thinking of? The ambiguity of the English word *blest* confounded him, which signifies either *prais'd* or *sanctified*.

WARBURTON.

After all the endeavours of the editors, this passage still remains to me unintelligible. I cannot see why winter is, in the general confusion of the year now described, more wanted than any other season. Dr. Warburton observes that he alludes to our practice of singing carols in December; but though Shakespeare is no great chronologer in his dramas, I think he has never so mingled true and false religion, as to give us reason for believing that he would make the moon incensed for the omission of our carols. I therefore imagine him to have meant heathen rites of adoration. This is not all the difficulty. Titania's account of this calamity is not sufficiently consequential. *Men find no winter*, therefore they sing no hymns: the moon, provoked by this omission, alters the seasons: that is, the alteration of the seasons produces the alteration of

Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatick diseases do abound:

* And,

of the seasons. I am far from supposing that Shakespeare might not sometimes think confusedly, and therefore am not sure that the passage is corrupted. If we should read:

And human mortals want their wonted year,

yet will not this licence of alteration much mend the narrative; the cause and the effect are still confounded. Let us carry critical temerity a little further. Scaliger transposed the lines of Virgil's Gallus. Why may not the same experiment be ventured upon Shakespeare:

The human mortals want their wonted year,
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' *chin, and icy crown,*
An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mock'ry set. The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air;
And thorough this distemperature, we see
That rheumatick diseases do abound.
And this same progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our dissension.

I know not what credit the reader will give to this emendation, which I do not much credit myself. JOHNSON.

I think we ought to read:

The human mortals want their winter *cheer*.

according to sir T. Hanmer's correction. TYRWHITT.

The repeated adverb *therefore*, throughout this speech, I suppose to have constant reference to the first time when it is used.—All these irregularities of season, happened in consequence of the disagreement between the king and queen of the fairies, and not in consequence of each other.—Ideas crowded fast on Shakespeare; and as he committed them to paper, he did not attend to the distance of the leading object from which they took their rise.—Mr. Malone concurs with me on this occasion. See his note, which, on account of its length, is added at the conclusion of the play.

That the festivity and hospitality attending Christmas, decreased, was the subject of complaint to many of our ludicrous writers. Among the rest, to Nash, whose comedy called *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, made its first appearance in the same year with

this

And, thorough this diſtemperature [4], we ſee
The ſeaſons alter: hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe [5];
And on old Hyems' chin [6], and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of ſweet ſummer buds
Is, as in mockery, ſet: The ſpring, the ſummer,
The childing autumn [7], angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,

this play, viz. 1600. There *Chriſtmas* is introduced, and Summer ſays to him:

"*Chriſtmas*, how chance thou com'ſt not as the reſt
"Accompanied with ſome muſic or ſome ſong?
"A merry carrol would have grac'd thee well,
"Thy anceſtors have us'd it heretofore.

Chriſtmas. "Ay, antiquity was the mother of ignorance, &c." and then proceeds to give reaſons for ſuch a decay in mirth and houſekeeping.

The confuſion of ſeaſons here deſcribed, is no more than a poetical account of the weather, which happened in England about the time when this play was firſt publiſhed. For this information I am indebted to chance, which furniſhed me with a few leaves of an old meteorological hiſtory. STEEVENS.

[4] *diſtemperature,*] is *perturbation* of the elements. STEEVENS.

[5] *Fall in the freſh* lap *of the crimſon roſe;*] To have "ſnow in the *lap* of June," is an expreſſion uſed in *Northward Hoe*, 1607, and Shakeſpeare himſelf in *Coriolanus*, talks of the "conſecrated ſnow that lies on Dian's *lap*:" and Spenſer in his *Faery Queen*, B. ii. c. 2. has:

"And fills with flow'rs fair Flora's painted *lap*."
STEEVENS.

[6] —Hyems' *chin*,] Dr. Gray, not inelegantly conjectures, that the poet wrote:

"—on old Hyems' *chill* and icy crown."

It is not indeed eaſy to diſcover how a chaplet can be placed on *the chin*. STEEVENS.

It ſhould be rather for *thin*, i.e. thin-hair'd. TYRWHITT.

[7] *The childing autumn,*] is the *pregnant autumn, frugifer autumnus.* So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"Fifty in number *childed* all one night."

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611:

"I *childed* in a cave remote and ſilent."

Again, in his *Silver Age*, 1613:

"And at one inſtant ſhe ſhall *child* two iſſues."

There is a *roſe* called the *childing roſe*. STEEVENS.

By

By their increase, now knows not which is which [8]:
And this same progeny of evils, comes
From our debate, from our dissention;
We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman [9].

Queen. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;

[8] *By their increase,*] That is, *By their produce.* JOHNSON.

[9] *henchman.*] Page of honour. This office was abolished by queen Elizabeth. GRAY.

The office might be abolished at court, but probably remained in the city. Glapthorne, in his comedy called *Wit in a Constable*, 1637, has this passage:

"——I will teach his *bench-boys*,
"Serjeants, and trumpeters to act, and save
"The city all that charges."

So, again:

"When she was lady may'ress, and you humble
"As her trim *bench-boys*."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Christmas Masque*,—"he said grace as well as any of the sheriff's *bench-boys*.

Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"——oh, to go a feasting with,
"You'd have it for a *bench-boy*."

Skinner derives the word from Hine A. S. quasi domesticus famulus. Spelman from Hengstman, equi curator, ἱπποκομος.

STEEVENS.

Upon the establishment of the household of Edward IV. were "*henxmen* six *enfants, or more, as it pleyseth the king, eatinge in the halle*, &c. There was also *a maister of the henxmen, to shewe them the schoole of nurture, and learne them to ride, to wear their harnesse; to have all curtesie—to teach them all languages, and other virtues, as harpinge, pypinge, singinge, dauncinge, with honest behaviour of temperaunce and patyence.*" MS. Harl. 293.

At the funeral of Henry VIII. nine *henchmen* attended with sir Francis Bryan, *master of the henchmen.*

Strype's Eccl. Mem. v. 2. App. n. 1. TYRWHITT.

And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gate,
(Following her womb then rich with my young 'squire [1])
Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy;
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

[1] *Which she with pretty and with swimming gate*
FOLLOWING (*her womb then rich with my young 'squire*)
Would imitate——]

Following what? she did not follow the ship, whose motion she imitated: for that sailed on the water, she on the land. If by *following*, we are to understand *imitating*, it will be a mere pleonasm—*imitating would imitate*. From the poet's description of the actions, it plainly appears we should read:

FOLLYING——
Would imitate;

i. e. wantoning in sport and gaiety. Thus the old English writers—"*and they beleeven* FOLYLY *and falsly*"——says sir J. Maundeville, from and in the sense of *folâtrer*, to play the wanton. This exactly agrees to the action described——*full often has she gossip'd by my side*—and—*when we have laugh'd to see*. WARBURTON.

The foregoing note is very ingenious, but since *follying* is a word of which I know not any example, and the Fairy's favourrite might, without much licentiousness of language, be said to *follow* a ship that sailed in the direction of the coast; I think there is no sufficient reason for adopting it. The coinage of new words is a violent remedy, not to be used but in the last necessity. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the parenthesis should begin sooner; as I think Mr. Kenrick observes:

(*Following her womb*, then rich with my young 'squire,)

So, in Trulla's combat with Hudibras:

"——She press'd so home,
"That he retired, and *follow'd's bum*."

And Dryden says of his *Spanish Friar*, "his great belly walks in state *before him*, and his gouty legs come limping *after it*."

FARMER.

Ob-

Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?
Queen. Perchance, till after Theſeus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.
Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away:
We ſhall chide down-right, if I longer ſtay.
[*Exeunt Queen, and her train.*
Ob. Well, go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this grove,
'Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither; Thou remember'ſt [2]
Since

2 ———— *Thou remember'ſt*
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.———]

The firſt thing obſervable on theſe words is, that this action of the *mermaid* is laid in the ſame time and place with Cupid's attack upon the *veſtal*. By the *veſtal* every one knows is meant queen Elizabeth. It is very natural and reaſonable then to think that the *mermaid* ſtands for ſome eminent perſonage of her time. And if ſo, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of ſatire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude, that this perſon was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to ſpeak openly, either in praiſe or diſpraiſe. All this agrees with Mary queen of Scots, and with no other. Q. Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her ſucceſſor would not forgive her ſatyriſt. But the poet has ſo well marked out every diſtinguiſhed circumſtance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his ſecret meaning. She is called a *mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom ſituate in the ſea, and 2. her beauty, and intemperate luſt:

" ———— *Ut turpiter atrum*
" *Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſupernè.*"

for as Elizabeth for her chaſtity is called a *veſtal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a *mermaid*. 3. An ancient ſtory may be ſuppoſed to be here alluded to. The emperor Julian tells us, Epiſtle 41. that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the Muſes, who overcoming them took away their wings. The quarrels between

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,

tween Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause, and the same issue.

——*on a dolphin's back,*] This evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, son of Henry II.

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while she was in that court, she pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the Louvre, with so much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;] By the *rude sea* is meant Scotland encircled with the ocean; which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was in France. But her return home presently quieted those disorders: and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greater justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in storms:

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's musick.]

Thus concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several of the English nobility, whom she drew in to support her cause. This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres*: By which he meant the earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences. Here again the reader may observe a peculiar justness in the imagery. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction by her songs. To which opinion Shakespeare alludes in his *Comedy of Errors:*

"*O train me not, sweet* mermaid, with thy note,
"*To* drown me *in thy sister's flood of tears.*"

On the whole, it is the noblest and justest allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the speaker. And on these occasions Shakespeare always excels himself. He is born away by the magic of his enthusiasm, and hurries his reader along with him into these ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verse, which we may well fancy to be like what:

"——*Olim Fauni Vatesque canebant.* WARBURTON."

Utter-

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's musick.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
[3] Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took

[3] *Cupid* all arm'd:——] Surely, this presents us with a very unclassical image. Where do we read or see, in ancient books, or monuments, Cupid armed more than with his bow and arrow; and with these we for ever see him armed. And these are all the arms he had occasion for in this present action; a more illustrious one than any, his friends, the classicks, ever brought him upon.—— The change I make is so small, but the beauty of the thought so great, which this alteration carries with it, that, I think, we are not to hesitate upon it. For what an addition is this to the compliment made upon this virgin queen's celibacy, that it *alarmed*, the power of love?, as if his empire was in danger, when this *imperial votress* had declared herself for a single life: so powerful would her great example be in the world.—Queen Elizabeth could not but be pleased with our author's address upon this head. WARBURTON.

All armed, does not signify *dressed in panoply*, but only enforces the word *armed*, as we might say *all booted*. I am afraid that the general sense of *alarmed*, by which it is used for *put into fear or care by whatever cause*, is later than our authour. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:

"Or where proud Cupid sate *all arm'd* with fire,"

So, in Lord Surrey's translation of the 4th book of the *Æneid*:

"*All* utterly I could not seem forsaken."

Again, in *K. Richard* III:

"His horse is slain, and *all* on foot he fights."

Shakespeare's compliment to queen Elizabeth has no small degree of propriety and elegance to boast of. The same can hardly be said of the following with which the tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, concludes. *Death* is the speaker, and vows he will spare

"———— none but sacred *Cynthia*'s friend,
"Whom *Death* did fear before her life began:
"For holy fates have grav'n it in their tables,
"That *Death* shall die if he attempt her end
"Whose life is heav'n's delight, and *Cynthia*'s friend."

If incense was thrown in cart-loads on the altar, this propitious deity was not disgusted by the smoke of it. STEEVENS.

At

At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt[4];
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts:
But I might ſee young Cupid's fiery ſhaft
Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votreſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little weſtern flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it, love-in-idleneſs[5].

Fetch

[4] *At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt*;] It was no uncommon thing to introduce a compliment to queen *Elizabeth* in the body of a play. So, again in *Tancred and Sigiſmunda*, 1592:

" There lives a virgin, one without compare,
" Who of all graces hath her heavenly ſhare;
" In whoſe renown, and for whoſe happy days,
" Let us record this Pæan of her praiſe." *Cantant.*

STEEVENS.

[5] *And maidens call it, love-in-idleneſs.*] This is as fine a metamorphoſis as any in *Ovid:* With a much better moral, intimating that irregular love has only power when people are idle, or not well employed. WARBURTON.

I believe the ſingular beauty of this metamorphoſis to have been quite accidental, as the poet is of another opinion, in the *Taming the Shrew*, act I. ſc. iv:

" But ſee, while *idly* I ſtood looking on,
" I found th' effect of *love in idleneſs*;
" And now in plainneſs I confeſs to thee,
" Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, Tranio,
" If I atchieve not this young *modeſt* girl."

And Lucentio's was ſurely a regular and honeſt paſſion. It is ſcarce neceſſary to mention that *love in idleneſs* is a flower. Taylor, the water poet, quibbling on the names of plants, mentions it as follows:

" When paſſions are let looſe without a bridle,
" Then precious *time* is turn'd to *love in idle*."

STEEVENS.

The flower or violet, commonly called panſies, or heart's-eaſe, is named *love in idleneſs* in Warwickſhire, and in Lyte's Herbal. There is a reaſon why Shakeſpeare ſays it is, " now *purple* with love's wound," becauſe one or two of its petals are of a purple colour. TOLLET.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once;
The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Ob. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing when she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible [7];
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter

It is called in other counties the *Three coloured violet*, the *Herb of Trinity*, *Three faces in a hood*, *Cuddle me to you*, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *I'll put a* girdle round about the earth *&c.*] This expression occurs in the *Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

Perhaps, it is proverbial:

"And when I have put *a girdle 'bout the world*,
"This purchase will reward me."

Again, in *Bussy D'Ambois*, by Chapman, 1613:

"To *put a girdle round about the world*."

Again, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"May say he has *put a girdle round the world*,
"And sounded all her quicksands."

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in It*, 1612:

"——————about the world
"My travels make a *girdle*."

Again, in Shirley's *Humourous Courtier*, 1640, and many other plays. Again, in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*:

"—————— her navies
"Putting *a girdle round about the world*." STEEVENS.

[7] ——————*I am* invisible;] I thought proper here to observe, that, as Oberon and Puck his attendant, may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their entering; they are

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me[8].
Thou told'st me, they were stoln unto this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood[9],
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play; and to mix, as they please, as spirits, with the other actors; and embroil the plot, by their interposition, without being seen, or heard, but when to their own purpose. THEOBALD.

[8] *The one I'll* stay: *the other* stayeth *me.*] Thus it has been in all the editions hitherto: but Dr. Thirlby ingeniously saw it must be, as I have corrected in the text. THEOBALD.

[9] ——— *and* wode, ———] Wood, *or* mad, wild, raving. POPE.

We meet with the word in Chaucer, in the character of the *Monke*, late edit v. 184:

"What, shuld he studie, or make himselven *wood*?"

Spenser also uses it, *Æglogue* III. *March*:

"The elf was so wanton, and so *wode*."

"The name *Woden*," says Verstegan in his *Antiquities*, "signifies fierce or furious; and in like sense we still retain it, saying when one is in a great rage, that he is *wood*, or taketh on, as if he were *wood*."

So, Stanyhurst, in his Translation of the second book of *Virgil's Æneid*, 1582, speaking of Cassandra:

"Lo ye, the *wood* virgin, with locks unbroided is haled."

In the third part of the Countess of Pembroke's *Ivy church*, 1591, is the same quibble on the word:

"Daphne goes to the *woods* and vowes herself to Diana;
"Phœbus grows stark *wood* for love and fancie to Daphne."

Again, in the *Golden Legend*, by Wynkyn de Worde, 1527, p. 293:

"And for to shewe the more theyr *woodnes*, they dedyed this temple to the honour of all theyr goddes." STEEVENS.

Dem.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I ſpeak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plaineſt truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your ſpaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Uſe me but as your ſpaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Than to be uſed as you uſe your dog?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit;
For I am ſick, when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am ſick, when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modeſty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſel of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that [1].
It is not night, when I do ſee your face [2],
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company [3];
For you, in my reſpect, are all the world:

[1] *Your virtue is my privilege:* For that, &c.] This line ſeems to be wrong pointed. I would read—Your virtue is my privilege for that, i. e. for *leaving the city*, &c. TYRWHITT.

This pointing is undoubtedly right, and I have followed it. STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *for that*
It is not night, when I do ſee your face, &c.]
This paſſage is paraphraſed from two lines of an ancient poet:
" ——— *Tu nocte vel atra*
" *Lumen, et in ſolis tu mihi turba locis.*" JOHNSON.

[3] *Nor doth the wood lack worlds of company*;] The ſame thought occurs in the 2d Part of *K. Hen.* VI:
" A wilderneſs is populous enough,
" So Suffolk had thy heavenly company." MALONE.

Then

Then how can it be ſaid, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beaſts.

Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you.
Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chaſe;
The dove purſues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the tyger: Bootleſs ſpeed!
When cowardice purſues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me miſchief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my ſex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love ſo well. [*Exeunt.*

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.—
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips [4] and the nodding violet grows;
[5] Quite over-canopy'd with luſcious woodbine,
With

[4] *Where* oxlips——] The *oxlip* is the greater *cowſlip*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 15:
" To ſort theſe flowers of ſhowe, with other that were ſweet,
" The cowſlip then they couch, and th' *oxlip* for her meet."
STEEVENS.

[5] *Quite over-canopy'd with luſcious woodbine,*] Thus all the old editions.

On

With ſweet muſk-roſes, and with eglantine:
There ſleeps Titania, ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flowers with dances and delight;
And there the ſnake throws her enamel'd ſkin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove:
A ſweet Athenian lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he eſpies
May be the lady: Thou ſhalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than ſhe upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the firſt cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the wood.

Enter the Queen of Fairies, with her train.

Queen. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy ſong [6];
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence [7]:

Some

On the margin of one of my folios an unknown hand has written *luſh* woodbine, which, I think is right.

This hand I have ſince diſcovered to be Theobald's. JOHNSON.

Shakeſpeare uſes the word *luſh* in *The Tempeſt*, act II:

"How *luſh* and luſty the graſs looks? how green?"

STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *a roundel, and a fairy ſong;*] A *roundel* is a dance in a ring. GRAY.

A *roundel*, *rondell*, or *roundelay*, is uſed to ſignify a ſong beginning or ending with the ſame ſentence, *redit in orbem.*

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, has a chapter *On the roundel, or ſphere*; and produces what he calls *A general reſemblance of the roundel to God, the world, and the queen.* STEEVENS.

A *roundel*; that is, as I ſuppoſe, *a circular dance.* Ben Jonſon ſeems to call *the rings* which ſuch dances are ſuppoſed to make in the graſs, *rondels.* Vol. v. *Tale of a Tub*, p. 23:

"I'll

Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice[8] for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our[9] quaint spirits: Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

You

"I'll have no *roundels*, I, in the queen's paths."
TYRWHITT.

So, in *The Boke of the Governour by Syr Thomas Elyot*, 1537: "In stede of these we have now base daunces, bargenettes, pavyons, turgions, and *roundes*." STEEVENS.

7 *Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:*] So the old copies. But the queen sets them work, that is to keep them employed for the remainder of the night; the poet, undoubtedly, intended her to say, Dance your round, and sing your song, and then instantly (*before* the third part of a minute) begone to your respective duties. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton reads;

——*for the third part of the* midnight.

The persons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a minute might not be a very short time to do such work in. The critick might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy bestows on the *cowslip*. But Shakespeare, throughout the play, has preserved the proportion of other things in respect of these tiny beings, compared with whose size, a cowslip might be tall, and to whose powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age. STEEVENS.

8 ——*with* rear-mice] A *rere-mouse* is a bat. So, in *Albertus Wallenstein*, 1640:

"——dull
"Half-spirited souls, who strive on *rere-mice* wings."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *New Inn:*

"——I keep no shades
"Nor shelters, I, for either owls or *rere-mice*."

Again, in Chapman's Translation of the 12th book of the *Odyssey:*

"——did as close imply
"My breast about it as a *rere-mouse* could." STEEVENS.

9 ——*quaint spirits:*——] For this Dr. Warburton reads against all authority:

——*quaint* sports——

But Prospero, in *The Tempest*, applies *quaint* to Ariel. JOHNSON.

"Our quaint *spirits*." Dr. Johnson is right in the word, and Dr. Warburton in the interpretation. A *spirit* was sometimes used for a *sport*. In Decker's play, *If it be not good, the Devil is in it*, the king of Naples says to the devil Ruffman, disguised in the character of Shalcan:

First Fairy.

You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

First Fairy.

[1]Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. The Queen sleeps.*

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on her eye-lids.*
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it [2]ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,

"Now Shalcan, some new *spirit?* *Ruff.* A thousand wenches stark-naked to play at *leap-frog.* *Omnes.* O rare sight! FARMER.

[1] *Hence, away;* &c.] This, according to all the editions, is made part of the song; but I think without sufficient reason, as it appears to be spoken after the song is over. In the quarto 1600, it is given to the 2d Fairy; but the other division is better.

STEEVENS.

[2] *Be it ounce,*—] The ounce is a small tiger, or tiger-cat.

JOHNSON.

In thy eye that ſhall appear
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear;
Wake, when ſome vile thing is near.

[*Exit Oberon.*

Enter Lyſander and Hermia.

Lyſ. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And, to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll reſt us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it ſo, Lyſander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.

Lyſ. One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lyſander; for my ſake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye ſo near.

Lyſ. O, take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my innocence [3];
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean

[3] *O take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my* innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.]
Here, by ſome miſchance or other, *innocence* and *conference* have been jumbled into one another's places, and thereby deprived a very ſenſible reply of all kind of meaning. Reſtore each to its right place and the ſenſe will be this;—when ſhe had interpreted his words to an evil meaning, he replies:
O take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my conference;
i. e. judge of my meaning by the drift of my whole ſpeech, and do not pervert the ſenſe of an ambiguous word to a meaning quite foreign to the diſcourſe. Beſides, ſays he:
Love takes the meaning, in love's innocence.
i. e. The innocence of your love may teach you to diſcover the innocence of mine. Theſe are the ſentiments, which were quite loſt in this aukward tranſpoſition. WARBURTON.

I am by no means convinced of the neceſſity of this alteration. Lyſander in the language of love profeſſes, that as they have one heart, they ſhall have one bed; this Hermia thinks rather too much, and intreats him to *lye further off.* Lyſander anſwers:
O take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my innocence.
understand *the meaning of my innocence,* or *my innocent meaning.* Let no ſuſpicion of ill enter thy mind:
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
In the converſation of thoſe who are aſſured of each other's kindneſs, not *ſuſpicion* but *love takes the meaning.* No malevolent interpretation

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can [4] make of it:
Two bosoms interchained [5] with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander, riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew [6] my manners, and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander ly'd.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lye further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous batchelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [*They sleep.*

terpretation is to be made, but all is to be received in the sense which *love* can find, and which *love* can dictate. JOHNSON.

The latter line is certainly intelligible as Dr. Johnson has explained it; but, I think, it requires a slight alteration to make it connect well with the former. I would read:

Love take *the meaning in love's conference.*

That is, Let *love take the meaning*. TYRWHITT.

4 —we can *make of it:*] The folio, instead of *we can*, reads *can you*. STEEVENS.

5 —interchained] Thus the quarto; the folio *interchanged*. STEEVENS.

6 *Now much beshrew* &c.] This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a sinister wish, and means the same as if she had said "now *ill befall* my manners, &c." It is used by Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632:

"*Beshrew* your amorous rhetorick,"

Again,

"Well, Paris, I *beshrew* you, with my heart." STEEVENS.

See Minshew's etymology of it, which seems to be an imprecation or wish of such evil to one, as the venomous biting of the *shrew-mouse*. TOLLET.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lye
Near to this lack-love, this kill-courtesy [7],
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me [8]? do not so.
Dem. Stay on thy peril; I alone will go.
[*Exit Demetrius.*
Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chace!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace [9].

[7] *Near to this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.*] Mr. Theobald and sir T. Hanmer, for the sake of the measure, leave out *this lack-love.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——— *wilt thou* darkling *leave me?*] So, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: "—we'll run away with the torch, and leave them to fight *darkling.*" The word is likewise used by Milton. STEEVENS.

[9] ——— *my grace.*] My acceptableness, the favour that I can gain. JOHNSON.

Happy

Happy is Hermia, whereſoe'er ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed, and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt tears:
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſh'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beaſts, that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monſter, fly my preſence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſs of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's ſphery eyne?—
But who is here? Lyſander! on the ground!
Dead? or aſleep? I ſee no blood, no wound:—
Lyſander, if you live, good ſir, awake.

Lyſ. And run through fire I will, for thy ſweet ſake. [*Waking.*
Tranſparent Helena! Nature ſhews art,
That through thy boſom makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!

Hel. Do not ſay ſo, Lyſander; ſay not ſo:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia ſtill loves you: then be content.

Lyſ. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd;
And reaſon ſays, you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their ſeaſon:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reaſon;
And touching now the point of human ſkill[1],
Reaſon becomes the marſhal to my will[2],

[1] touching *now the* point *of human ſkill,*] i. e. my ſenſes being now at their utmoſt height of perfection. So, in *K. Henry VIII:*

"I have *touch'd* the higheſt *point* of all my greatneſs."
STEEVENS.

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's ſtories, written in love's richeſt book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deſerve this ſcorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deſerve a ſweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good ſooth, you do,
In ſuch diſdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I muſt confeſs,
I thought you lord of more true gentleneſs[3].
Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lyſ. She ſees not Hermia:—Hermia, ſleep thou there;
And never may'ſt thou come Lyſander near!
For, as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things,
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomach brings;
Or, as the hereſies, that men do leave,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceive[4];
So thou, my ſurfeit, and my hereſy,
Of all be hated; but the moſt, of me!
And all my powers, addreſs your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! *Exit.*

Her. [*ſtarting from ſleep.*] Help me, Lyſander, help me! do thy beſt,
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breaſt!
Ay me, for pity!——what a dream was here?
Lyſander, look, how I do quake with fear:

[2] *Reaſon becomes the marſhal to my will,*] That is, My will now follows reaſon. JOHNSON.
So, in *Macbeth:*
"Thou *marſhal'ſt* me the way that I was going."
STEEVENS.

[3] ——*true gentleneſs;*] *Gentleneſs* is equivalent to what, in modern language, we ſhould call the *ſpirit of a gentleman.* PERCY.

[4] ————*thoſe* they *did deceive;*] The folio reads—*that* did deceive. MALONE.

Methought, a ſerpent eat my heart away,
And you[5] ſat ſmiling at his cruel prey:—
Lyſander! what, remov'd? Lyſander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no ſound, no word?
Alack, where are you? ſpeak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves[6]; I ſwoon almoſt with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Or death, or you[7], I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I[8].

The Wood.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying aſleep.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearſal: This green plot ſhall

[5] *And you*—] Inſtead of *you*, the elder folio reads *yet*. Mr. Pope firſt gave the right word from the quarto 1600. STEEVENS.

[6] *Speak, of all loves*;—] *Of all loves* is an adjuration more than once uſed by our author. So *Merry Wives*, &c. act II. ſc. 8:
"———to ſend her your little page, *of all loves*."
STEEVENS.

[7] Or *death, or you*, &c.] The folio 1623, and the quarto 1600, inſtead of the firſt *or*, read *either*. STEEVENS.

[8] In the time of Shakeſpeare, there were many companies of players, ſometimes five at the ſame time, contending for the favour of the publick. Of theſe ſome were undoubtedly very unſkilful and very poor, and it is probable that the deſign of this ſcene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival houſe, and is therefore honoured with an aſs's head. JOHNSON.

[9] *Enter Quince*, &c.] The two quartos 1600, and the folio, read only, *Enter the Clowns*. STEEVENS.

be

be our ſtage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-houſe; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What ſay'ſt thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thiſby, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, Pyramus muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelf; which the ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?

Snout. By'rlakin [1], a parlous fear.

Star. I believe, we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue ſeem to ſay, we will do no harm with our ſwords; and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed: and, for the more better aſſurance tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have ſuch a prologue; and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promiſe you.

[1] *By'rlakin, a parlous fear.*] By our *ladykin*, or *little lady*, as *iſakins* is a corruption of *by my faith*. The former is uſed in *Preſton's Cambyſes:*

"The clock hath ſtricken vive ich think *by laken.*"

Again, in *Magnificence*, an ancient folio interlude, written by Skelton, and printed by Raſtell:

"*By lakin*, ſir, it hath coſt me pence."

Again,

"*By our lakin*, ſyr, not by my will."

Parlous, a word corrupted from *perilous*, i. e. dangerous. So Phaer and Twyne tranſlate *Virg. Æn.* lib. vii. 302:

"*Quid Syrtes, aut Scylla mihi, quid vaſta Charybdis*
"*Profuit?*"
"What good did Scylla me? what could prevail Charybdis wood?
"Or Sirtes *parlous* ſands? STEEVENS.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with yourſelves: to bring in, God ſhield us! a lion among ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl, than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue muſt tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen through the lion's neck; and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wiſh you, or, I would requeſt you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no ſuch thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thiſby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon ſhine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a caſement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. Ay; or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorn, and ſay, he comes to disfigure, or to preſent, the perſon of moon-ſhine. Then, there is another thing: we muſt have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thiſby, ſays the ſtory, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall:—What ſay you, Bottom?

Bot.

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast, about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake[2]; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flower of odious savours sweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. ——odours savours sweet.
So doth thy breath[3], *my dearest Thisby dear.—*
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a whit[4],
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit Pyramus.*

[2] —*that* brake;] *Brake* anciently signified a *thicket* or *bush*. So, in Drayton's poem on *Moses and his Miracles*:
"Where God unto the Hebrew spake
"Appearing from the burning *brake*. STEEVENS.

[3] *So* doth *thy breath*,—] The old copies concur in reading:
So hath *thy breath*,———
Mr. Pope, I believe, first made the alteration. STEEVENS.

[4] ———*stay thou but here a whit*,] In the old editions:
———*stay thou but here a* while;
The verses should be alternately in rhyme: but *sweet* in the close of the first line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpose. The author, doubtless, gave it:
———*stay thou but here a* whit;
i. e. a little while: for so it signifies, as also any thing of no price or consideration; a trifle: in which sense it is very frequent with our author. THEOBALD.

Puck.

Puck. A ſtranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here[5]! [*Aſide.* [*Exit.*

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, muſt you: for you muſt underſtand, he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

Thiſ. Moſt radiant Pyramus, moſt lilly-white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant brier,
Moſt briſky juvenal[6], *and eke moſt lovely Jew,*
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you muſt not ſpeak that yet; that you anſwer to Pyramus: you ſpeak all your part at once, cues and all[7].—Pyramus enter; your cue is paſt; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom, with an aſs's head.

Thiſ. O,—As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thiſby, I were only thine:—

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted. Pray, maſters! fly, maſters! help! [*Exeunt Clowns.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through brier[8];
Sometime a horſe I'll be, ſometime a hound,

[5] —— *than e'er play'd* here!] I ſuppoſe he means in that theatre where the piece was acting. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*juvenal,*] i. e. young man. So, Falſtaff, "—the *juvenal* thy maſter." STEEVENS.

[7] —— cues *and all.*] A *cue*, in ſtage cant, is the laſt words of the preceding ſpeech, and ſerves as a hint to him who is to ſpeak next. So *Othello:*

"Were it my *cue* to fight, I ſhould have known it
"Without a prompter."

So, in the *Return from Parnaſſus:*

"Indeed, maſter *Kempe*, you are very famous: but that is as well for works in print, as your part in *cue*." *Kempe* was one of *Shakeſpeare*'s fellow comedians. STEEVENS.

[8] *Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through brier;*] Here are two ſyllables wanting. Perhaps, it was written:

Through bog, through mire, ——— JOHNSON.

A hog,

A hog, a headleſs bear, ſometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn,
Like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard [8].

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. [9] O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſs' head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bleſs thee, Bottom! bleſs thee! thou art tranſlated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knavery: this is to make an aſs of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will ſing, that they ſhall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ouſel-cock [1], *ſo black of hue,*
With orange-tawny bill,

[8] *——to make me afeard.*] *Afeard* is from *to fear*, by the old form of the language, as *an hungered*, from *to hunger*. So *adry*, for *thirſty*. JOHNSON.

[9] *O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I ſee on thee?*] It is plain by Bottom's anſwer, that Snout mentioned an *aſs's head*. Therefore we ſhould read:

Snout. *O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I ſee on thee?*
An aſs's head? JOHNSON.

[1] *The* ouzel *cock,——*] The *ouzel cock* is generally underſtood to be the cock blackbird. Ben Jonſon uſes the word in *The Devil is an Aſs*, Com.

"——ſtay till cold weather come,
"I'll help thee to an *ouzel* and a field-fare.

P. Holland, however, in his tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* b. x. ch. 24. repreſents the *ouzle* and the *blackbird*, as different birds. See alſo Mr. Lever's *Muſeum.* STEEVENS.

The throstle with his note so true [2],
The wren with little quill:

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? [*Waking.*

Bottom sings.

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckow gray [3],
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lye, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never so.

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:

[2] *The* throstle *with his note so true,*] The *throstle* is the *thrush*. So, in the old metrical romance of *The Squhr of Low Degre*, bl. l. no date:

"The pee and the popinjaye,
"The *thrustele*, sayinge both nyght and daye."

Again, in the first book of Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, 1554:

"The *throstel* with the nightingale." STEEVENS.

[3] —*plain-song cuckow*, &c.] that is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of strains, sings in *plain song*, or in *plano cantu*, by which expression the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chaunt* was anciently distinguished, in opposition to *prick-song*, or variegated music sung by note. Skelton introduces the birds singing the different parts of the service at the funeral of his favourite sparrow: among the rest is the cuckoo. P. 277. edit. Lond. 1736.

"But with a large and a long
"To kepe just *playne songe*
"Our chanter shall be your *cuckoue*." WARTON.

"Our life is a *plain song* with cunning penn'd."
Return from Parnassus.

Again, in the prologue to the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607:

"———to your fav'ring ear
"In lowest *plain-song* doth herself appear."

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot's Invisible Comedy*, &c.

"The cuckoo sings not worth a groat
"Because she *never changeth note*." STEEVENS.

[4] Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce doth move me,
On the firſt view, to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, miſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: And yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now a-days: The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can [5] gleek, upon occaſion.

Queen. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

[4] *Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,*
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.]

Theſe lines are in one quarto of 1600, the firſt folio of 1623, the ſecond of 1632, and the third of 1664, &c. ranged in the following order:

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me.

This reading I have inſerted, not that it can ſuggeſt any thing better than the order to which the lines have been reſtored by Mr. Theobald from another quarto, but to ſhew that ſome liberty of conjecture muſt be allowed in the reviſal of works ſo inaccurately printed, and ſo long neglected. JOHNSON.

[5] —*gleek,*] Joke or ſcoff. POPE.

Gleek was originally a game at cards. The word is often uſed by our ancient comic writers in the ſame ſenſe as by our author. So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594:

"There's *gleek* for you, let me have my gird."

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:

"The more that I get her, the more ſhe doth *gleek* me."

Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617:

"Meſſieur Benedetto galled Peratio with this *gleek*."

Mr. Lambe obſerves in his notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of the *Battle of Floddon*, that in the North to *gleek* is to *deceive*, or *beguile*; and that the reply made by the qveen of the fairies, proves this to be the meaning of it. STEEVENS.

Queen.

Queen. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fair.* Ready.
2 *Fair.* And I.
3 *Fair.* And I.
4 *Fair.* And I: Where shall we go[6]?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries[7],
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes[8],
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

[6] —*Where shall we go?*] Perhaps this question should be proposed by the four fairies together. STEEVENS.

[7] Dewberries,] *Dewberries* strictly and properly are the fruit of one of the species of wild bramble called the creeping or the lesser bramble: but as they stand here among the more delicate fruits, they must be understood to mean raspberries, which are also of the bramble kind. HAWKINS.

[8] ——— *the fiery glow-worm's eyes,*] I know not how Shakespeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail. JOHNSON.

1 *Fair*. Hail, mortal, hail[9]!

2 *Fair*. Hail!

3 *Fair*. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worſhip's mercy heartily.—I beſeech, your worſhip's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance[1], good maſter Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you.—Your name, honeſt gentleman?

Peaſe. Peaſe-bloſſom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to miſtreſs Squaſh[2] your mother, and to maſter Peaſcod, your father. Good maſter Peaſe-bloſſom, I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beſeech you, ſir.

Muſ. Muſtard-ſeed.

Bot. Good maſter Muſtard-ſeed, I know your [3]pa-

[9] ———*hail!*] Out of the four fairies, only three addreſs themſelves to Bottom. If this ſalutation be given to the ſecond fairy, the repetition of the ſame word will ſerve for the other two. STEEVENS.

[1] *I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance,*] This line has been very unneceſſarily altered. The ſame mode of expreſſion occurs in *Luſty Juventus*, a morality, 1561:

"I ſhall deſire *you of* better acquaintance."

Such phraſeology was very common to many of our ancient writers. So, again in the *Dutcheſs of Suffolk*, 1631:

"Beſeech my prince *of* pardon."

Again, in *An Humourous Day's Mirth*, 1599:

"I do deſire you *of* more acquaintance."

Again, in *The Travels of 3 Engliſh Brothers*, 1607:

"I muſt entreat thee *of* forbearance, Zariph."

Again, in Greene's *Groatſworth of Wit*, 1621:

"—— craving you *of* more acquaintance." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*miſtreſs* Squaſh *your mother,*] A *ſquaſh* is an immature peaſcod. So, in *Twelfth-Night*, act I. ſc. 5:

"—as a *ſquaſh* is before 'tis a peaſcod." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*patience,*] The Oxford edition reads, *I know your parentage well.* I believe the correction is right. JOHNSON.

Parentage was not eaſily corrupted to *patience*. I fancy, the true word is *paſſions*, ſufferings. FARMER.

By *patience* is meant, ſtanding ſtill in a muſtard pot to be eaten with the beef, on which it was a conſtant attendant. COLLINS.

tience

tience well: that ſame cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your houſe: I promiſe you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire you, more acquaintance, good maſter Muſtard-ſeed.

Queen. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;
And when ſhe weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity.
Tie up my love's tongue [4], bring him ſilently.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt doat on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my meſſenger.—How now, mad ſpirit?
What night-rule [5] now about this haunted grove?
Puck. My miſtreſs with a monſter is in love.
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of patches [6], rude mechanicals,

That

4 ———*my* love's *tongue*—] The old copies read:
———*my* lover's *tongue*——— STEEVENS.

5 —*what* night-rule] *Night-rule* in this place ſhould ſeem to mean, what frolick of the night, what revelry is going forward? So, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:
"Marry here is good *rule!*"
Again:
"—why how now ſtrife! here is pretty *rule!*"
It appears, from the old ſong of *Robin Goodfellow*, in the third volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, that it was the office of this waggiſh ſpirit "to viewe the night-ſports."
STEEVENS.

6 ———*patches,*———] *Patch* was in old language uſed as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the ſame import as we uſe *raggamuffin*, or *tatterdemalion*. JOHNSON.

Puck

That work for bread upon Athenian ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great Theſeus' nuptial day.
The ſhalloweſt thick-ſkin of that barren ſort,
Who Pyramus preſented, in their ſport
Forſook his ſcene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An aſs's [7] nowl I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thiſby muſt be anſwered,
And forth my minnock [8] comes: When they him ſpy,
As wild geeſe, that the creeping fowler eye,

Puck calls the players, "a crew of *patches*." A common opprobrious term, which probably took its riſe from *Patch*, cardinal Wolſey's fool. In the weſtern counties, *croſs-patch* is ſtill uſed for *perverſe*, *ill-natur'd fool*. WARTON.

The name was rather taken from the *patch'd* or *pye* coats worn by the fools or jeſters of thoſe times.

So, in the *Tempeſt*:

"——what a *py'd* Ninny's this?"

Again, in *Preſton's Cambyſes*:

"Hob and Lob, ah ye country *patches!*"

Again, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"It is ſimplicitie, that *Patch*." STEEVENS.

I ſhould ſuppoſe *patch* to be merely a corruption of the Italian *pazzo*, which ſignifies properly *a fool*. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*, act II. ſc. v. Shylock ſays of Launcelot: *The* patch *is kind enough*;—after having juſt called him, *that fool of Hagar's offſpring*. TYRWHITT.

7 ——*nowl*——] A head. Saxon. JOHNSON.

So, Chaucer, in *The Hiſtory of Beryn*, 2524:

"No ſothly, quoth the ſteward, it lieth all in thy *noll*,
"Both wit and wyſdom, &c."

Again, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"One thumps me on the neck, and another ſtrikes me on the *nole*." STEEVENS.

8 ——*minnock*—] This is the reading of the old quarto, and I believe right. *Minnekin*, now *minx*, is a nice trifling girl. *Minnock* is apparently a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

The folio reads *mimmick*; perhaps for *minick*, a word more familiar than that exhibited by one of the 4tos, for the other reads, *minnick*. STEEVENS.

Or

Or ruffet-pated choughs, many in fort [9],
Rifing and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themfelves, and madly fweep the fky;
So, at his fight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our ftamp [1], here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their fenfe, thus weak, loft with their fears, thus ftrong,

[9] —*fort*,] Company. So above:
—"*that barren* fort;"
and in Waller:
"*A* fort *of lufty fhepherds ftrive.*" JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611:
"—though we never lead any other company than a *fort* of quart-pots." STEEVENS.

[1] *And, at our ftamp,*—] This feems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never reprefented ftamping, or of a fize that fhould give force to a ftamp, nor could they have diftinguifhed the ftamps of Puck from thofe of their own companions. I read:
And at a ftump *here o'er and o'er one falls.*
So, Drayton:
"*A pain he in his head-piece feels,*
"*Againft* a ftubbed tree *he reels,*
"*And up went poor hobgoblin's heels*;
"*Alas, his brain was dizzy.*——
"*At length upon his feet he gets,*
"*Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,*
"*And as again he forward fets,*
"*And through the bufhes fcrambles,*
"A ftump *doth* trip him *in his pace,*
"*Down fell poor Hob upon his face,*
"*And lamentably tore his cafe,*
"*Among the briers and brambles.*" JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading. The *ftamp* of a fairy might be efficacious though not loud; neither is it neceffary to fuppofe, when fupernatural beings are fpoken of, that the fize of the agent determines the force of the action. That fairies did *ftamp* to fome purpofe, may be known from the following paffage in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus.*——"Vero faltum *adeo profundè in terram impreſſerant*, ut locus infigni ardore orbiculariter perefus, non parit arenti redivivum cefpite gramen." Shakefpeare's own authority, however, is moft decifive. See the conclufion of the firft fcene of the fourth act:
"Come, my queen, take hand with me,
"And *rock* the ground whereon thefe fleepers be."
STEEVENS.

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
[2] Some, sleeves; some, hats: from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.
Ob. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd [3] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood [4], plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stol'n away

[2] *Some, sleeves; some hats:* ———] There is the like image in Drayton of queen Mab and her fairies flying from Hobgoblin:
" *Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,*
" *'Gainst one another justling;*
" *They flew about like chaff i' th' wind,*
" *For haste some left their masks behind,*
" *Some could not stay their gloves to find,*
" *There never was such bustling.* JOHNSON.

[3] ——*latch'd*] or letch'd, lick'd over, *lecher*, to lick, French. HANMER.

In the North, it signifies to *infect.* STEEVENS.

[4] *Being o'er shoes in blood,*] An allusion to the proverb, *Over shoes, over boots.* JOHNSON.

From

From ſleeping Hermia? I'll believe as ſoon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes[5].
It cannot be, but thou haſt murder'd him;
So ſhould a murderer look, ſo[6] dead, ſo grim.

Dem. So ſhould the murder'd look; and ſo ſhould I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your ſtern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering ſphere.

Her. What's this to my Lyſander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcaſs to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Haſt thou ſlain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my ſake;
Durſt thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping? O brave touch[7]!
Could

[5] "Noon-tide *with the Antipodes*."] Dr. Warburton would read, *i' th' antipodes*, which Mr. Edwards ridicules without mercy. The alteration is certainly not neceſſary, but it is not ſo unlucky, as he imagined. Shirley has the ſame expreſſion in his *Andromana*:

"To be a whore is more unknown to her,
"Then what is done *in the Antipodes*."

In for *among* is frequent in old language. FARMER.

In *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"And dwell one month *with the* Antipodes."

Again, in *K. Rich.* II:

"While we were wandring *with the* Antipodes." STEEVENS.

[6] —*ſo dead*,—] All the old copies read *ſo dead*; in my copy of it, ſome reader has altered *dead* to *dread*. JOHNSON.

Dead ſeems to be the right word, and our author again uſes it 2d Part *Hen.* IV. act I. ſc. iii:

"*Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,*
"*So dull, ſo* dead *in look, ſo woe-begone.* STEEVENS.

[7] —*O brave touch.*] *Touch* in Shakeſpeare's time was the ſame with our *exploit*, or rather *ſtroke*. A brave touch, a noble ſtroke, *un grand coup*. "*Maſon was very merry, pleaſantly playing both with the*

Could not a worm, an adder, do ſo much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou ſerpent, never adder ſtung.

Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpris'd mood[8]:
I am not guilty of Lyſander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to ſee me more.—
And from thy hated preſence part I ſo:
See me no more, whether he be dead, or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So ſorrow's heavineſs doth heavier grow,
For debt that bankrupt ſleep doth ſorrow owe;
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. [*Lies down.*

Ob. What haſt thou done? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on ſome true-love's ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion muſt perforce enſue
Some true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true[9].

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer
With ſighs of love, that coſt the freſh blood dear:

the ſhrewd touches *of many curſt boys, and the ſmall diſcretion of many lewd ſchoolmaſters.*" Aſcham. JOHNSON.

A *touch* anciently ſignified a *trick*. In the old black letter ſtory of *Howleglas*, it is always uſed in that ſenſe. "—for at all times he did ſome mad *touch*." STEEVENS.

[8] —*miſpriz'd*—] Miſtaken; ſo below *miſpriſion* is miſtake. JOHNSON.

[9] *Some true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true:*] Sir T. H. reads the line thus:

Some true love turn'd falſe, not a falſe, turn'd true.

STEEVENS.

By

By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, againſt ſhe do appear.
Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*
Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery [1],
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioully
As the Venus of the ſky.—
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, miſtook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools theſe mortals be!
Ob. Stand aſide: the noiſe they make,
Will cauſe Demetrius to awake.
Puck. Then will two, at once, woo one;
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befal prepoſt'rouſly.

Enter Lyſander, and Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould woo in ſcorn?
Scorn and deriſion never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows ſo born,

[1] *Hit with Cupid's archery,*] This alludes to what was ſaid before.

——— the bolt of Cupid fell,
It fell upon a little weſtern flower
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound.
STEEVENS.

In

In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow [2],
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white [3], this seal of bliss [4]!

Hel. O spight! O hell! I see, you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

[2] —*Taurus' snow,*] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Asia. JOHNSON.

[3] *This* princess *of pure white,*—] Thus all the editions to sir T. H.'s. He reads:

This pureness *of pure white;*

and Dr. Warburton follows him. The old reading may be justified from a passage in sir Walter Raleigh's *Discovery of Guinea*, where the pine-apple is called *The princess of Fruits.* Again, in *Wyatt's Poems*, "Of beauty *princesse* chief" STEEVENS.

[4] —*seal of bliss!*] He has in *Measure for Measure*, the same image:

"*But my kisses bring again,*
"Seals of love, *but seal'd in vain.*" JOHNSON.

But

But you muſt join, in ſouls [5], to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not uſe a gentle lady ſo;
To vow, and ſwear, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When, I am ſure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals to mock Helena:

[5] *—join in ſouls,*] This is ſurely wrong. We may read, *Join in* ſcorns, or *join in* ſcoffs. JOHNSON.

Join in ſouls, i. e. join heartily, unite in the ſame mind. Shakeſpeare in *Henry* V. uſes an expreſſion not unlike this:

"*For we will hear, note, and believe* in heart;"

i. e. heartily believe: and in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, he talks of electing with *ſpecial ſoul*. In *Troilus and Creſſida*, Ulyſſes, relating the character of Hector as given him by Æneas, ſays:

"———with *private ſoul*
"Did in great Ilion thus tranſlate him to me."

And, in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605, is the ſame expreſſion as that for which I contend:

"Happy, *in ſoul*, only by winning her."

Again, in a Maſque called *Luminalia*, or *the Feſtival of Light*, 1637:

"You that are chief *in ſouls*, as in your blood."

Again, in *Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595:

"——whoſe ſubverſion *in ſoul* they have vow'd."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. B. xii. ch. 75.

"Could all, *in ſoul*, of very God ſay as an Ethnick ſaid
"To one that preached Hercules?"——

Sir T. Hanmer would read—*in flouts*; Dr. Warburton, *inſolents*. STEEVENS.

I rather believe the line ſhould be read thus:

But you muſt join, ILL *ſouls, to mock me too?*

Ill is often uſed for *bad*, *wicked*. So, in the *Sea Voyage* of Beaumont and Fletcher, act IV. ſc. i:

"They did begin to quarrel like *ill* men;"

which I cite the rather, becauſe *ill* had there alſo been changed into *in*, by an error of the preſs, which Mr. Sympſon has corrected from the edition 1647. TYRWHITT.

This is a very reaſonable conjecture, though I think it hardly right. JOHNSON.

We meet with this phraſe in an old poem by Robert Dabourne:

"——Men ſhift their faſhions——
"They are *in ſouls* the ſame."—— FARMER.

A trim

A trim exploit[6], a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derifion! none, of nobler fort[7],
Would fo offend a virgin; and extort[8]
A poor foul's patience, all to make you fport.
Lyf. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not fo;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
Hel. Never did mockers wafte more idle breath.
Dem. Lyfander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
[9] My heart with her but, as gueft-wife, fojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.
Lyf. Helen, it is not fo.
Dem. Difparage not the faith thou doft not know,
Left, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.——
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

[6] *A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,* &c.] This is written much in the manner and fpirit of Juno's reproach to Venus in the 4th book of the *Æneid:*

"Egregiam vero laudem et fpolia ampla refertis,
"Tuque puerque tuus: magnum et memorabile nomen,
"Una dolo divûm fi fœmina victa duorum eft." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*none, of* nobler *fort,*] The folio reads, *noble* fort. *Sort* is here ufed for *degree* or *quality*. So, in the old ballad of *Jane Shore:*

"Long time I lived in the court,
"With lords and ladies of great *fort.*" MALONE.

[8] Extort *a poor foul's patience,*] Harrafs, torment. JOHNSON.

[9] *My heart to her.*] We fhould read:
My heart with *her but as gueft-wife fojourn'd.*
So, Prior:
"*No matter what beauties I faw in my way,*
"*They were but my vifits, but thou art my home.*" JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence:—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly did'st thou leave me so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery o's [1] and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?
Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spight of me [2].
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,

[1] —*all yon fiery O's.*] I would willingly believe that the poet wrote *fiery orbs.* JOHNSON.

Shakespeare uses O for a circle. So, in the prologue to *Hen.* V.

"——— can we crowd
"Within this little *O*, the very casques
"That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

Again, in the *Partheneia Sacra*, 1633:

"—the purple canopy of the earth, powder'd over and beset with silver *o'es*, or rather an azure vault, &c." STEEVENS.

D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 650, mentions a patent to make spangles and *oes* of gold; and I think haberdashers call small curtain rings, O's, as being circular. TOLLET.

[2] —*in spite of me.*] I read, *in spite to me.* JOHNSON.

The

The ſiſters' vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
All ſchool-day friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods[3],
Have with our [4] neelds created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem:
So, with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
[5] Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry,

Due

[3] —*artificial* gods,] *Artificial* is ingenious, artful. STEEVENS.

[4] *Have with our* needles, *&c.*] It was probably written by Shakeſpeare *neelds*, (a common contraction in the inland counties at this day) otherwiſe the verſe will be inharmonious. See Gammer Gurton's *Needle*.

Again, in ſir Arthur Gorges' tranſlation of Lucan, 1614:
"Thus Cato ſpake, whoſe feeling words
"Like pricking *neelds*, or points of ſwords, &c."

Again, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:
"Deep clerks ſhe dumbs, and with her *neele* compoſes
"Nature's own ſhape.—

Again, in Stanyhurſt's *Virgil*, 1582:
"—on *neeld*-wrought carpets."

The ſame ideas occur in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:
"———ſhe
"Would ever with Marina be:
"Be't when they weav'd the ſleded ſilk,
"With fingers long, ſmall, white as milk,
"Or when ſhe would with ſharp *neeld* wound
"The cambrick, &c."

In the age of Shakeſpeare many contractions were uſed. Ben Jonſon has *wher* for *whether* in the prologue to his *Sad Shepherd*; and in the earl of Sterline's *Darius* is *ſport* for *ſupport*, and *twards* for *towards*. STEEVENS.

[5] *Two of the firſt* liſe, *coats in heraldry,*
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt:]
The true correction of this paſſage I owe to the friendſhip and

commu-

Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rent our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words:
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems that you ſcorn me.

Hel. Have you not ſet Lyſander, as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did ſpurn me with his foot)
To call me goddeſs, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtial? Wherefore ſpeaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lyſander
Deny your love, ſo rich within his ſoul,
And tender me, forſooth, affection;
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, ſo fortunate;
But miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd?
This you ſhould pity, rather than deſpiſe.

Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, perſever [6], counterfeit ſad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the ſweet jeſt up:
This ſport, well carry'd, ſhall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,

communication of the ingenious Martin Folkes, eſq.——Two of the *firſt*, *ſecond*, &c. are terms peculiar in heraldry, to diſtinguiſh the different *quarterings* of *coats*. THEOBALD.

[6] *Ay, do* perſever,—] *Perſever* is the reading of all the old copies. The word was formerly ſo pronounced. Thus our author in *All's Well that End's Well*, act IV. ſc. ii:

"——ſay thou art mine, and ever
"My love, as it begins, ſo ſhall *perſever*."

So, in Glapthorne's *Argalus and Parthenia*, 1639:

"——for ever
"May they in love and union ſtill *perſever*." STEEVENS.

You

You would not make me ſuch an argument [7].
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or abſence, ſoon ſhall remedy.

Lyſ. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuſe;
My love, my life, my ſoul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not ſcorn her ſo.

Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lyſ. Thou canſt compel no more than ſhe entreat;
Thy threats have no more ſtrength, than her weak prayers [8].
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I ſwear by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe, that ſays I love thee not.

Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.

Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?

Lyſ. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, ſir, he'll
Seem to break looſe; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

Lyſ. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let looſe;
Or I will ſhake thee from me, like a ſerpent.

Her. Why are you grown ſo rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?

Lyſ. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jeſt?

[7] —*ſuch an argument.*] Such a *ſubject* of light merriment. JOHNSON.
So, in the firſt part of *King Henry* IV. act II. ſc. ii.
"—it would be *argument* for a week, &c. STEEVENS.
So Iſabella, ſpeaking to Lucio in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:—
"Make me not, ſir, *your ſtory*." STEEVENS.

[8] —*than her weak* prayers.] The old copies read:
—*than her weak* praiſe. STEEVENS.

Hel.

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond: for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you jugler! oh, you canker-blossom[9]!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,

9 ——*you canker-blossom!*] The *canker-blossom* is not in this place the blossom of the *canker* or *wild rose*, which our author alludes to in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act I. sc. vi:

"I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge
"Than a rose in his grace."

but a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So, in this play, act II. sc. iii:

"Some to kill *cankers* in the musk-rose buds." STEEVENS.

Her height, forfooth, fhe hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown fo high in his efteem,
Becaufe I am fo dwarfifh, and fo low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? fpeak;
How low am I? I am not yet fo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curft;
I have no gift at all in fhrewifhnefs;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not ftrike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Becaufe fhe's fomething lower than myfelf,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be fo bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counfels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your ftealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To ftrike me, fpurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, fo you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You fee how fimple and how fond I am [1].

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolifh heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lyfander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lyf. Be not afraid; fhe fhall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, fir; fhe fhall not, though you take her part.

[1] "———*how* fond I *am.*] *Fond*, i.e. foolifh; often ufed in that fenfe by our author:—*Merchant of Venice*, act II. fc. iv:
"———I do wonder
"Thou naughty goaler, that thou art fo *fond*
"To come abroad with him." STEEVENS.

Hel.

Hel. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd:
She was a vixen, when ſhe went to ſchool;
And, though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lyſ. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You [2] minimus, of hind'ring knot-graſs made [3];
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that ſcorns your ſervices.
Let her alone; ſpeak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou doſt intend
Never ſo little ſhew of love to her,
Thou ſhalt aby it [4].

Lyſ.

[2] *You minimus,*—] Shakeſpeare might have given it:
"*You* Minim, you——
i.e. You *Diminutive* of the creation, you *reptile*, as in Milton. THEOBALD.

[3] ——*of hind'ring knot-graſs made*;] It appears that knot-graſs was anciently ſuppoſed to prevent the growth of any animal or child.

Beaumont and Fletcher mention this property of it in *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle*:
"Should they put him into a ſtrait pair of gaſkins, 'twere worſe than *knot-graſs*, he would never grow after it."

Again, in *The Coxcomb*:
"We want a boy extremely for this function, kept under, for a year, with milk and *knot-graſs*." Daiſy-roots were ſuppoſed to have the ſame effect.

That prince of verboſe and pedantic coxcombs, Richard Tomlinſon, apothecary, in his tranſlation of *Renodæus his Diſpenſatory*, 1657, informs us that *knot graſs* "is a low reptant hearb, with exile, copious, nodoſe, and geniculated branches." Perhaps no hypochondriack is to be found who might not derive his cure from the peruſal of any ſingle chapter in this work. STEEVENS.

[4] *Thou ſhalt aby it.*] To *aby* is to pay dear for, to ſuffer. So, in the *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:
"Had I a ſword and buckler here,
"You ſhould *aby* theſe queſtions."
The word has occurred before in this play.
Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:
"—but thou ſhalt dear *aby* this blow."

Again,

Lyʃ. Now ʃhe holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'ʃt, to try whoʃe right,
Or thine or mine, is moʃt in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl. [*Exit Lyʃander and Demetrius.*

Her. You, miʃtreʃs, all this coyl is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not truʃt you, I;
Nor longer ʃtay in your curʃt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to ʃay.
[*Exeunt: Hermia purʃuing Helena.*

Ob. This is thy negligence: ʃtill thou miʃtak'ʃt,
Or elʃe commit'ʃt thy knaveries willingly [5].

Puck. Believe me, king of ʃhadows, I miʃtook.
Did not you tell me, I ʃhould know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And ʃo far blameleʃs proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And ʃo far am I glad it did ʃo ʃort [6],
As this their jangling I eʃteem a ʃport.

Ob. Thou ʃeeʃt, theʃe lovers ʃeek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcaʃt the night;
The ʃtarry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead theʃe teʃty rivals ʃo aʃtray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lyʃander ʃometime frame thy tongue,
Then ʃtir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;

Again, in Spenʃer's *Faery Queen*, B. ii. c. 8:
"His life for due revenge ʃhould dear *abie.*"
Again, in Harrington's tranʃlation of *Arioʃto*, B. ii. ʃt. 3:
"So robb'd to be I never can abide,
"But they that do it, dearly ʃhall *abye.*"

[5] —— *thy knaveries* willingly.] The quarto in 1600 reads *wilfully*. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *ʃo ʃort.*] So happen in the iʃʃue. JOHNSON.
So, in *Monʃieur D'Olive*, 1606:
"—never look to have any action *ʃort* to your honour."

And

And ſometimes rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting ſleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then cruſh this herb into Lyſander's eye;
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property [7],
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream, and fruitleſs viſion;
And back to Athens ſhall the lovers wend,
With league, whoſe date 'till death ſhall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſter's view, and all things ſhall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this muſt be done with haſte;
For night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines Aurora's harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned ſpirits all [8],
That in croſs-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully themſelves exile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:

[7] *virtuous property,*] Salutiferous. So he calls, in the *Tempeſt, poiſonous dew,* wicked *dew.* JOHNSON.

[8] ——— *damned ſpirits all,*
That in croſs-ways *and* floods *have burial,*]
i. e. The ghoſts of ſelf-murderers, who are buried in croſs-roads; and of thoſe who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of ſepulture had never been regularly beſtowed on their bodies. That the waters were ſometimes the place of reſidence for *damned ſpirits,* we learn from the ancient bl. l. Romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys,* no date:
"Let ſome preeſt a goſpel ſaye
"For doute of *fendes in the flode.*" STEEVENS.

I with the morning's love have oft made sport[9];
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit Ob.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [*Lys. goes out, as following Dem.*

[9] *I with the morning's love have oft made sport*;] Thus all the old copies, and I think, rightly. Tithonus was the husband of Aurora, and Tithonus was no *young* deity. So, in *The Fawne*, by J. Marston, 1606:

" *Aurora* yet keeps chaste *old Tithon*'s bed;
" Yet blushes at it when she rises."

Again, in *Aurora*, a collection of sonnets, by lord *Sterline*, 1604:

" And why should *Tithon* thus, whose day grows late,
" Enjoy *the morning's love*."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 3:

" As faire *Aurora* rising hastily,
" Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye
" All night in *old Tithonus' frozen* bed."

Again, in the *Faithful Shepherdess* of B. and Fletcher:

" ———O, lend me all thy red,
" Thou shame-fac'd morning, when from *Tithon*'s bed
" Thou risest *ever-maiden!*"

How such a waggish spirit as the King of the Fairies might make sport with an antiquated lover, or his mistress in his absence, may be easily understood. Dr. Johnson reads with all the modern editors, " I with the *morning light*, &c." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyſander! ſpeak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In ſome buſh? where doſt thou hide thy head[1]?
Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a ſword on thee.
Dem. Yea; art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd, than I:
I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come, thou gentle day! [*Lies down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this ſpight.

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! coward, why comeſt thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt: for well I wot,
Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place;
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?
Puck. Come hither; I am here.

[1] *Speak in ſome buſh: where doſt thou hide thy head?*] This paſſage is printed thus in all the editions. The ſenſe I think would be clearer if the pointing were regulated thus:
'*Speak. In ſome buſh? Where doſt thou hide thy head?*
STEEVENS.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'ſt me. Thou ſhalt buy this dear[2],
If ever I thy face by day-light ſee:
Now, go thy way. Faintneſs conſtraineth me
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be viſited. [*Lies down.*

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours; ſhine, comforts, from the eaſt;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From theſe that my poor company deteſt:—
And, ſleep, that ſometime ſhuts up ſorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here ſhe comes, curſt, and ſad:—
Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me, 'till the break of day.
Heavens ſhield Lyſander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep ſound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on Lyſander's eye.*

[2] —*buy this dear,*] i. e. *thou ſhalt dearly pay for this.* Though this is ſenſe, and may well enough ſtand, yet the poet perhaps wrote *thou ſhalt aby it dear.* So, in another place, *thou ſhalt* aby it. So, *Milton*, "*How* dearly I abide *that boaſt ſo vain.*" JOHNSON.

When

When thou wak'ſt,
Thou tak'ſt [3]
True delight
In the ſight
Of thy former lady's eye :
And the country proverb known,
That every man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be ſhown :
Jack ſhall have Jill [4];
Nought ſhall go ill;
The man ſhall have his mare again, and all ſhall be
well. [*Exit Puck.* [*They ſleep.*

[5] A C T IV. S C E N E I.

A Wood.

Enter Queen of the Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending, and the King behind them.

Queen. Come, ſit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy [6],
And

[3] *When thou wak'ſt Thou tak'ſt,* &c.] As the ſecond line is deficient both in metre and conſtruction, it might perhaps be allowable to ſupply it thus. *When thou wak'ſt, ſee thou tak'ſt, True delight,* &c. TYRWHITT.

[4] *Jack ſhall have Jill ; &c.*] Theſe three laſt lines are to be found among *Heywood's Epigrams on three hundred Proverbs.* STEEVENS.

[5] I ſee no reaſon why the fourth act ſhould begin here, when there ſeems no interruption of the action. In the old quartos of 1600, there is no diviſion of acts, which ſeems to have been afterwards arbitrarily made in the firſt folio, and may therefore be altered at pleaſure. JOHNSON.

[6] —*No coy*] To *coy* is to ſooth, to ſtroke. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris,* 1584:

"Plays with Amyntas' luſty boy, and *coys* him in the dales."

Again,

And ſtick muſk-roſes in thy ſleek ſmooth head,
And kiſs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaſe-bloſſom?

Peaſe. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaſe-bloſſom.—Where's monſieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur Cobweb; good monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd humble bee on the top of a thiſtle; and, good monſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourſelf too much in the action, monſieur; and, good monſieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, ſignior.—Where's monſieur Muſtard-ſeed?

Muſt. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif [7], monſieur Muſtard-ſeed. Pray you, leave your courteſy, good monſieur.

Muſt. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monſieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb [8] to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, monſieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair do but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſick, my ſweet love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſick: let us have the tongs [9] and the bones.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. Book vi. ch. 30:
"And whilſt ſhe *coys* his ſooty cheeks, or curls his ſweaty top."
Again, in ſir A. Gorges's tranſlation of Lucan, b. ix:
"——— his ſports to prove,
"*Coying* that pow'rful queen of love." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*neif*,] i. e. fiſt. *Henry* IV. act II. ſc. x:
"*Sweet knight, I kiſs thy* neif." GRAY.

[8] —*cavalero Cobweb*] Without doubt it ſhould be *Cavalero Peaſe-bloſſom*; as for *cavalero Cobweb*, he had juſt been diſpatched upon a perilous adventure. GRAY.

[9] —*the* tongs—] The old ruſtic muſick of the *tongs and key*. The folio has this ſtage direction.——"*Muſicke Tongs, Rurall Muſicke.*" STEEVENS.

Queen.

Queen. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away [1].
So doth the woodbine [2], the sweet honey-suckle,
Gently

[1] In the former editions—*and be* always *away*.] What! was she giving her attendants an everlasting dismission? No such thing; they were to be still upon duty. I am convinced the poet meant;

——— *and be* all ways *away*.

i. e. disperse yourselves, and scout out severally, in your *watch*, that danger approach us from no quarter. THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton reads:

And be away—away. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath would read:—and be *always i' th' way*. STEEVENS.

[2] *So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle*
Gently entwist; the FEMALE *ivy so*
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.]

What does the *woodbine* entwist? The *honey-suckle*. But the *woodbine* and *honey-suckle* were, till now, but two names for one and the same plant. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets *Madre Selva* by *woodbine* or *honnie-suckle*. We must therefore find a support for the *woodbine* as well as for the *ivy*. Which is done by reading the lines thus:

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,
Gently entwist the MAPLE; *ivy so*
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

The corruption might happen by the first blunderer dropping the *p* in writing the word *maple*, which word thence became *male*. A following transcriber, for the sake of a little sense and measure, thought fit to change this *male* into *female*; and then tacked it as an epithet to *ivy*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads:

So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle,

for bark of the wood. Shakespeare perhaps only meant, so the leaves

Gently entwist,—the female ivy [3] so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Oberon

leaves involve the flower, using *woodbine* for the plant and *honey-suckle* for the flower; or perhaps Shakespeare made a blunder. JOHNSON.

The thought is Chaucer's. See his *Troilus and Cresseide*, v. 1236, lib. iii:

"And as about a tre with many a twist
"Bitrent and writhin is the swete *wodbinde*,
"Gan eche of hem in armis other winde."

What Shakespeare seems to mean, is this—*So the woodbine*, i. e. *the sweet honey-suckle, doth gently entwist the barky fingers of the elm, and so does the female ivy enring the same fingers*. It is not unfrequent in the poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reason why Shakespeare thought *woodbine* wanted illustration, perhaps is this. In some counties, by *woodbine* or *woodbind* would have been generally understood the ivy, which he had occasion to mention in the very next line. In the following instance from *Old Fortunatus*, 1600, *woodbind* is used for *ivy*:

"And, as the running *wood-bind*, spread her arms
"To choak thy with'ring boughs in her embrace."

And Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, enforces the same distinction that Shakespeare thought it necessary to make:

"*Woodbin* that beareth the *honey-suckle*." STEEVENS.

This passage has given rise to various conjectures. It is certain, that the *wood-bine*, and the *honey-suckle* were sometimes considered as different plants. In one of *Taylor's* poems, we have

"The *woodbine*, primrose, and the cowslip fine,
"The *honisuckle*, and the daffadill."

But I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. The old writers did not always carry the auxiliary verb forward, as the late editor seems to suppose by his alteration of *enrings* to *enring*. So bishop Lowth, in his excellent *Introduction to Grammar*, p. 126, has without reason corrected a similar passage in our translation of St. *Matthew*. FARMER.

Were any change necessary, I should not scruple to read the *weedbind*, i.e. smilax: a plant that twists round every other that grows in its way. STEEVENS.

In lord Bacon's *Nat. Hist.* Experiment 496, it is observed that there are two kinds of "*honeysuckles*, both the *woodbine* and the *trefoil*." i.e. the first is a *plant* that winds about trees, and the other is a three-leaved *grass*. Perhaps these are meant in Mr. Farmer's quotation. The distinction, however, may serve to

shew

Oberon advances. Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin. Seeſt thou this ſweet
ſight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking ſweet favours [5] for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers;
And that ſame dew, which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,
Like tears, that did their own diſgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleaſure, taunted her,
And ſhe, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did aſk of her her changeling child;
Which ſtrait ſhe gave me, and her fairy ſent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And, now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed ſcalp
From off the head of the Athenian ſwain;
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,

ſhew why Shakeſpeare and other authors frequently added *woodbine* to *honey-ſuckle*, when they mean the *plant* and not the *graſs*.
TOLLET.

[4] ——— *the female ivy*] Shakeſpeare call it *female* ivy, becauſe it always requires ſome ſupport, which is poetically called its huſband. So Milton:

" ——— led the vine
" To wed *her* elm: ſhe ſpous'd, about him twines
" Her marriageable arms ———"
" Ulmo conjuncta marito." Catull.
" Platanuſque *cælebs*
" Evincet ulmos." Hor. STEEVENS.

[5] — *ſweet favours*,] The firſt edition reads *favours*. STEEVENS.

But

But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen;

Be, as thou wast wont to be;
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower [6]
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.
Queen. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.
Ob. There lies your love.
Queen. How came these things to pass?
Oh, how mine eye doth loath his visage now!
Ob. Silence, a while.——Robin, take off this head.——
Titania, musick call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense [7].
Queen. Musick, ho! musick; such as charmeth sleep.
Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Ob. Sound, musick. [*Still musick.*] Come my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

[6] *Dian's bud, or Cupid's flower*] Thus all the editions. The ingenious Dr. Thirlby gave me the correction, which I have inserted in the text. THEOBALD.

[7] *Titania, musick call, and strike more dead*
Than common sleep. Of all these fine *the sense.*]
This most certainly is both corrupt in the text and pointing. My emendation needs no justification. The *five*, that lay asleep on the stage were Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, Helena, and Bottom.————Dr. Thirlby likewise communicated this very correction. THEOBALD.

And bleſs it to all fair [8] poſterity:
There ſhall theſe pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theſeus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then my queen, in ſilence ſad [9],
Trip we after the night's ſhade:
We the globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Queen. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found,
With theſe mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Wind horns within.*

Enter Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the foreſter;——
For now our obſervation is perform'd [1]:
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,

My

[8] *Dance in duke Theſeus' houſe triumphantly,*
And bleſs it to all FAIR *poſterity*;]
We ſhould read:
————*to all* FAR *poſterity.*
i. e. to the remoteſt poſterity. WARBURTON.

[9] *Then, my queen, in ſilence ſad,*
Trip we after the night's ſhade.]
Mr. Theobald ſays, *why ſad? Fairies are pleaſed to follow night.* He will have it *fade*; and ſo, to mend the rhime, ſpoils both the ſenſe and grammar. But he miſtakes the meaning of *ſad*; it ſignifies only grave, ſober; and is oppoſed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the ſinging of the morning lark. —So *Winter's Tale*, act IV: "*My father and the gentlemen are in* SAD *talk.*" For *grave* or *ſerious*. WARBURTON.
Again, in the *Phœnix*, by *Middleton*, 1607:
"Which of his wild nobility it ſhould be,
"For none of his *ſad* council has a voice in't." STEEVENS.

[1] *Our obſervation is perform'd*:] The honours due to the morning of *May*. I know not why Shakeſpeare calls this play a *Midſummer Night's Dream*, when he ſo carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding *May* day. JOHNSON.

The

My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go:—
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.——
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear[2]
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding[3]; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So[4] flew'd, so[5] sanded, and their heads are hung
With

The title of this play seems no more intended to denote the precise *time of the action*, than that of the *Winter's Tale*; which we find, was at the season of sheep-shearing. FARMER.

[2] ——*they bay'd the bear*] Thus all the old copies. And thus in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, v. 2020. late edit:

"The hunte ystrangled with the wilde *beres*." STEEVENS.

Holinshed, with whose histories our poet was well acquainted, says "the *beare* is a beast commonlie hunted in the East countries." See vol. i. p. 206; and in p. 226, he says, "Alexander at vacant times hunted the tiger, the pard, the bore, and the *beare*." Pliny, Plutarch, &c. mention bear-hunting. Turberville, in his *Book of Hunting*, has two chapters on hunting the *bear*. As the persons mentioned by the poet are foreigners of the heroic strain, he might perhaps think it nobler sport for them to hunt the *bear* than the *boar*. TOLLET.

[3] —*such gallant* chiding;] *Chiding* in this instance means only *sound*. So, in *Hen.* VIII:

"As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood."

Again, in *Humour out of Breath*, Com. by John Day, 1608:

"————I take great pride
"To hear soft music, and thy shrill voice *chide*."

Again, in the 22d chapter of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"—drums and trumpets *chide*.—" STEEVENS.

[4] *So flew'd,*] i. e. so *mouthed*. *Flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound. HANMER.

Flew'd] Sir T. Hanmer justly remarks, that *flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound. Arthur Golding uses this word in

With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Theſſalian bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theſſaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, ſoft; what nymphs are
 theſe?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep;
And this, Lyſander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder at their being here together.

The. No doubt, they roſe up early, to obſerve
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.—
But, ſpeak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia ſhould give anſwer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntſmen wake them with their
 horns.

in his tranſlation of *Ovid's Metamorphoſes*, finiſhed 1567, a book with which Shakeſpeare appears to have been well acquainted. The poet is deſcribing Actæon's hounds, b. iii. p. 33. b. 1603. Two of them, like our author's, were of Spartan kind: bred from a Spartan bitch and a Cretan dog:

" —with other twaine, that had a ſire of Crete,
" And dam of Spart: th' one of them called Jollyboy, a
 grete
" And *large-flew'd* hound."

Shakeſpeare mentions Cretan hounds (with Spartan) afterwards in this ſpeech of Theſeus. And Ovid's tranſlator, Golding, in the ſame deſcription, has them both in one verſe, ibid. p. 33. a.

" This latter was a hound of Crete, the other was of Spart."
WARTON.

So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

" ———the fierce Theſſalian hounds
" With their flag ears, ready to ſweep the dew
" From their moiſt breaſts." STEEVENS.

[5] *So ſanded,*] So marked with ſmall ſpots. JOHNSON.
Sandy'd means of a ſandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound. STEEVENS.

Horns, and ſhout within; Demetrius, Lyſander, Hermia, and Helena, wake and ſtart up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is paſt[6];
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my lord. [*They all kneel to Theſeus.*
The. I pray you all, ſtand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſy,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lyſ. My lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half 'ſleep, half waking: But as yet, I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak,—
And now I do bethink me, ſo it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.
Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough;
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have ſtol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my conſent;
Of my conſent that ſhe ſhould be your wife.
Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me[7].

But,

[6] ——*ſaint Valentine is paſt;*] Alluding to the old ſaying, that birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. STEEVENS.

[7] *Fair Helena in* fancy *following me.*] *Fancy* is here taken for *love* or *affection*, and is oppoſed to *fury*, as before:

Sighs and tears poor Fancy's *followers.*

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his *fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for a floriſt, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. JOHNSON.

So,

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by ſome power it is) my love to Hermia,
Melted as is the ſnow, ſeems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd [8],
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I ſaw Hermia:
But, like a ſickneſs, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this diſcourſe we ſhall hear more anon.—
Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.—
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.—
Come Hippolita. [*Exe. Theſeus, Hippolita, and train.*

Dem. Theſe things ſeem ſmall, and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When every thing ſeems double.

So, in the *Ladies' Privilege*, 1640:
"For one whoſe ſoul, free as the air he breathes,
"Can yield a mutual *fancy* to your flame."
Again, in *Hymen's Triumph*, a Maſque by Daniel, 1628:
"With all perſuaſions ſought to win her mind
"To *fancy* him."
Again:
"Do not enforce me to accept a man
"I cannot *fancy*."
Again, in the *Maid's Metamorphoſis* by Lylly, 1600:
"The more the ſon became with *fancy* blind." STEEVENS.

[8] ——— *an idle* gawd,] See a note by Mr. Lamb on this word, Act I. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel [9],
Mine own, and not mine own.
Dem. Are you ſure [1]
That we are awake?—it ſeems to me,
That yet we ſleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
Her. Yea; and my father.
Hel. And Hippolita.
Lyſ. And he did bid us follow to the temple.
Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *And I have found Demetrius like a* JEWEL,
Mine own, and not mine own.]
Hermia had obſerved that things appeared *double* to her. Helena replies, *ſo methinks*; and then ſubjoins, that Demetrius was like *a jewel*, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to ſomething which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another. Not the property ſure of a jewel: or, if you will, of none but a falſe one. We ſhould read:

And I have found Demetrius like a GEMELL,
Mine own, and not mine own.

From *Gemellus*, a *twin*. For Demetrius had that night acted two ſuch different parts, that ſhe could hardly think them both played by one and the ſame Demetrius; but that there were twin Demetriuſes like the two Soſias in the farce.—From *Gemellus* comes the French, *Gemeau* or *Jumeau*, and in the feminine, *Gemelle* or *Jumelle*: So in Maçon's tranſlation of the *Decameron of Boccace*—"*Il avoit trois filles plus âgées que les maſles, des quelles les deux qui eſtoient,* JUMELLES *avoient quinze ans.*" Quatrieme Jour. Nov. 3.
WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious enough to deſerve to be true.
JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has been accuſed of coining the word, *gemell*:* but Drayton has it in the preface to his *Baron's Wars*. "The [illegible] doth never double; or to uſe a word of heraldrie, never bringeth forth *gemels*." FARMER.

Again:
"—unleſs they had been all *gemels*, or couplets." STEEVENS.

[1] ——————*Are you ſure*
That we are awake?]
This paſſage, hitherto omitted, I have reſtored from the quartos 1600. STEEVENS.

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer:—my next is, *Moſt fair Pyramus*———Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! ſtol'n hence, and left me aſleep! I have had a moſt rare viſion. I have had a dream,—paſt the wit of man to ſay what dream it was: Man is but an aſs, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,——[2] But man is but a patch'd fool [3], if he will offer to ſay what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it ſhall be call'd Bottom's Dream, becauſe it hath no bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke[4]: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her death[5]. [*Exit.*

[2] —*man is but a patch'd fool,*] The quarto, 1600, gives the paſſage thus; "But man is but *patch'd a fool*, &c." STEEVENS.

[3] *Patch'd fool,*] That is, a fool in a particolour'd coat. JOHNSON.

[4] *I will ſing*, &c.] In former editions: *Peradventure to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her death.* At *whoſe* death? In Bottom's ſpeech there is no mention of any ſhe-creature, to whom this relative can be coupled. I make no the leaſt ſcruple but Bottom, for the ſake of a jeſt, and to render his *voluntary*, as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, ſaid;—*I ſhall ſing it after death.* He, as Pyramus, is kill'd upon the ſcene; and ſo might promiſe to riſe again at the concluſion of the interlude, and give the duke his dream by way of ſong.—The ſource of the corruption of the text is very obvious. The *f* in *after* being ſunk by the vulgar pronunciation, the copyiſt might write it from the ſound,—*a'ter*: which the wiſe editors not underſtanding, concluded, two words were erroneouſly got together; ſo, ſplitting them, and clapping in an *h*, produced the preſent reading—*at her*. THEOBALD.

[5] —*at her death.*] He means *the death of Thiſbe*, which is what his head is at preſent full of. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Athens. Quince's House.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you ſent to Bottom's houſe? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is tranſported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd; It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to diſcharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too: and he is a very paramour, for a ſweet voice.

Flu. You muſt ſay, paragon: a paramour is, God bleſs us! a thing of nought[6].

Enter Snug.

Snug. Maſters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men[7].

Flu. O ſweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he loſt ſix-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'ſcaped

[6] *A thing of nought.*] This Mr. Theobald changes with great pomp to *a thing of naught*; i. e. a *good for nothing thing*. JOHNSON.

A thing of nought is the true reading. So in *Hamlet*:

"*Ham.* The king is a *thing*——
"*Guil.* A *thing* my lord?
"*Ham.* *Of nothing*."

See the note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

[7] *made men.*] In the ſame ſenſe as in the *Tempeſt*, *any monſter in England* makes *a man*. JOHNSON.

So, in Marlowe's *Dr. Fauſtus*, 1631:

"Oh joyful day! now am I a *made man* for ever."

STEEVENS.

ſix-

ſix-pence a-day: an the duke had not given him ſix-pence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deſerv'd it: ſix-pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing [8].

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? where are theſe hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O moſt courageous day! O moſt happy hour!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders: but aſk me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, ſweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet preſently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any caſe, let Thiſby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they ſhall hang out for the lion's claws. And, moſt dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter ſweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them ſay, it is a ſweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [*Exeunt.*

[8] —*ſixpence a day, in Pyramus, or nothing.*] Shakeſpeare has already ridiculed the title-page of *Cambyſes* by Tho. Preſton; and here he ſeems to aim a perſonal ſtroke at him. *Preſton* acted a part in Thomas Naſh's play of *Dido Queen of Carthage*, before queen Elizabeth at Cambridge, in 1594; and the queen was ſo well pleaſed, that ſhe beſtowed on him a penſion of *twenty* pounds a year, which is little more than *a ſhilling a day*. Our poet, in the firſt part of *Henry* IV. has made Falſtaff declare, that when he preſented the prince's father, he would do it,

"*In King Cambyſes' vein.*" STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter Thefeus, Hippolita, Egeus, Philoftrate, Lords, &c.

Hip. 'Tis ftrange, my Thefeus, that thefe lovers fpeak of.

The. More ftrange than true. I never may believe [9]
Thefe antique fables, nor thefe fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have fuch feething brains,
Such fhaping fantafies, that apprehend
More than cool reafon ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact [1]:
One fees more devils than vaft hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick [2],
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to fhapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath ftrong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend fome joy,

[9] Thefe beautiful lines are in all the old editions thrown out of metre. They are very well reftored by the later editors. JOHNSON.

[1] *Are of imagination all compact:*] i. e. made up of mere imagination. So, in *As you Like It:*

"If he, *compact* of jars, grow mufical." STEEVENS.

[2] *That is the madman: the lover, all as frantick,*] Such is the reading of all the old copies; inftead of which, the modern editors have given us:

"The madman; while the lover all as frantick." STEEVENS.

It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?
Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy [3];
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!
Lys. More than to us
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!
The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate [4].
Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.
The. Say, what abridgment [5] have you for this evening?

What

[3] *Constancy*;] Consistency, stability, certainty. JOHNSON.

[4] *Call Philostrate.*] In the folio, 1623, it is, Call *Egeus*, and all the speeches afterwards spoken by Philostrate, are there given to that character. But the modern editions, from the quarto 1600, have rightly given them to Philostrate, who appears in the first scene as master of the revels to Theseus, and is there sent out on a similar kind of errand.

In the *Knight's Tale* of Chaucer, Arcite, under the name of *Philostrate*, is squire of the chamber to *Theseus*. STEEVENS.

[5] *Say what abridgment*, &c.] By *abridgment* our author means a dramatick performance, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. So, in *Hamlet*, act II. sc. vii. he calls the players "*abridg-*

What maſk? what muſick? How ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?

Philoſt. There is a brief[6], how many ſports are ripe[7];
Make choice of which your highneſs will ſee firſt.
[*Giving a paper.*

The. reads[8].] *The battle of the Centaurs, to be ſung*
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.
We'll none of that: that I have told my love,
In glory of my kinſman Hercules.
The riot of the tipſy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian ſinger in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came laſt a conqueror.
[9] *The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death*
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.

That

" *abridgments*, *abſtracts*, and *brief chronicles of the time.*"
Again, in *K. Henry* V.

" Then brook *abridgement*; and your eyes advance
" After your thoughts——— STEEVENS.

[6] —*a* brief,] i. e. a ſhort account or enumeration. So, in Gaſcoigne's *Dulce Bellum Inexpertis*:

" She ſent a *brief* unto me by her mayd." STEEVENS.

[7] One of the quartos has *ripe*, the other old editions, *rife*. JOHNSON.

Rife is a word uſed both by *Sidney* and *Spenſer*. It means abounding, but it is now almoſt obſolete. Again, in Stephen Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, 1579: " ——you ſhall find the theatres of the one, the abuſes of the other, to be *rife* among us." STEEVENS.

[8] The. *reads*.] This is printed as Mr. Theobald gave it from both the old quartos. In the firſt folio, and all the following editions, Lyſander reads the catalogue, and Theſeus makes the remarks. JOHNSON.

[9] *The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death*
Of learning, &c.]

I do not know whether it has been before obſerved, that Shakeſpeare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenſer's poem, entitled *The Tears of the Muſes*, on the neglect and contempt of learning. This piece firſt appeared in quarto, with others 1591. The oldeſt edition of this play now known is dated 1600. If Spenſer's poem be here intended, may we not preſume that there is ſome earlier edi-

tion

That is ſome ſatire, keen, and critical [1],
Not ſorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief ſcene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thiſbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical [2]? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous ſtrange ſnow [3].
How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?

Philoſt. A play there is, my lord, ſome ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

tion of this? But however, if the alluſion be allowed, at leaſt it ſeems to bring the play below 1591. WARTON.

This pretended title of a dramatic performance might be deſigned as a covert ſtroke of ſatire on thoſe who had permitted Spenſer to die through abſolute want of bread in Dublin, in the year 1598: ——*late* deceas'd in beggary, ſeems to refer to this circumſtance. STEEVENS.

[1] *keen and* critical;] *Critical* here means *criticizing, cenſuring.* So, in *Othello*:

"*O, I am nothing if not* critical." STEEVENS.

[2] *Merry and tragical,*—] Our poet is ſtill harping on *Cambyſes.* STEEVENS.

[3] *Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?*
That is, hot ice, AND *wondrous ſtrange* SNOW.]

The nonſenſe of the laſt line ſhould be corrected thus:

That is, hot ice, a wondrous ſtrange SHOW. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads, not improbably:

And wondrous ſtrange black *ſnow.* JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *wondrous ſcorching ſnow.* Mr. Pope omits the line entirely. I think the paſſage needs no change, on account of the verſification; for *wonderous* is as often uſed as *three*, as it is as *two* ſyllables. The meaning of the line is—— "That is, *hot ice* and ſnow of *as ſtrange a quality.*"

There is an ancient pamphlet entitled, "*Tarlton's Deviſe upon this unlooked for* grete ſnowe." And perhaps the paſſage before us may contain ſome alluſion to it. This work is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company; as alſo, "A ballat of a Northerne Man's Reporte of the *wonderful greate ſnowe* in the Southerne parts, &c." STEEVENS.

And

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories [4]
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents [5],
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit Philost.*

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

[4] ——— *unbreath'd memories*] That is, unexercised, unpractised memories. STEEVENS.

[5] *Unless you can find sport in their intent*] Thus all the copies. But as I know not what it is to *stretch* and *con* an *intent*, I suspect a line to be lost. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* were anciently synonymous. Of this use several instances are given in a note on the third scene of the first act of *Othello*. *Intents* therefore may be put for the object of their *attention*. We still say a person is *intent* on his business. STEEVENS.

Our

Our ſport ſhall be [6], to take what they miſtake:
And what poor duty cannot do [7],
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver, and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Truſt me, ſweet,
Out of this ſilence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.

Enter Philoſtrate.

Philoſt. So pleaſe your grace, the prologue is addreſt [8].

The. Let him approach. [*Flour. Trum.* [9]

Enter

[6] *Our ſport ſhall be*, &c.] Voltaire ſays ſomething like this of Louis XIV. who took a pleaſure in ſeeing his courtiers in confuſion when they ſpoke to him. STEEVENS.

[7] *And what poor duty cannot do,*
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.]
The ſenſe of this paſſage, as it now ſtands, if it has any ſenſe, is this: *What the inability of duty cannot perform, regardful generoſity receives as an act of ability, though not of merit.* The contrary is rather true: *What dutifulneſs tries to perform without ability, regardful generoſity receives as having the merit, though not the power, of complete performance.*

We ſhould therefore read:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble reſpect takes not in might, but merit. JOHNSON.

In *might*, is perhaps an eliptical expreſſion for *what might have been.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*addreſt.*] That is, ready. So, in *K. Hen.* V:
"To-morrow for our march we are *addreſt.*" STEEVENS.

[9] [*Flouriſh of trumpets.*] It appears from the *Guls Hornbook*, by Deckar, 1609, that the prologue was anciently uſher'd in by trumpets;

Enter the prologue.

Prol. *If we offend, it is with our good will.*
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue, like a child on a recorder[1]; a sound, but not in government[2].

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all disordered. Who is next?

[3] *Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.*

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this
"show;
"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

pets: "Present not yourselfe on the stage (especially at a new play) untill the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor into his cheekes, and is ready to give the *trumpets* their cue that hees upon point to enter." STEEVENS.

[1] —*on a* recorder;] A kind of flute. Shakespeare introduces it in *Hamlet*; and *Milton* says:

"To the sound of soft *recorders.*"

This instrument is mentioned in many of the old plays. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*but not in government.*] That is, not regularly, according to the tune. STEEVENS.

[3] In this place the folio, 1623, exhibits the following prompter's direction. *Tawyer with a trumpet before them.* STEEVENS.

"This

"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
"This beauteous lady Thiſby is, certain.
"This man, with lime and rough-caſt, doth preſent
"Wall, that vile wall which did theſe lovers
"ſunder:
"And through wall's chink, poor ſouls, they are
"content
"To whiſper; at the which let no man wonder.
"This man, with lanthorn, dog, and buſh of thorn,
"Preſenteth moon-ſhine: for, if you will know,
"By moon-ſhine did theſe lovers think no ſcorn
"To meet at Ninus' tomb [2], there, there to woo.
"This griſly beaſt, which by name lion hight [3],
"The truſty Thiſby, coming firſt by night,
"Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:
"And, as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall [6];
"Which lion vile with bloody mouth did ſtain:
"Anon comes Pyramus, ſweet youth, and tall,
"And finds his truſty Thiſby's mantle ſlain:
"Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade [7],
"He

[4] *To meet at Ninus' tomb*, &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thiſbe of Babylon*:
"Thei ſettin markes ther metingis ſhould be,
"There king *Ninus* was graven undir a tre."
Again:
"And as ſhe ran her *wimple* ſhe let fall, &c." STEEVENS.

which Lion hight by name,] As all the other parts of this ſpeech are in *alternate* rhyme, excepting that it cloſes with a *couplet*; and as no rhyme is left to *name*, we muſt conclude, either a verſe is ſlipt out, which cannot now be retriev'd; or, by a tranſpoſition of the words, as I have placed them, the poet intended a *triplet*. THEOBALD.

[6] ——— *her mantle ſhe* did *fall*;] Thus all the old copies. The modern editions read:—"ſhe *let* fall," unneceſſarily. *To fall* in this inſtance is a verb active. So, in the *Tempeſt*, act II. ſc. i:
"And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
"To *fall* it on Gonzalo." STEEVENS.

[7] *Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade*,] Mr. Upton rightly obſerves, that Shakeſpeare in this line ridicules the affectation of beginning many words with the ſame letter. He might have remarked the ſame of

The

"He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
"And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
"His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
"Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
"At large discourse, while here they do remain."
[*Exeunt all but Wall.*

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth befall,
"That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
"And such a wall, as I would have you think,
"That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
"Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
"Did whisper often very secretly.
"This lome, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth
"shew
"That I am that same wall; the truth is so:

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks.

Gascoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the same affectation. JOHNSON.

This alliteration seems to have reached the height of its fashion in the reign of Hen. VIII. The following stanza is quoted from a poem *On the Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, written in 1537, by Wilfride Holme.

"Loe, leprous lurdeins, lubricke in loquacitie,
"Vah, vaporous villeins, with venim vulnerate,
"Proh, prating parenticides, plexious to pinnositie,
"Fie, frantike, fabulators, furibund, and fatuate,
"Out, oblatrant, oblict, obstacle, and obcecate.
"Ah addict algoes, in acerbitie acclamant,
"Magnall in mischief, malicious to mugilate,
"Repriving your Koy so renowned and radiant."

In *Tusser's Husbandry*, p. 104. there is a poem of which every word begins with a T; and in the old play entitled, *The Historie of the Two valiant Knights, Syr Clyomon Knight of the Golden Sheeld, Sonne to the King of Denmark; and Clamydes the White Knight, Son to the King of Suavia*, 1599, is another remarkable instance of alliteration:

"Bringing my barke to Denmarke here, to bide the bitter
broyle
"And beating blowes of billows high &c." STEEVENS.

"And

" And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
" Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper."

The. Would you deſire lime and hair to ſpeak better?

Dem. It is the wittieſt partition that ever I heard diſcourſe, my lord [8].

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: ſilence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. " O grim-look'd night! O night with hue ſo " black!
" O night, which ever art, when day is not!
" O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
" I fear my Thiſby's promiſe is forgot!—
" And thou, O wall, O ſweet, O lovely wall,
" That ſtand'ſt between her father's ground and " mine;
" Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
" Shew me thy chink to blink through with mine " eyne.
" Thanks, courteous wall: Jove ſhield thee well " for this!
" But what ſee I? No Thiſby do I ſee.
" O wicked wall [9], through whom I ſee no bliſs;
" Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe again.

Pyr. No, in truth, ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me*, is Thiſby's cue; ſhe is to enter now, and I am to

[8] *It is the wittieſt partition, that ever I heard diſcourſe, my lord.*] Demetrius is repreſented as a punſter: I believe the paſſage ſhould be read: This is the wittieſt *partition*, that ever I heard IN *diſcourſe*. Alluding to the many ſtupid *partitions* in the argumentative writings of the time. Shakeſpeare himſelf, as well as his contemporaries, uſes *diſcourſe* for *reaſoning:* and he here avails himſelf of the double ſenſe; as he had done before in the word, *partition*. FARMER.

[9] *O wicked wall, &c.*] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thiſbe:*
" Thus would thei ſaine, alas! thou *wicked wal*, &c."
STEEVENS.

ſpy her through the wall. You ſhall ſee, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder ſhe comes.

Enter Thiſby.

Thiſ. " O wall, full often haſt thou heard my
" moans,
" For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
" My cherry lips have often kiſs'd thy ſtones;
" Thy ſtones with lime and hair knit up in thee [1]."
Pyr. " I ſee a voice: now will I to the chink,
" To ſpy an I can hear my Thiſby's face,
" Thiſby!"
Thiſ. " My love! thou art my love, I think."
Pyr. " Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
" grace;
" And like Limander am I truſty ſtill [2]."
Thiſ. " And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."
Pyr. " Not Shafalus to Procrus was ſo true."
Thiſ. " As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."
Pyr. " O, kiſs me through the hole of this vile
" wall."
Thiſ. " I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all."
Pyr. " Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me ſtraight-
" way?"
Thiſ. " Tide life, tide death, I come without
" delay."
Wall. " Thus have I, wall, my part diſcharged ſo;
" And, being done, thus wall away doth go."
[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thiſbe.*

[1] ——*knit up in thee.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads: *knit now again.* STEEVENS.

[2] *And like Limander*, &c.] Limander and Helen, are ſpoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris. JOHNSON.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, Oct. 22, 1593, is enter'd, " A booke entitled, *Procris & Cephalus*, divided into four parts." It has been already obſerved, that *book* was once the technical term for *play*. Shakeſpeare therefore might deſign to ridicule ſome dramatic piece on this ſubject. STEEVENS.

The

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are ſo wilful to hear without warning[3].

Hip. This is the ſillieſt ſtuff that ever I heard.

The. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadows: and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worſe of them, than they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts in[4], a moon, and a lion.

[3] Theſ. *Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.*

Dem. *No remedy, my lord, when walls are ſo wilful to* HEAR *without warning.*] Shakeſpeare could never write this nonſenſe: we ſhould read—*to* REAR *without warning.* i. e. It is no wonder that walls ſhould be ſuddenly down when they were as ſuddenly up; —*rear'd without warning.* WARBURTON.

The old reading is certainly the true one; and alludes to the proverb, "*Walls* have *ears.*" A *wall* between almoſt any *two neighbours* would ſoon be *down*, were it to exerciſe this faculty without previous *warning.* FARMER.

[4] *Here come two noble beaſts in a* man *and a* lion.] I don't think the jeſt here is either compleat, or right. It is differently pointed in ſeveral of the old copies, which, I ſuſpect, may lead us to the true reading, viz.

Here come two noble beaſts—in a man *and a lion.*

immediately upon Theſeus ſaying this, Enter Lion and Moonſhine. It ſeems very probable therefore, that our author wrote,

——*in a* moon *and a lion.*

the one having a creſcent and a lanthorn before him, and repreſenting the *man* in the *moon*; the other in a lion's hide.

THEOBALD.

Here come two noble beaſts in, a moon *and a* lion. I cannot help ſuppoſing that we ſhould have it, a *moon-calf.* The old copies read a *man:* poſſibly *man* was the marginal interpretation of *mooncalf*; and being more intelligible, got into the text.

The *man in the moon* was no new character on the ſtage, and is here introduced in ridicule of ſuch exhibitions. Ben Jonſon in one of his maſques, call'd, *News from the New World in the Moon*, makes his *Factor* doubt of the perſon who brings the intelligence. "I muſt ſee his dog at his girdle, and the buſh of thorns at his back, ere I believe it."—"Thoſe, replies one of the heralds, are *ſtale enſigns o' the ſtage.*" FARMER.

Enter Lion and Moonſhine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whoſe gentle hearts do fear
"The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creeps on floor,
"May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
"When lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
"Then know, that I, as Snug the joiner, am[5]
"A lion fell, nor elſe no lion's dam:
"For if I ſhould as lion come in ſtrife
"Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my lord, that e'er I ſaw.

Lyſ. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion; and the fox carries the gooſe.

The. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour; for the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his diſcretion, and let us liſten to the moon.

Moon. "This lanthorn doth the horned moon
"present:"

Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no creſcent, and his horns are inviſible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lanthorn doth the horned moon preſent;
"Myſelf the man i'th'moon do ſeem to be."

The. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt: the man ſhould be put into the lanthorn; How is it elſe the man i'the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you ſee, it is already in ſnuff[6].

[5] *Then know, that I* one *Snug the joiner am*;] Thus the folio, 1623, which likewiſe reads, *a* lion fell. This not agreeing with the remainder of the ſpeech, the modern editors have altered it into *no* lion fell. Had they conſulted the quarto, 1600, it would have ſet them right:

Then know that I, *as* Snug the joyner, am
A lion fell, nor elſe no lyons dam. STEEVENS.

[6] —*in ſnuff.*] An equivocation. *Snuff* ſignifies both the cinder of a candle, and haſty anger. JOHNSON.

Hip.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: Would, he would change!

The. It appears, by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courteſy, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſ. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is, to tell you, that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-buſh, my thorn-buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all theſe ſhould be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But, ſilence; here comes Thiſbe.

Enter Thiſbe.

Thiſ. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my
"love?"

Lion. "Oh—" [*The Lion roars. Thiſbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, Thiſbe.

Hip. Well ſhone, moon.—Truly, the moon ſhines with a good grace.

The. Well mous'd, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lyſ. And ſo the lion vaniſh'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy ſunny
"beams;
"I thank thee, moon, for ſhining now ſo bright:
"For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams [7],
"I truſt to taſte of trueſt Thiſby's ſight.
"But ſtay;—O ſpight!
"But mark;—Poor knight,
"What dreadful dole is here?
"Eyes, do you ſee?
"How can it be?

[7] —*glittering ſtreams,*] The old copies read *beams.* STEEVENS.

"O dainty duck! O dear!
"Thy mantle good,
"What, ſtain'd with blood?
"Approach, ye furies fell!
"O fates! come, come;
"Cut thread and thrum[8];
"Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell[9]!"

The. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look ſad.

Hip. Beſhrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, nature, didſt thou lions frame?
"Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
"Which is—no, no—which was the faireſt dame,
"That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd, with cheer.
"Come tears, confound;
"Out ſword, and wound
"The pap of Pyramus:
"Ay, that left pap,
"Where heart doth hop:—
"Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
"Now am I dead,
"Now am I fled;
"My ſoul is in the ſky:

[8] ——*cut thread and thrum;*] *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp; it is popularly uſed for very coarſe yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop.* WARNER.

So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637:
"——no rough pelt of *thrums*,
"To fight with weather."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the 16th Iliad:
"And tapeſtries all golden fring'd, and curl'd with *thrumbs* behind." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*and* quell!] To *quell* is to murther, to deſtroy. So, in the 12th pageant of the *Ludus Coventriæ*, commonly called the *Corpus Chriſti Play.* MS. Cott. Veſp. D. viii:
"That he the lawe may here do,
"With ſtonys her to *quell.*" STEEVENS.

"Tongue,

" Tongue, lofe thy light!
" Moon, take thy flight!
" Now die, die, die, die, die.
[*Dies. Exit Moonfhine.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lyf. Lefs than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a furgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an afs [1].

Hip. How chance the moonfhine is gone, before Thifbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by ftar-light.—

Enter Thifbe.

Here fhe comes, and her paffion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks, fhe fhould not ufe a long one, for fuch a Pyramus: I hope, fhe will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the ballance, which Pyramus, which Thifbe, is the better [2].

Lyf. She hath fpied him already, with thofe fweet eyes.

Dem. And thus fhe moans, *videlicet* [3].——

Thif. " Afleep, my love?
" What, dead, my dove?
" O Pyramus, arife,

[1] —*and prove an afs.*] The character of Thefeus throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity, than its greatnefs. Though fome fenfible obfervations on life, and animated defcriptions fall from him, as it is faid of Jago, *you fhall tafte him more as a foldier than as a wit*, which is a diftinction he is here ftriving to deferve, though with little fuccefs; as in fupport of his pretenfions he never rifes higher than a *pun*, and frequently finks as low as a *quibble*. STEEVENS.

[2] The firft quarto makes this fpeech a little longer, but not better. JOHNSON.

The paffage omitted is, ——" He for a man, God warn'd us; fhe for a woman, God blefs us." STEEVENS.

[3] *And thus fhe* means—] Thus all the editions have it. It fhould be, thus fhe *moans*, *i. e.* laments over the dead Pyramus. THEOBALD.

"Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb?
"Dead, dead? A tomb
"Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.
"Theſe lilly brows[4],
"This cherry noſe,
"Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks,
"Are gone, are gone:
"Lovers, make moan!
"His eyes were green as leeks.
"O ſiſters three,
"Come, come, to me,
"With hands as pale as milk;
"Lay them in gore[5],
"Since you have ſhore
"With ſhears his thread of ſilk.
"Tongue, not a word:—
"Come, truſty ſword;
"Come, blade, my breaſt imbrue:
"And farewel, friends;—
"Thus Thiſby ends:
"Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*Dies.*

4 *Thoſe lilly* lips, *this cherry* noſe,] All Thiſby's lamentation, till now, runs in regular rhime and metre. But both, by ſome accident, are in this ſingle inſtance interrupted. I ſuſpect the poet wrote:

Theſe lilly brows,
This cherry noſe.

Now *black* brows being a beauty, *lilly* brows are as ridiculous as a *cherry* noſe, *green* eyes, or *cowſlip* cheeks. THEOBALD.

Lilly lips are changed to *lilly brows* for the ſake of the rhyme, but this cannot be right: Thiſbe has before celebrated her Pyramus, as

"Lilly-white of hue."

It ſhould be:

"Theſe lips lilly,
"This noſe cherry."

This mode of poſition adds not a little to the burleſque of the paſſage. FARMER.

5 *Lay them in gore,*] Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton inſtead of *lay*, read *lave*, but have no note to juſtify their alteration. STEEVENS.

The. Moonſhine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. [6] Will it pleaſe you to ſee the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomaſk dance, between two of our company [7]?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himſelf in Thiſbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and ſo it is, truly; and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your Bergomaſk: let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of Clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almoſt fairy time.
I fear, we ſhall out-ſleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-groſs play hath well beguil'd
The heavy [8] gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *A Bergomaſk dance,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer obſerves in his *Gloſſary*, that this is a dance after the manner of the peaſants of *Bergomaſco*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people; and from thence it became alſo a cuſtom to imitate their manner of dancing. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*our company?*] At the concluſion of B. and Fletcher's *Beggar's Buſh*, there ſeems to be a ſneer at this character of *Bottom*; but I do not very clearly perceive its drift. The beggars have reſolved to embark for England, and exerciſe their profeſſion there. One of them adds:

" ———we have a courſe;——
" The ſpirit of *Bottom*, is grown bottomleſs:"

This may mean, that either the public grew indifferent to bad actors, to plays in general, or to characters, the humour of which conſiſted in blunders. STEEVENS.

[8] *gait*] i. e. *paſſage*, *progreſs*. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf beholds the moon [4];

Whilst

[4] In the old copies: *And the wolf* beholds *the moon*. As 'tis the design of these lines to characterize the animals, as they present themselves at the hour of midnight; and as the wolf is not justly characterized by saying he *beholds* the moon, which other beasts of prey, then awake, do: and as the sounds these animals make at that season, seem also intended to be represented; I make no question but the poet wrote:

And the wolf behowls *the moon.*

For so the wolf is exactly characterized, it being his peculiar property to *howl at the moon*. (*Behowl*, as *bemoan*, *beseem*, and an hundred others.) WARBURTON.

The alteration is better than the original reading; but perhaps the author meant only to say, that the wolf *gazes at* the moon. JOHNSON.

I think, now the wolf *behowls* the *moon*, was the original text. The allusion is frequently met with in the works of our author and his contemporaries. " 'Tis like the *howling* of Irish wolves against the *moon*," says he, in his *As You Like It*; and Massinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, makes an usurer feel only

" As the *moon* is moved
" When wolves with hunger pin'd, *howl* at her brightness." FARMER.

So, in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606:

" Wilt thou, with *the wolf*, *barke at the moon*."

The image is common to all poets.

Again, in *The Duke's Mistress*, 1638:

" ———the mandrake's cry
" *Wolves howling at the moon*."

Again, in Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591:

" I am none of those wolves that *bark* most when thou shinest brightest." STEEVENS.

If *behowls* is in need of any further confirmation, it may be found in *King Lear*, " If *wolves* had at thy gate *howled*." Again, in the 2d part of *King Hen. VI*:

" And

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone [5].
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before [6],
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter

"And now, loud-*howling wolves* arouse the jades
"That drag the tragic, melancholy night."

The word *behold* was in the time of Shakespeare frequently written *behould* (as I suppose it was then pronounced)—which probably occasioned the mistake. MALONE.

[5] *fordone.*] i. e. overcome. So, Spenser, *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. x. s. 33:

"And many souls in dolours had *fordone.*"

Again, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:

"—fore-wearied with striving, and *fore-done* with the tyrannous rage of her enemy."

Again, in the ancient metrical Romance of *Sir Bevis of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

"But by the other day at none,
"These two dragons were *foredone.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.*]

Cleanliness is always necessary to invite the residence and the favour of fairies:

"*These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,*
"*By pinching them both black and blue,*
"*And put a penny in their shoe*
"*The house for cleanly sweeping.* Drayton. JOHNSON.

To

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their train.

Ob. Through this houſe give glimmering light [7],
By the dead and drowſy fire:
Every elf, and fairy ſprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.
Tit. Firſt, rehearſe this ſong by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we ſing, and bleſs this place.

SONG *and* DANCE.

Ob. Now, until the break of day [8],
Through this houſe each fairy ſtray.

To

To ſweep the duſt behind the door is a common expreſſion, and a common practice in large, old houſes; where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward, and ſeldom or never ſhut. FARMER.

7 *Through this houſe give glimmering light,*] Milton perhaps had this picture in his thought:
"*Glowing embers through the room*
"*Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.*" Il Penſeroſo.
So Drayton:
"*Hence ſhadows ſeeming idle ſhapes*
"*Of little friſking elves and apes,*
"*To earth do make their wanton ſcapes,*
"*As hope of paſtime haſtes them.*"
I think it ſhould be read:
Through this houſe in glimmering light. JOHNSON.

8 *Now until, &c.*] This ſpeech, which both the old quartos give to Oberon, is in the edition of 1623, and in all the following, printed as the ſong. I have reſtored it to Oberon; as it apparently contains not the bleſſing which he intends to beſtow on the bed, but his declaration that he will bleſs it, and his orders to the fairies how to perform the neceſſary rites. But where then is the ſong?—I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two ſongs are loſt. The ſeries

To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be;
And the iſſue, there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate.
So ſhall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor ſcar,
Nor mark prodigious [8], ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew conſecrate,
Every fairy take his gate [9];
And each ſeveral chamber bleſs,
Through this palace, with ſweet peace:
Ever ſhall it ſafely reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.

of the ſcene is this; after the ſpeech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a ſong, which ſong is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next Titania leads another ſong, which is indeed loſt like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon diſmiſſes his fairies to the diſpatch of the ceremonies.

The ſongs, I ſuppoſe, were loſt, becauſe they were not inſerted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed.

JOHNSON.

[8] *Nor mark* prodigious,] *Prodigious* has here its primitive ſignification of *portentous*. So, in *K. Richard* III:

" If ever he have child, abortive be it,
" *Prodigious*, and untimely brought to light." STEEVENS.

[9] —*take his gate*;] i. e. take his *way*, or direct his *ſteps*. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 8:

" And guide his weary *gate* both too and fro."

Again, in a Scottiſh *Proverb*:

" A man may ſpeer the *gate* to Rome."

Again, in the *Mercers' Play*, among the Cheſter Collection of *Whitſun Myſteries*, p.—:

" Therfore goe not through his cuntrey,
Nor the *gate* you came to day." STEEVENS.

Trip

Trip away;
Make no ſtay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt King* [1], *Queen, and train.*

Puck. *If we ſhadows have offended,*
Think but this, (and all is mended)
That you have but ſlumber'd here,
While theſe viſions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honeſt Puck,
If we have unearned luck [2]
Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue [3],
We will make amends, ere long:
Elſe the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends [4],
And Robin ſhall reſtore amends. [*Exit* [5].

[1] [*Exeunt King*, &c.] Since the former part of this play was printed off, I have been informed that the originals of Shakeſpeare's *Oberon* and *Titania*, are to be ſought in the ancient French romance of *Huon de Bordeaux*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*unearned luck.*] i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deſerved. STEEVENS.

[3] *Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue,*] That is, if we be diſmiſſed without hiſſes. JOHNSON.

So, in J. Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607:

"But the nymph, after the cuſtom of diſtreſt tragedians, whoſe firſt act is entertained with a *ſnaky ſalutation*, &c." STEEVENS.

[4] *Give me your hands,*] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applauſe. JOHNSON.

[5] [*Exit.*] Of this play there are two editions in quarto; one printed for Thomas Fiſher, the other for James Roberts, both in 1600. I have uſed the copy of Roberts, very carefully collated, as it ſeems, with that of Fiſher. Neither of the editions approach to exactneſs. Fiſher is ſometimes preferable, but Roberts was followed, though not without ſome variations, by Hemings and Condel, and they by all the folios that ſucceeded them.

Wild and fantaſtical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleaſure which the

the author deſigned. Fairies in his time were much in faſhion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenſer's poem had made them great. JOHNSON.

NOTE ON

The human mortals want their winter here, &c. act II. ſc. ii. p. 35.

From *heere*, (for ſo the firſt folio ſpells the word) ſir Thomas Hanmer by an eaſy alteration formed *cheere*, which ſurely deſerves to be admitted into the text, as it affords much better ſenſe than either of the emendations propoſed by the two learned commentators who ſucceeded him. Their "winter cheer," means thoſe ſports with which country people are wont to beguile the winter's evening —— or as it is expreſſed in the next line, "hymns and carols."

Dr. Johnſon has written a long note to prove this paſſage confuſed and unintelligible; but on a cloſer view, I believe it will be found perfectly clear.—"Titania's account of this calamity (ſays he) is not ſufficiently conſequential. Men find no winter, *therefore* they ſing no hymns; the moon provoked *at this omiſſion*, alters the ſeaſons—that is, the alteration of the ſeaſons produces the alteration of the ſeaſons."

But it is not ſurpriſing that *no conſequence* ſhould be found, where no conſequence was *intended*.——*No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt*, is not an illation from the preceding line, (*The human mortals want*, &c.) but put in appoſition with it.—The next line, *Therefore the moon*, &c. has no connection with—*No night is now*, &c. It does not refer to the omiſſion of hymns or carols, but of the fairy rites, which were diſturbed in conſequence of Oberon's quarrel with Titania.——The moon is with peculiar propriety repreſented as incenſed at the ceſſation——not of the chriſtian carols, (as Dr. Warburton thinks) or the heathen rites of adoration, (as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſes) but of thoſe ſports which have been always reputed to be celebrated by her light.——The whole paſſage then ſtands thus.—Titania begins with ſaying:

And never ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring,
Met we ——
—But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.

She then particularly enumerates the ſeveral conſequences that have flowed from this contention.——The whole is divided into four clauſes;—— the firſt ending with the word—*continents*,——the ſecond with the word—*bleſt*,——the third with—*abound*,——the fourth with *which*.

1. *Therefore* the winds ——
—— their continents:
2. The ox hath *therefore* ſtretch'd his yoke in vain;
The plowman loſt his ſweat;——
—— The human mortals want their winter cheer;
No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt:

3. *Therefore* the moon, the governess of floods,
——————abound:
4. And *thorough* this distemperature, we see ———
———— now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evil comes
From *our* debate, from *our* dissention.

In all this there is no difficulty.—All these calamities are the consequences of the dissention between Oberon and Titania;—— as seems to be sufficiently pointed out by the word "*therefore*," so often repeated.—Those lines which have it not, are evidently put in apposition with the preceding line in which "*therefore*" is found.—The passage should be pointed thus.——At the words *continents*—*blest*—*abound*—and *which*, there should be a colon— in all other places where the sense pauses, a semicolon.

MALONE.

MERCHANT

MERCHANT

OF

VENICE.

Persons Represented [1].

Duke of Venice.
Prince of Morocco.
Prince of Arragon.
Anthonio, *the Merchant of* Venice.
Bassanio, *his Friend.*
Salanio [2], Salarino, Gratiano, } *Friends to* Anthonio *and* Bassanio.
Lorenzo, *in love with* Jessica.
Shylock, *a* Jew.
Tubal, *a* Jew.
Launcelot, *a Clown, Servant to the* Jew.
Gobbo, *Father to* Launcelot.
[3] Salerio, *a messenger from Venice.*
Leonardo, *Servant to* Bassanio.
Balthazar, Stephano, } *Servants to* Portia.
Portia, *an heiress.*
Nerissa, *waiting-maid to* Portia.
Jessica, *Daughter to* Shylock.

Senators of Venice, *Officers, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly at* Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia.

[1] In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the persons. It was first made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

[2] *Salanio.*] It is not easy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called,—*Salanio, Salino,* and *Solanio.*

[3] This character I have restored to the *Personæ Dramatis.* The name appears in the first folio: the description is taken from the 4to. STEEVENS.

MERCHANT of VENICE[4].

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Anth. In footh, I know not why I am fo fad;
It wearies me; you fay, it wearies you;
But

[4] The reader will find a diftinct epitome of the novels from which the ftory of this play is fuppofed to be taken, at the conclufion of the notes. It fhould however be remembered, that if our poet was at all indebted to the Italian novellifts, it muft have been through the medium of fome old tranflation, which has hitherto efcaped the refearches of his moft induftrious editors.

It appears from a paffage in Stephen Goffon's *School of Abufe*, &c. 1579, that a play, comprehending the diftinct plots of Shakefpeare's *Merchant of Venice*, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer, viz. "The Jew fhewn at the Bull, reprefenting the greedineffe of worldly choofers, and the bloody minds of ufurers." Thefe plays, fays Goffon, (for he mentions others with it) are goode and fweet plays, &c.

The Jew of Malta, by Marlow, neither was performed nor printed till fome time after the author's death, which happened in 1593, nor do I know of any other play with the fame title. It is therefore not improbable that Shakefpeare new-wrote his piece, on the model already mentioned, and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop filently into oblivion.

This play of Shakefpeare had been exhibited before the year 1598, as appears from Meres's *Wits Treafury*, where it is mentioned with eleven more of our author's pieces. It was enter'd on the books of the Stationers' Company, July 22, in the fame year. It could not have been printed earlier, becaufe it was not yet licenfed. The old fong of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*, is publifhed by Dr. Percy in the firft volume of his *Reliques of ancient Englifh Poetry*: and the ballad intituled, *The Murtherous*

 lyfe

But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn:
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies [5] with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,—

lyfe and terrible death of the rich Jewe of Malta; and the tragedie on the same subject, were both entered on the Stationers' books, May 1594. STEEVENS.

The story was taken from an old translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*, first printed by Winkin de Worde. The book was very popular, and Shakespeare has closely copied some of the language: an additional argument, if we wanted it, of his track of reading.—*Three vessels* are exhibited to a lady for her chouse— The first was made of pure *gold*, well beset with precious stones *without*, and *within* full of dead mens bones; and thereupon was engraven this posie: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that he deserveth.* The second vessel was made of fine *silver*, filled with earth and worms, the superscription was thus, *Whoso chuseth me shall find that his nature desireth.* The third vessel was made of *lead*, full within of precious stones, and thereupon was insculpt this posie, *Whoso chuseth me shall find that God hath disposed for him.* ——The lady after a comment upon each, chuses the *leaden vessel*.

In a MS. of *Lidgate*, belonging to my very learned friend, Dr. *Askew*, I find a *Tale of two Marchants* of *Egipt* and of *Baldad*, *ex Gestis Romanorum*. FARMER.

[5] *Argosie,*] a ship from Argo. POPE.

Whether it be derived from Argo I am in doubt. It was a name given in our author's time to ships of great burthen, probably galleons, such as the Spaniards now use in their West India trade. JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope was mistaken. In Ricaut's *Maxims of Turkish Polity*, ch. xiv. it is said, "Those vast carracks called *argosies*, which are so much famed for the vastness of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly so denominated from *Ragosies*," i. e. ships of *Ragusa*, a city and territory on the gulph of Venice, tributary to the Porte. If my memory does not fail me, the *Ragusans* lent their last great ship to the king of Spain for the Armada. and it was lost on the coast of Ireland. Shakespeare, as Mr. Heath observes, has given the name of *Ragozine* to the pirate in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

Do

Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sala. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass [6], to know where sits the wind;
Prying [7] in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads:
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows, and of flats;
And see my wealthy [8] Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs [9],

To

[6] *Plucking the grass*, &c.] By holding up the grass, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found.

"*This way I used in shooting. Betwixt the markes was an open place, there I take a fethere, or* a lytle grasse, *and so learned how the wind stood.*" Ascham. JOHNSON.

[7] *Prying*] One of the quartos reads—*peering*. I have followed the other, because it prevents the jingle which, otherwise, occurs in the line. STEEVENS.

[8] *Andrew*] The name of the ship. JOHNSON.

[9] *Vailing her high top lower than her ribs*] In Bullokar's *English Expository*, 1616, *to vail*, is thus explained: "It means *to put off the hat*, to *strike sail*, to *give sign of submission.*" So, in Stephen Gosson's book, called *Playes confuted in several Actions*:—

"They might have *vailed* and bended to the king's idol."

Again, in Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602: "I'll *vail* my crest to death for her dear sake." Again, in the *Fair Maid of the West*, 1615, by Heywood:

"——— it did me good
"To see the Spanish Carveil *vail her top*
"Unto my maiden flag."

A *carvel* is a small vessel. It is mentioned by Raleigh; and I

often

To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But, tell not me; I know, Anthonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sala. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie!

Sala. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus [1],
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes [2],
And

often meet with the word in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia* 1607:

"——and here to be put into a mastless *carvile*."

"——in the creek lies the *carvile*, &c. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*Now, by two-headed Janus,*] Here Shakespeare shews his knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed* Janus is meant those antique bifrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus; of Saturn and Apollo, &c. These are not uncommon in collections of antiques: and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfauçon, Spanheim, &c. WARBURTON.

Here, says Dr. Warburton, Shakespeare shews his knowledge in the antique: and so does Taylor the water-poet, who describes Fortune, "Like a *Janus* with a *double-face*." FARMER.

[2] ——*peep through their eyes,*] This gives us a very picturesque image

And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile [3],
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.
Sala. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange; Must it be so?
Sal. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt Sal. and Sala.*
Lor. My lord Bassanio [4], since you have found Anthonio,
We two will leave you; but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.

image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half shut. WARBURTON.

[3] —*their teeth* in way of smile,] Because such are apt enough to shew their teeth in anger. WARBURTON.

[4] Sola. *My lord Bassanio*, &c.] This speech is given to *Lorenzo* in the first folio; and *Salarino* and *Salanio* make their *exit* at the close of the preceding speech. Which is certainly right. *Lorenzo* (who, with Gratiano, had only accompanied *Bassanio*, till he should find Anthonio) prepares now to leave Bassanio to his business; but is detained by *Gratiano*, who enters into a conversation with *Anthonio*. TYRWHITT.

I have availed myself of this judicious correction, by restoring the speech to *Lorenzo*, and marking the exits of *Salarino* and *Salanio* at the end of the preceding speech. STEEVENS.

Gra. You look not well, signior Anthonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool[5]:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Anthonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle*[6],
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark[7]!
O, my Anthonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears[8],
Which

[5] *Let me play the Fool:*] Alluding to the common comparison of human life to a stage play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces; from whence came the phrase, *to play the fool.* WARBURTON.

[6] *As who should say,* I am Sir Oracle,] The folio reads, I believe rightly:—I am Sir, *an* oracle. MALONE.

[7] —*let no dog bark!*] This seems to be a proverbial expression. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529: "—nor there shall *no dogge barke* at mine ententes." STEEVENS.

[8] —*would almost* damn *those ears,*] Several old editions have it, *dam*, *damme*, and *daunt*. Some more correct copies, *damn*.

The

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner [9].

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Fare well: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gra. and Loren.*

Anth. Is that any thing now [1]?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

The author's meaning is this; That some people are thought wise, whilst they keep silence; who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them *fools*, and so incur the judgment denounc'd in the Gospel. THEOBALD.

[9] *I'll end my exhortation after dinner.*] The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of those times; who being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner. WARBURTON.

[1] *Is that any thing now?*] All the old copies read, *is that any thing now?* I suppose we should read, *is that any thing new?* JOHNSON.

The sense of the old reading is,—Does what he has just said amount to any thing, or mean any thing? STEEVENS.

Surely the reading of the old copies is right. Anthonio asks; Is that *any thing* now? and Bassanio answers, that, *Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of* nothing—the greatest part of his discourse is *not any thing*. TYRWHITT.

Anth.

Anth. Well; tell me now, what lady is the ſame,
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?
Baſſ. 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhewing a more ſwelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd: To you, Anthonio,
I owe the moſt, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
Anth. I pray you, good Baſſanio, let me know it;
And, if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt means,
Lye all unlock'd to your occaſions.
Baſſ. In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth [2],

[2] —— *like a* WILFUL *youth*,] This does not at all agree with what he had before promiſed, that what followed ſhould be *pure innocence*. For *wilfulneſs* is not quite ſo *pure*. We ſhould read WITLESS, i.e. heedleſs; and this agrees exactly to that to which he compares his caſe, of a ſchool-boy; who, for want of *adviſed watch*, loſt his firſt arrow, and ſent another after it with more attention. But *wilful* agrees not at all with it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton confounds the time paſt and preſent. He has formerly loſt his money like a *wilful* youth, he now borrows more in *pure innocence*, without diſguiſing his former fault, or his preſent deſigns. JOHNSON.

That

That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Anth. You know me well; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And am I prest unto it[3]: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; sometimes from her eyes[4]
I did receive fair speechless messages:

[3] —prest *unto it*:] *Prest* may not here signify *impress'd*, as into military service, but *ready*. *Pret.* Fr. So, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

"What must be, must be; Cæsar's *prest* for all."

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot*, &c. 1618:

"——— your good word
"Is ever *prest* to do an honest man good."

Again, in *A Looking-Glass for London and England*, 1617:

"——— here in Joppa haven
"Our ship is *prest* and ready to depart."

Again, *ibid*:

"Jehovah! I am *prest* to do thy will."

I could add twenty more instances of the word being used with this signification. STEEVENS.

[4] —sometimes *from her eyes*] So all the editions; but it certainly ought to be, *sometime*, i. e. *formerly*, *some time ago*, at a *certain time*: and it appears by the subsequent scene, that Bassanio was at Belmont with the Marquis de Montferrat, and saw Portia in her father's life time. THEOBALD.

It is strange, Mr. Theobald did not know, that in old English, *sometimes* is synonymous with *formerly*. Nothing is more frequent in title-pages, than "*sometimes* fellow of such a college." FARMER.

Her

Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſuitors: and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her ſeat of Belmont, Colchos' ſtrand,
And many Jaſons come in queſt of her.
O my Anthonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.
Anth. Thou know'ſt, that all my fortunes are at ſea;
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That ſhall be rack'd, even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, preſently enquire, and ſo will I,
Where money is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Portia's Houſe at Belmont.

Enter Portia and Neriſſa.

Por. By my troth, Neriſſa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are: And yet, for aught I ſee, they are as ſick, that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing: It is no mean happineſs therefore, to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por-

Por. If to do, were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor mens cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine, that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to chuse me a husband:—O me, the word chuse! I may neither chuse whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver and lead, (whereof who chuses his meaning, chuses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt[5], indeed, for he doth nothing

[5] *Ay, that's a* colt, *indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse*;] Though all the editions agree in this reading, I can perceive neither humour, nor reasoning in it. How does talking of horses, or knowing how to shoe them, make a man e'er the more a colt? Or, if a *smith* and a *lady of figure* were to have an affair together, would a colt be the issue of their caresses? The word *dolt*, which I have substituted, signifies one of the most *stupid* and *blockish* of the vulgar. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald says, *he can perceive neither humour nor reasoning* in this reading, and therefore alters *colt* to *dolt*; but whatever humour

thing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, there is the county Palatine [6].

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, chuse:* [7] he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapo-

humour or reasoning there is in the one, there is in the other: for the signification is the same in both. *Hen.* IV. 1st part, Falstaff says, "*What a plague mean you to* colt *me thus?*" And Fletcher constantly uses *colt* for *dolt*. WARBURTON.

Colt is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster, whence the phrase used of an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth*. See *Hen.* VIII. JOHNSON.

[6] *—there is the county Palatine.*] I am always inclined to believe, that Shakespeare has more allusions to particular facts and persons than his readers commonly suppose. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Lasco, a Polish Palatine, who visited England in our author's time, was eagerly caressed, and splendidly entertained; but running in debt, at last stole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment.
JOHNSON.

[7] *he hears merry tales, and smiles not:*] From a transcript made by the late Mr. G. Vertue, of the prices paid to the actors of this time for performing before the king, court, &c. I learn, that the Count Palatine, who married the daughter of James, was frequently a spectator of the plays of Shakespeare, who possibly not finding him very much disposed to enter into the mirth of his scenes, might have dropped the present stroke of satire on him, after he had quitted the kingdom. But this is mere conjecture.
STEEVENS.

litan's;

litan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls strait a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian [8]; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord [9], his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety [1], and seal'd under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German [2], the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por-

[8] ——*he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;*] A satire on the ignorance of the young English travellers in our author's time. WARBURTON.

[9] ——*Scottish lord,*] Scottish, which is in the quarto, was omitted in the first folio, for fear of giving offence to king James's countrymen. THEOBALD.

[1] *I think, the Frenchman became his surety,*] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English. This alliance is here humourously satirized. WARBURTON.

[2] *How like you the young German, &c.*] In Shakespeare's time the duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made knight of the garter.

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chuse it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be marry'd to a spunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so very reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so he was call'd.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his maſter, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me than wive me. Come, Neriſſa. Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A publick Place in Venice.

Enter Baſſanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats,—well.

Baſſ. Ay, ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, Anthonio ſhall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio ſhall become bound,—well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? Will you pleaſure me? Shall I know your anſwer?

Shy. Three thouſand ducats, for three months, and Anthonio bound.

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is, to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an argoſy bound to Tripolis, another

to the Indies; I underſtand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd abroad: But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men: there be land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithſtanding, ſufficient:—three thouſand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſur'd, you may.

Shy. I will be aſſur'd, I may; and, that I may be aſſur'd,
I will bethink me: May I ſpeak with Anthonio?

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is ſignior Anthonio.

Shy. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that, in low ſimplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip[3],
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls intereſt: Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

[3] —*catch him once upon the hip,*] A phraſe taken from the practice of wreſtlers. JOHNSON.

Baſſ.

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: But soft; How many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior; [*To Anth.*
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Anth. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend[4],
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see,——But hear you;
Methoughts, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings[5], which were streak'd, and py'd,

[4] —*the* ripe wants *of my friend*,] *Ripe wants* are wants *come to the height*, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read, *rife wants*, wants that come thick upon him.
JOHNSON.

[5] —*the* eanlings] Lambs just dropt: from *ean*, *eniti*.
MUSGRAVE.

Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind [6],
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes [7];
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive [8], and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Anth. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;

[6] —*of* kind,] i. e. of nature. So, Turbervile, in his book of *Falconry*, 1575, p. 127:
"So great is the curtesy of *kind*, as she ever seeketh to recompense any defect of hers with some other better benefit."
Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:
" ———nothing doth so please her mind,
" As to see mares and horses *do their kind*." COLLINS.

[7] ——*the* fulsome *ewes*;] *Fulsome*, I believe, in this instance, means lascivious, obscene. The same epithet is bestowed on the night, in *Acolastus his After-Witte*. By S. N. 1600:
" Why shines not Phoebus in the *fulsome* night?"
In the play of *Muleasses the Turk*, Madam *Fulsome* a *Bawd* is introduced. The word, however, sometimes signifies offensive in smell. So, in Chapman's version of the 17th *Book of the Odyssey*:
" —and fill'd his *fulsome* scrip, &c."
It is likewise used by Shakespeare in *K. John*, to express some quality offensive to nature:
" And stop this gap of breath with *fulsome* dust."
STEEVENS.

[8] *This was a way to thrive*, &c.] So, in the ancient song of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*:
" His wife must lend a shilling,
" For every weeke a penny,
" Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,
" If that you will have any.
" And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
" Or else you lose it all:
" This was the living of the wife,
" Her *cow* she did it call."
Her *cow*, &c. seems to have suggested to Shakespeare Shylock's argument for usury. PERCY.

A thing

A thing not in his power to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd, and faſhion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold, and ſilver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt:—
But note me, ſignior.

Anth. Mark you this, Baſſanio,
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe[9].
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood hath!

Shy. Three thouſand ducats,—'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.

Anth. Well, Shylock, ſhall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my uſances[1]:

[9] ——*can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe*——
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood *hath!*]
But this is not true, that falſhood hath always a goodly outſide. Nor does this take in the force of the ſpeaker's ſentiment; who would obſerve that that falſhood which quotes ſcripture for its purpoſe, has a goodly outſide. We ſhould therefore read:
O what a goodly outſide's falſhood hath!
i. e. *his* falſhood, Shylock's. WARBURTON.

I wiſh any copy would give me authority to range and read the lines thus:
O, what a godly *outſide falſhood hath!*
An evil ſoul producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
Or *goodly apple rotten at the heart.*

Yet there is no difficulty in the preſent reading. *Falſehood*, which as *truth* means *honeſty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not ſtand for *falſhood* in general, but for the diſhoneſty now operating. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*my* uſances:] *Uſe* and *Uſance* are both words anciently employ'd for *uſury*. So, in the *Engliſh Traveller*, 1633:
"Give me my *uſe*, give me my principal."
Again:
"A toy: the main about five hundred pounds,
"And the *uſe* fifty." STEEVENS.

Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug [2];
For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—miſbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit [3] upon my Jewiſh gaberdine [4],
And all for uſe of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock, we would have monies; You ſay ſo;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold; monies is your ſuit.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible,
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whiſpering humbleneſs,
Say this,—*Fair Sir, you ſpit on me on wedneſday laſt;*
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for theſe courteſies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

Anth. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendſhip take
A breed of barren metal of his friend [5]?)

But

[2] *Still I have borne it with a patient ſhrug*,] So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"I learn'd in Florence how to kiſs my hand,
"*Heave up my ſhoulders* when they call me dogge."

MALONE.

[3] *And* ſpit—] The old copies always read *ſpet*, which ſpelling is followed by *Milton*:

"———the womb
"Of Stygian darkneſs *ſpets* her thickeſt gloom."

STEEVENS.

[4] —*gaberdine*,] This word is likewiſe uſed by Tho. Drant in his tranſlation of *Horace's Epiſtles*, 1567:

"—my cote is bare, my *gawbardyne* aims." STEEVENS.

[5] *A* breed *of* barren *metal of his friend?*] A *breed*, that is intereſt money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the

But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'ſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you ſtorm?
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit
Of uſance for my monies, and you'll not hear me;
This is kind I offer.

Anth. This were kindneſs.

Shy. This kindneſs will I ſhow:—
Go with me to a notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond; and, in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum, or ſums, as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaſeth me.

Anth. Content, in faith; I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,
And ſay, there is much kindneſs in the Jew.

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'll rather [6] dwell in my neceſſity.

author would inſtruct us in the argument on which the advocates againſt uſury went, which is this, that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itſelf. And to ſet off the abſurdity of this kind of uſury, he put *breed* and *barren* in oppoſition. WARBURTON.

So, in our Poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Foul cank'ring ruſt the hidden treaſure frets,
"But gold that's put to *uſe* more gold *begets*." MALONE.

Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this paſſage. Old Meres ſays, "Uſurie and encreaſe by gold and ſilver is unlawful, becauſe againſt nature; nature hath made them *ſterill* and *barren*, and uſurie makes them *procreative*." FARMER.

The quartos read—a breed *of*—the folio—a breed *for*—. STEEVENS.

[6] —*dwell in my neceſſity.*] To *dwell* ſeems in this place to mean the ſame as to *continue*. To *abide* has both the ſenſes of *habitation* and *continuance*. JOHNSON.

Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of the bond.
Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are;
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.
Anth. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats strait;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard [7]

7 ——— *left in the* FEARFUL *guard* &c.] But surely *fearful* was the most trusty guard for a house-keeper in a populous city, where houses are not carried by storm like fortresses. For *fear* would keep them on their watch, which was all that was necessary for the owner's security. I suppose therefore Shakespeare wrote:

FEARLESS guard.

i. e. careless; and this, indeed, would expose his house to the only danger he had to apprehend in the day-time, which was clandestine pilfering. This reading is much confirmed by the character he gives this guard, of *an unthrifty knave*, and by what he says of him afterwards, that he was:

——— *a huge feeder:*
Snail-slow in profit, but he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat——— WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has forgotten that *fearful* is not only that which fears, but that which is feared or causes fear. *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel terrours*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hen.* IV. P. I.

"A mighty and a *fearful* head they are." STEEVENS.

Of

Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

Anth. Hie thee, gentle Jew.—
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Baff. I like not fair terms [8], and a villain's mind.

Anth. Come on; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont.

Enter the Prince of Morocco, and three or four followers accordingly; with Portia, Nerissa and her train. Flourish Cornets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the isicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine [9].
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant [1]; by my love, I swear,
The

[8] *I like not fair terms,*] Kind words, good language. JOHNSON.

[9] *To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.*] To understand how the tawney prince, whose savage dignity is very well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted soldiers, a *lilly liver'd* lown; again, in this play, Cowards are said to *have livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milksop*. JOHNSON.

[1] *Hath* fear'd *the valiant*;] i. e. *terrify'd*. To *fear* is often used

The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chusing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
[2] And hedg'd me by his will, to yield myself
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy [3], and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,

used by our old writers, in this sense. So, Ben Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*: "Make him a warrant, (he shall not go) I but *fear* the knave."

So, in *Hen.* VI. 3d Part:

"Thou seest what's past, go *fear* thy king withal."

Again, in the same play.

"For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all."

And again, in *Hen.* IV. Part II:

"The people *fear* me, for they do observe
"Unfather'd heirs, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *And hedg'd me by his wit*—] I suppose we may safely read: *and hedg'd me by his* will. Confined me by his will. JOHNSON.

[3] *That slew the Sophy*, &c.] Shakespeare seldom escapes well when he is entangled with geography. The prince of Morocco must have travelled far to kill the Sophy of Persia. JOHNSON.

It were well, if Shakespeare had never *entangled* himself *with geography* worse than in the present case. If the prince of Morocco be supposed to have served in the army of sultan *Soliman* (*the second*, for instance), I see no *geographical* objection to his having killed the Sophi of Persia. See *D'Herbelot* in *Soliman Ben Selim*. TYRWHITT.

Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page[4];
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You muſt take your chance;
And either not attempt to chuſe at all,
Or ſwear, before you chuſe,—if you chuſe wrong,
Never to ſpeak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be adviſ'd[5].

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. Firſt, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me bleſt, or curſed'ſt among men.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] *So is Alcides beaten by his* rage;] Though the whole ſet of editions concur in this reading, it is corrupt at bottom. Let us look into the poet's drift, and the hiſtory of the perſons mentioned in the context. If Hercules, (ſays he) and Lichas were to play at dice for the deciſion of their ſuperiority, Lichas, the weaker man, might have the better caſt of the two. But how then is Alcides beaten by his *rage?* The poet means no more, than, if Lichas had the better throw, ſo might Hercules himſelf be beaten by Lichas. And who was he, but a poor unfortunate ſervant of Hercules, that unknowingly brought his maſter the envenomed ſhirt, dipt in the blood of the Centaur Neſſus, and was thrown headlong into the ſea for his pains? This one circumſtance of Lichas's quality known, ſufficiently aſcertains the emendation I have ſubſtituted, *page* inſtead of *rage.* THEOBALD.

[5] *Therefore be adviſ'd.*] Therefore be not precipitant; conſider well what we are to do. *Adviſ'd* is the word oppoſite to *raſh.*
JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Launcelot [6] *Gobbo.*

Laun. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this Jew my maſter: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, uſe your legs, take the ſtart, run away:* My conſcience ſays,—*no; take heed, honeſt Launcelot; take heed, honeſt Gobbo; or,* as aforeſaid, *honeſt Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; ſcorn running with thy heels:* Well, the moſt courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* ſays the fiend; *away!* ſays the fiend, *for the heavens; rouſe up a brave mind,* ſays the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conſcience, hanging about the neck of my heart, ſays very wiſely to me,—*my honeſt friend Launcelot, being an honeſt man's ſon,*—or rather an honeſt woman's ſon;—for, indeed, my father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow to, he had a kind of taſte;——well, my conſcience ſays,—*Launcelot, budge not; budge,* ſays the fiend; *budge not,* ſays my conſcience: Conſcience, ſay I, you counſel well; fiend, ſay I, you counſel well: to be rul'd by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Jew my maſter, who, God bleſs the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I ſhould be rul'd by the fiend, who, ſaving your reverence, is the devil himſelf: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counſel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

[6] The old copies read—*Enter the Clown alone*, and throughout the play this character is called the *Clown* at moſt of his *entrances* or *exits*. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter old Gobbo, his father, with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions [7] with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [8] Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties [9], 'twill be a hard way to hit.

Can

[7] *Try conclusions*] —So the old quarto. The first folio, by a mere blunder, reads, try *confusions*, which, because it makes a kind of paltry jest, has been copied by all the editors. JOHNSON.

To *try conclusions* is to try experiments. So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

"———since favour
"Cannot attain thy love, I'll *try conclusions*."

Again, in the *Witches of Lancashire*, 1634:

"Nay then I'll *try conclusions*:
"Mare, Mare, see thou be,
"And where I point thee, carry me." STEEVENS.

[8] *Turn up on your right hand*, &c.] This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the enquirer, seems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the *Brothers* of Terence:

"———*ubi eas præterieris*,
"*Ad* sinistram *hac* rectà *plateâ*: *ubi ad Dianæ veneris*,
"*Ito ad* dextram: *prius quam ad portam venias*, &c.
WARBURTON.

[9] *God's sonties*,] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's santy* in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635.

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, a comedy, bl. l. without date:

"*Gods santie*, this is a goodly book indeed."

Again:

"*Godes santy*, pastyme my playfellow."

Perhaps

Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now, [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*; I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot, talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father,

Perhaps it was once customary to swear by the *santé*, i. e. *health* of the Supreme Being. Oaths of such a turn are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. All, however, seem to have been so thoroughly convinced of the crime of prophane swearing, that they were content to disguise their meaning by abbreviations which were permitted silently to terminate in irremediable corruptions. STEEVENS.



that

that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me you blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be[1].

Gob. I cannot think, you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art my own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail[2].

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how thou art chang'd! How dost thou

[1] *your child that shall be.*] The distinction between *boy* and *son* is obvious, but *child* seems to have some meaning, which is now lost. JOHNSON.

Launcelot, by *your child that shall be*, may mean, that his duty to his father shall, for the future, shew him to be his child. It became necessary for him to say something of that sort, after all the tricks he had been playing him; or, perhaps, by *child* that *shall* be, he alludes to the proverb "*once a man and twice a child.*" STEEVENS.

[2] —*my* thill-horse] *Thill* or *fill*, means the shafts of a cart or waggon. So, in *A Woman never Vex'd*, 1632:

"——I will
"Give you the fore-horse place, and I will be
"I' the *fills.*"

Again, in *Fortune by Land and Sea*, 1655, by Tho. Heywood and W. Rowley: "—acquaint you with Jock the fore-horse, and Fibb the *fil-horse*, &c." STEEVENS.

and

and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest 'till I have run some ground: My master's a very Jew; Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, and a follower or two more.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; Would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve——

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,——

Gob.

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Baff. One speak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Baff. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Baff. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy son:
Take leave of thy old master, and enquire
My lodging out:—give him a livery
[*To his followers.*
More guarded [3] than his fellows: see it done,

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—
I have ne'er a tongue in my head.——[4] Well, [*looking on*

[3] ——*more* guarded] i.e. more ornamented. So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:
"*Piston.* But is there no reward for my false dice?
"*Erastus.* Yes, sir, a *guarded* suit from top to toe."
Again, in *Albumazar*, 1610:
"—turn my plough-boy Dick to two *guarded* footmen."
STEEVENS.

[4] *Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book,*] The position of the words makes the sentence somewhat obscure: Their natural order should be this: *Well, if any man in Italy, which doth offer to swear upon a book, have a fairer table, I shall have good luck.* And the humour of the passage seems this: Launcelot, a joker, and designedly a blunderer, says the reverse of what he should do: which is,

on his palm] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good

That if no man in Italy, who would offer to take his oath upon it, hath a fairer table than he, he shall have good fortune. The banter may, partly, be on *chiromancy* in general: but it is very much in character for Launcelot, who is a hungry serving-man, to consider his table before his line of life, or any other points of fortune. THEOBALD.

—*fairer table,*] The chiromantic term for the lines of the hand. So, Ben Jonson in his *Mask of Gipsies*, to the lady Elizabeth Hatton:

"*Mistress of a* fairer table,
"*Hath not history nor fable.*"

—*which doth offer to swear upon a book,* &c.] This nonsense seems to have taken its rise from the accident of a lost line in transcribing the play for the press; so that the passage, for the future, should be printed thus,—*Well, if any man in Italy, have a fairer table, which doth* ****** *offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.* It is impossible to find, again, the lost line: but the lost sense is easy enough—*if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth* [promise luck, I am mistaken. I durst almost] *offer to* swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald's note is as obscure as the passage. It may be read more than once before the complication of ignorance can be completely disentangled. Table is the palm expanded. What Mr. Theobald conceives it to be, cannot easily be discovered, but he thinks it somewhat that promises a full belly.

Dr. Warburton understood the word, but puzzles himself with no great success in the pursuit of the meaning. The whole matter is this: Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inspects his hand, and congratulates himself upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is shewn, by raising it to lay it on the book, in judicial attestations. *Well,* says he, *if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to swear upon a book*—Here he stops with an abruptness very common, and proceeds to particulars. JOHNSON.

Without examining the expositions of this passage, given by the three learned annotators, I shall briefly set down what appears to me to be the whole meaning of it. Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called *the table*, breaks out into the following reflection: *Well: if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have*

good fortune;—Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed[5];—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this geer.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and old Gobbo.*

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit Leonardo.*

Gra. Signior Bassanio,——

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must;—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,

good fortune—i. e. a table, *which doth* (not only *promise*, but) *offer to swear* (and to swear *upon a book* too) THAT *I shall have good fortune*——(He omits the conclusion of the sentence which might have been) *I am much mistaken*; or, *I'll be hanged*, &c. TYRWHITT.

[5] *in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed*;] A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying.——A certain French writer uses the same kind of figure, "*O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée sur la pointe d'un Oreiller, & m' être rompû le Cou.*"— WARBURTON.

And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhew
Something too liberal[6];—pray thee, take pain
[illegible] ſome cold drops of modeſty

I be [illegible]
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior Baſſanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes[7]
Thus with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay, amen;
Uſe all the obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent[8]
To pleaſe his grandam, never truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to night; you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Baſſ. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: But fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.

Gra. And I muſt to Lorenzo, and the reſt;
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *Something too liberal*;] Liberal I have already ſhewn to be mean, groſs, coarſe, licentious. JOHNSON.

[7] ——hood *mine eyes*] Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes. So, in the *Tragedy of Crœſus*, 1604:
"And like a *hooded* hawk, &c." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſad oſtent*] Grave appearance; ſhew of ſtaid and ſerious behaviour. JOHNSON.

Oſtent is a word very commonly uſed for *ſhow* among the old dramatic writers. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:
"——you in thoſe times
"Did not affect *oſtent*."
Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of *Homer*, edit. 1598, b. 6:
"——did bloodie vapours raine
"For *ſad oſtent*, &c." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Shylock's houſe.

Enter Jeſſica and Launcelot.

Jeſ. I am ſorry, thou wilt leave my father ſo;
Our houſe is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tedious neſs:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt:
Give him this letter; do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewel; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—
Moſt beautiful pagan,—moſt ſweet Jew! if a Chriſtian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceiv'd: but, adieu! theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit; adieu! [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife;
Become a chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time;
Diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers [9].

Sala. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock; we have two hours
To furnish us:—

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this [1], it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her;—Speak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen,
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer. [*Exit Laun.*

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Sala. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so. [*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

[9] —*torch-bearers.*] See the note in *Romeo and Juliet*, act. I. sc. 4. We have not *spoke us yet*, &c. i. e. *we have not yet bespoke us*, &c. Thus the old copies. It may, however, mean, we have not as yet consulted on the subject of torch-bearers. Mr. Pope reads— "spoke *as* yet."— STEEVENS.

[1] —to break up *this*,] To *break up* was a term in carving. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act III. sc. 1:

" ————Boyet, you can carve;
" *Break up* this capon." See the note on this passage.
STEEVENS.

Lor.

Lor. I muſt needs tell thee all: ſhe hath directed,
How I muſt take her from her father's houſe;
What gold, and jewels, ſhe is furniſh'd with;
What page's ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake:
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,—
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs Jew.
Come, go with me; peruſe this, as thou goeſt:
Fair Jeſſica ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Shylock's houſe.

Enter Shylock, and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Baſſanio:—
What, Jeſſica!—thou ſhalt not gormandize[2],
As thou haſt done with me;—What, Jeſſica!—

[2] —*gormandize,*] The word is very anci[illegible] and took its riſe from a Daniſh king. The Danes, towards the latter end of the ninth century, were defeated by king Alfred at Edendon in Wiltſhire; and as an article of peace, Guthrum their king, commonly called Gurmond, ſubmitted to be baptized, king Alfred being his godfather, who gave him the name of Athelſtan, and took him for his adopted ſon. During the ſtay of the Danes in Wiltſhire, "they conſumed their time in profuſeneſs, and belly-cheer, in idleneſs and ſloth. Inſomuch, that as from their lazineſs in general, we even to this day call them *Lur-Danes*; ſo from the licentiouſneſs of Gurmond, and his army in particular, we brand all luxurious and profuſe people, by the name of *Gurmondizers.*" And this luxury, and this lazineſs, are the ſole monuments, the only memorials by which the Danes have made themſelves notorious to poſterity, by lying encamped in Wiltſhire. Vide, *A Vindication of Stone-Heng reſtored*, by John Webb, eſq. p. 227. Ben Jonſon in his *Sejanus*, act I:
"That great *Gourmond*, fat Apicius." G.

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate [3], to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, [4] then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding

[3] *—to feed upon The prodigal Christian.*] Shylock forgets his resolution. In a former scene he declares he will neither *eat*, *drink*, nor *pray* with Christians. Of this circumstance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his most settled resolve, for the prosecution of his revenge. STEEVENS.

[4] *—then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last,*] "*Black-Monday* is a moveable day; it is "*Easter-Monday*, and was so called on this occasion: In the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, king Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday*." Stowe, p. 264—6. GRAY.

It

ing on black-monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on ash wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum[5],
And the vile squeaking[6] of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publick street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit Laun.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewel, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough[7]; but a huge feeder,
Snail-

It appears from a passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592, that some superstitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the nose*: "As he stood gazing, *his nose on a sudden bled*, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his." STEEVENS.

5 *Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum,*
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife—]
Primâ nocte domum claude; neque in vias
Sub cantu querulæ despice tibiæ. *Hor.* Lib. iii. Od. 7.
MALONE.

6 —*the vile* squeaking] The folio and one of the quartos read *squealing*. STEEVENS.

7 *The* patch *is kind enough*;] This term came into use from the name of a celebrated fool, This I learn from Wilson's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553: "A word-making, called of the Grecians Onomatopeia, is when we make words of our own mind, such as be derived from the nature of things—As to call one *Patche*, or Cowl-

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me:
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you,
Shut the doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewel; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

The Street.

Enter Gratiano, and Salanio, in masquerade.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly [8]
To

Cowlson, whom we see to do a thing foolishly; because these two in their time were notable fools."

Probably the dress which the celebrated *Patch* wore, was in allusion to his name, patched or particoloured. Hence the stage fool has ever since been exhibited in a motley coat. In Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, or *Hist. of K. Henry* VIII. 1632, Cardinal Wolsey's fool *Patch* is introduced. Perhaps he was the original *Patch* of whom Wilson speaks. MALONE.

[8] *O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly*] This is a very odd image, of Venus's pigeons flying to seal the bonds of love. The sense is obvious, and we know the dignity due to Venus's pigeons. There was certainly a joke intended here, which the ignorance or boldness of the first transcribers has murdered: I doubt not but Shakespeare wrote the line thus:

O, ten times faster Venus' widgeons *fly*
To seal, &c.

For *widgeon* is not only one species of pigeons, but signified like-

To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse, that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker [9], or a prodigal,
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return [1];
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

likewise metaphorically, a *silly fellow*, as *goose*, or *gudgeon*, does now. The calling love's votaries, *Venus's widgeons*, is in high humour. Butler uses the same joke in speaking of the Presbyterians:

"*Th' apostles of this fierce religion,*
Like Mahomet's, were ass and wigeon.

Mahomet's ass, or rather mule, was famous: and the monks in their fabulous accounts of him said, he taught a pigeon to pick peas out of his ears to carry on the ends of this impostor. WARBURTON.

I believe the poet wrote as the editors have printed. How it is so very *high humour* to call lovers *widgeons* rather than *pigeons*, I cannot find. Lovers have in poetry been always called *Turtles* or *Doves*, which in lower language may be pigeons. JOHNSON.

That a *widgeon* is *one species of pigeons*, I believe remains a secret from all ornithologists but Dr. Warburton. Chapman in his version of *Homer* often gives *pigeons* instead of *doves*. So, in the *Catalogue of Warriors*:

"—Thisbe that for *pigeons* doth surpass." STEEVENS.

[9] —*a younker*,] All the old copies read *a younger*. STEEVENS.

[1] —*doth* she *return*;] Surely the bark ought to be of the *masculine* gender, otherwise the allusion wants somewhat of propriety. This indiscriminate use of the personal for the neuter, at least obscures the passage. A ship, however, is commonly spoken of in the feminine gender. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Jessica above, in boy's cloaths.

Jes. Who are you? tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? and now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.
Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jeſ. I will make faſt the doors, and gild myſelf
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtraight.
[*Exit, from above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile [2], and no Jew.

Lor. Beſhrew me, but I love her heartily:
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd herſelf;
And therefore, like herſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul.

Enter Jeſſica, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our maſquing mates by this time for us ſtay.
[*Exit, with Jeſſica &c.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Anthonio?

Anth. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all ſtay for you:—
No maſque to night; the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboard:
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't; I deſire no more delight,
Than to be under ſail, and gone to night. [*Exeunt.*

[2] ——*a* Gentile, *and no Jew.*] A jeſt ariſing from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which ſignifies both a *Heathen*, and *one well born.* JOHNSON.

So at the concluſion of the firſt part of *Hieronimo*, &c. 1605:

"———So, good night kind *gentles*,
"For I hope there's never a *Jew* among you all."

Again, in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, 1620:

"Joſeph the *Jew* was a better *Gentile* far." STEEVENS.

A Gentile, *and no Jew.* Dr. Johnſon rightly explains this. There is an old book by one Ellis, entitled, "The *Gentile Sinner*, or *England's brave Gentleman.*" FARMER.

SCENE VII.

Belmont.

Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears;—
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carries;—
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt[3];—
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.—
How shall I know if I do chuse the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, ought for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving,

3 —*as blunt*;] That is, as gross as the dull metal. JOHNSON.

Were

Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the la[illegible];
I do in birth deserve her, and in fo[illegible]
In graces, and in qualities of breeding[illegible]
But, more than these, in love I do dese[illegible]e.
What if I stray'd no farther, but ch[illegible] [illegible]ere?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'[illegible] in gold.
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men [illegible]sire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
To think so base a thought; it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon [4];
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lyes all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lye there,
Then I am yours. [*Unlocking the gold casket.*

[4] —insculp'd *upon*;] To *insculp* is to engrave. So, in *Woman never Vex'd*, 1632:
"———in golden text
Shall be *insculp'd*———" STEEVENS.

Mor.

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold[5]
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrol'd[6]:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Mor. Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewel, heat; and, welcome, frost.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains, go:—
Let all of his complexion chuse me so[7]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[5] *Gilded* wood *may worms infold.*] In all the old editions this line is written thus:

Gilded timber do worms infold.

From which Mr. Rowe and all the following editors have made:

Gilded wood may worms infold.

A line not bad in itself, but not so applicable to the occasion as that which, I believe, Shakespeare wrote:

Gilded tombs *do worms infold.*

A tomb is the proper repository of a *death's-head.* JOHNSON.

[6] *Your answer had not been inscrol'd:*] Since there is an answer *inscrol'd* or written in every casket, I believe for *your* we should read *this.* When the words were written y^r and y^s, the mistake was easy. JOHNSON.

[7] *Chuse me so.*] The old quarto edition of 1600 has no distribution of acts, but proceeds from the beginning to the end in an unbroken tenour. This play therefore having been probably divided without authority by the publishers of the first folio, lies open to a new regulation, if any more commodious division can be proposed. The story is itself so wildly incredible, and the changes

SCENE VIII.

Venice.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Sal. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
Sala. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Anthonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Sala. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
*My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!—
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!*
Sal. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Sala. Let good Anthonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Sal. Marry, well remember'd:

changes of the scene so frequent and capricious, that the probability of action does not deserve much care; yet it may be proper to observe, that, by concluding the second act here, time is given for Bassanio's passage to Belmont. JOHNSON.

 I rea-

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday [8];
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me;
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

Sala. You were best to tell Anthonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd,—*Do not so,*
[9] *Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,*
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in [1] *your mind of love:*
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:

[8] *I* reason'd *with a Frenchman yesterday*;] i. e. I conversed. So, in *King John*:

"Our griefs, and not our manners, *reason* now."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the fourth book of the *Odyssey*:

"The morning shall yield time to you and me,
"To do what fits, and *reason* mutually." STEEVENS.

[9] Slubber *not*] To *slubber* is to do any thing carelessly, imperfectly. So, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:

"——they *slubber'd* thee over so negligently." STEEVENS.

[1] —*your mind of love*:] So all the copies, but I suspect some corruption. JOHNSON.

This imaginary corruption is removed by only putting a comma after *mind*. LANGTON.

Of love, is an adjuration sometimes used by Shakespeare. So *Merry Wives*, act II. sc. 7:

"*Quick.* ——desires you to send her your little page, of *all* "*loves*:" i. e. she desires you to send him *by all means*.

Your mind of love may, however, in this instance, mean—*your loving mind*. So, in the *Tragedie of Crœsus*, 1604: "A *mind of treason* is a *treasonable mind*.

"Those that speak freely, have no *mind of treason*."

STEEVENS.

And

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.
Sala. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness[2]
With some delight or other.
Sal. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Belmont.

Enter Nerissa, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

[2] ——EMBRACED *heaviness*] This unmeaning epithet would make me choose rather to read:

ENRACED heaviness,

from the French *enraciner*, accrescere, inveterascere. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"*I could not have owed her a more* ROOTED *love.*"

And, again, in *Othello*:

"*With one of an* INGRAFT *infirmity.*" WARBURTON.

Of Dr. Warburton's correction it is only necessary to observe, that it has produced a new word, which cannot be received without necessity. When I thought the passage corrupted, it seemed to me not improbable that Shakespeare had written *entranced heaviness*, musing, abstracted, moping melancholy. But I know not why any great efforts should be made to change a word which has no uncommodious or unusual sense. We say of a man now, *that he* hugs *his sorrows*, and why might not Anthonio *embrace heaviness?* JOHNSON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, sc. i:

"You *embrace* your charge too willingly."

Again, in this play of the *Merchant of Venice*, act III. sc. ii:

"——doubtful thoughts and rash-*embrac'd* despair.

STEEVENS.

Enter Arragon, his train; Portia, with hers. Flourish of cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you chuse that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I addrest me[3]: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire,—That many may be meant
Of the fool multitude, that chuse by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force[4] and road of casualty.

[3] *And so have I addrest me:*] To *address* is to *prepare*. The meaning is, I have prepared myself by the same ceremonies.
STEEVENS.

I believe we should read:
" And so have I. *Address* me, Fortune, now,
" To my heart's hope!"
So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act III. scene the last, Falstaff says,
" ——I will then *address me to* my appointment."
TYRWHITT.

[4] —*in the force*] i. e. the power. STEEVENS.

I will

I will not chuse what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
And well said too; For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour [5]? and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd [6]? Well, but to my choice:
Who

5 *How much low peasantry would then be glean'd*
From the true seed of honour?]
The meaning is, *How much meanness would be found among the great, and how much greatness among the mean.* But since men are always said to *glean* corn though they may *pick* chaff, the sentence had been more agreeable to the common manner of speech if it had been written thus:

How much low peasantry would then be pick'd
From the true seed of honour? how much honour
Glean'd *from the chaff?* JOHNSON.

6 ——— *how much honour*
Pickt *from the* chaff *and ruin of the times,*
To be new varnish'd?—]

This confusion and mixture of the *metaphors*, makes me think that Shakespeare wrote,

To be new vanned. ———

i. e. winnow'd, purged, from the French word, *vanner*; which is derived from the Latin *Vannus*, *ventilabrum*, the *fan* used for winnowing the chaff from the corn. This alteration restores the metaphor to its integrity: and our poet frequently uses the same thought. So, in the second Part of *Hen.* IV:

Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:
I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia?
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?
Who chuseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times try'd that judgment is,
That did never chuse amiss:
Some there be, that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis [7],

Silver'd

We shall be winnow'd *with so rough a wind,*
That even our corn *shall seem as light as* chaff.
WARBURTON.

Shakespeare is perpetually violating the integrity of his metaphors, and the emendation proposed seems to me to be as faulty as unnecessary; for what is already *selected from the chaff* needs not be new *fanned.* I wonder Dr. Warburton did not think of changing the word *ruin* into *rowing*, which in some counties of England, is used to signify the second and inferior crop of grass which is cut in autumn.

So, in one of our old pieces, of which I forgot to set down the name when I transcribed the following passage:

"—when we had taken the first crop, you might have then been bold to eat the *rowens.*" The word occurs, however, both in the notes on *Tusser*, and in *Mortimer.* STEEVENS.

[7] —*I wis,*] I know. *Wissen*, German. So, *Sidney:*
"Made them their own before they had it *wist.*"
Again, in Shakespeare's *Hen.* VI:
"I *wis* your grandame had no worser match."

Again

Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed[8],
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, sir, you are sped.

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth[9]. [*Exit.*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools! when they do chuse,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here; what would my lord[1]?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord:

Again, in the comedy of king *Cambyses*:
"Yea I *wis* shall you, and that with all speed."
Again, *ibid*:
"No, *wis* you, Jack, I look a little more smug."
Again, in the old mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, &c:
"And when he *wist* that thei were goon."
Ascham and *Waller* both use the word. STEEVENS.

[8] *Take what wife you will to bed,*] Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any woman. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*to bear my* wroth.] The old editions read—"to bear my *wrath*." *Wroath* is used in some of the old books for *misfortune*; and is often spelt like *ruth*, which at present signifies only *pity*, or *sorrow for the misery of another*. The modern editors read—my *wrath*. STEEVENS.

[1] Por. *Here; what would my lord?*] Would not this speech to the servant be more proper in the mouth of *Nerissa*? TYRWHITT.

From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets [2];
To wit, beſides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not ſeen
So likely an embaſſador of love:
A day in April never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him.—
Come, come, Neriſſa; for I long to ſee
Quick Cupid's poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.'
Ner. Baſſanio, lord love, if thy will it be!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Sala. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Anthonio hath a ſhip of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow ſeas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcaſes of many a tall ſhip lie buried, as they ſay, if my goſſip report be an honeſt woman of her word.

Sala. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapt ginger [3], or made her neighbours believe ſhe wept for the death of a third huſband: But

[2] ——regreets;] i. e. ſalutations. So, in another of Shakeſpeare's plays:
"Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind *regreet.*" STEEVENS.

[3] —knapt *ginger*;] To knap is to break ſhort. The word occurs in the *Pſalms.* STEEVENS.

it

it is true,—without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Anthonio, the honeſt Anthonio,——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Sal. Come the full ſtop.

Sala. Ha,—what ſay'ſt thou?—Why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes!

Sala. Let me ſay amen betimes, leſt the devil croſs thy prayer [4]; for here he comes in the likeneſs of a Jew.—

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the taylor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

Sala. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledge; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

Sala. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at theſe years?

Shy. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rheniſh:—But tell us, do you hear, whether Anthonio have had any loſs at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt,

[4] ——*leſt the devil croſs* my *prayer*;] But the prayer was Salanio's. The other only, as clerk, ſays *amen* to it. We muſt therefore read—thy *prayer*. WARBURTON.

rupt, a prodigal [1], who dare ſcarce ſhew his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that us'd to come ſo ſmug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me uſurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian courteſy;—let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh; What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fiſh withal: if it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge. He hath diſgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million; laugh'd at my loſſes, mock'd at my gains, ſcorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; And what's his reaſon! I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands; organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, heal'd by the ſame means, warm'd and cool'd by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a Chriſtian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example? why, revenge.

[1] ——*a bankrupt, a prodigal,*] This is ſpoke of Anthonio. But why a prodigal? his friend Baſſanio indeed had been too liberal; and with this name the Jew honours him when he is going to ſup with him:

——*I'll go in hate to feed upon*
The *prodigal* Chriſtian——

But Anthonio was a plain, reſerved, parſimonious merchant; be aſſured therefore we ſhould read,——*a bankrupt* FOR *a prodigal,* i. e. he is become bankrupt by ſupplying the extravagancies of his friend Baſſanio. WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration. There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than ſuch liberality as that by which a man expoſes himſelf to ruin for his friend. JOHNSON.

The

The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a ſervant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my maſter Anthonio is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sala. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unleſs the devil himſelf turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Sal. and Salan.*

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in Frankfort! the curſe never fell upon our nation 'till now; I never felt it 'till now:—two thouſand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would ſhe were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, ſo:—and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch: Why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argoſy caſt away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub.

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me:—I ſhall never ſee my gold again: Fourſcore ducats at a ſitting! fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that ſwear he cannot chuſe but break.

Shy. I am glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou tortureſt me, Tubal: it was my turquoiſe; I had it of Leah, when I was a batchelor[6]: I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

Tub.

6 ——*it was my turquoiſe, I had it of Leah, when I was a batchelor:*] A *turquoiſe* is a precious ſtone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Perſia to the eaſt, ſubject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoiſe on account of the money for which he might hope to ſell it, but merely in reſpect of the imaginary virtues formerly aſcribed to the ſtone. It was ſaid of the Turky-ſtone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer encreaſed or grew leſs. To this B. Jonſon refers, in his *Sejanus:*

"And true as *Turkiſe* in my dear lord's ring,
"Look well, or ill with him."

Again, in the *Muſes Elyſium*, by Drayton:

"The *turkeſſe*, which who haps to wear,
"Is often kept from peril."

Other ſuperſtitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preſervative to the wearer.

The ſame quality was ſuppoſed to be reſident in coral. So, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"You muſt ſay jet will take up a ſtraw, amber will make one fat,

"*Coral*

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Belmont.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and attendants.

The caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in chusing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, (but it is not love)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so you may miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;

" *Coral* will look pale *when you be sick*, and chrystal will stanch blood."

Thus Holinshed, speaking of the death of *K. John*, " And when the king suspected them (the pears) to be poisoned indeed, by reason that such *pretious stones* as he had about him cast forth a certain sweat as it were bewraeing the poison, &c." STEEVENS.

So Donne, in one of his *Elegies:*

" As a compassionate *turcoyse* which doth tell
" By looking *pale*, the wearer is not well." FARMER.

One

One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours: Oh! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so [7],
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I [8].
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time [9];
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me chuse;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

[7] *And so though yours, not yours—Prove it so,*] It may be more grammatically read:

And so though yours I'm *not yours*. JOHNSON.

[8] *Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.*] This line is very obscure. The form of the expression alludes to what she had said of being forsworn. After some struggle, she resolves to keep her oath: and then says, *Let fortune go to hell for it.* For what! not for telling or favouring Bassanio, which was the temptation she then lay under: for fortune had taken no oath. And, surely, for the more favouring a man of merit, fortune did not deserve (considering how rarely she transgresses this way) so severe a sentence. Much less could the speaker, who favour'd Bassanio, think so. The meaning then must be, *Let fortune rather go to hell for not favouring Bassanio, than I for favouring him.* So loosely does our author sometimes use his pronouns—*not I*, does not signify *Let not I go to hell*; for then it should be *Let not me*. But it is a distinct sentence of itself: and is a very common proverbial speech, signifying, I will have nothing to do with it. Which if the Oxford editor had considered, he might have spared his pains in changing *I* into *me*. WARBURTON.

The meaning is, "If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event, that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath.

REVISAL.

[9] —*to* peize *the time*;] Thus the old copies. To *peize* is from *peser*, Fr. So, in *K. Richard* III:

"Lest leaden slumber *peize* me down to-morrow."

To *peize the time*, therefore, is *to retard it by hanging weights upon it*. All the modern editors read, without authority,—*piece*.

STEEVENS.

Por.

Por. Upon the rack, Baſſanio? then confeſs
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.
Baſſ. None, but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.
Por. Ay, but, I fear, you ſpeak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.
Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.
Por. Well then, confeſs and live.
Baſſ. Confeſs, and love,
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caſkets.
Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof.—
Let muſick ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſick: that the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is muſick then? then muſick is
Even as the flouriſh when true ſubjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no leſs preſence [1], but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared viſages, come forth to view
The iſſue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!

[1] *With no leſs preſence,*] With the ſame *dignity of mien.* JOHNSON.

Live

Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay [2]
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

[*Musick within.*

A song, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply [3].

It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell.
I'll begin it,——Ding dong, bell.

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. —So may the outward shows [4] be least themselves;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice [5],
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

[2] *Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay*
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.] One of the quartos reads:
Live then, I live with much more dismay
To *view the fight, than* &c.
The folio, 1623, thus,
Live thou, I live with much more dismay
I view the fight, than &c.
The other quartos give the present reading. JOHNSON.

[3] *Reply.*] These words, *reply, reply,* were in all the late editions, except sir T. Hanmer's, put as a verse in the song, but in all the old copies stand as a marginal direction. JOHNSON.

[4] *So may the outward shows*] He begins abruptly, the first part of the argument has passed in his mind. JOHNSON.

[5] *—gracious voice,*] Pleasing; winning favour. JOHNSON.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight [6];
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped [7] snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre [8].
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore [9]
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty [1]; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatnest, than dost promise aught,

6 ——*by the weight*;] That is, *artificial beauty* is purchased so; as, false hair, &c. STEEVENS.

7 —crisped—] i. e. curled. So, in the *Philosopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton:

"Her face as beauteous as the *crisped* morn. STEEVENS.

8 —*in the sepulchre*.] See a note on *Timon of Athens*, act IV. sc. iii. Shakespeare has likewise satirized this yet prevailing fashion in *Love's Labour's Lost*. STEEVENS.

9 ——*the* guiled *shore*] i. e. the *treacherous* shore. I should not have thought the word wanted explanation, but that some of our modern editors have rejected it, and read *gilded*. *Guiled* is the reading of all the ancient copies. STEEVENS.

1 *Indian beauty*;] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads:
——*Indian dowdy*. JOHNSON.

Thy plainneſs moves me more than eloquence
And here chuſe I; Joy be the conſequence!

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh-embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealouſy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecſtaſy,
In meaſure rain thy joy [3], ſcant this exceſs;
I feel

[2] *Thy* paleneſs *moves me more than eloquence,*] Baſſanio is diſpleaſed at the golden *caſket* for its *gaudineſs*, and the ſilver one for its paleneſs, but what! is he charmed with the leaden one for having the very ſame quality that diſpleaſed him in the ſilver? The poet certainly wrote.

Thy plainneſs *moves me more than eloquence:*

This characterizes the lead from the ſilver, which *paleneſs* does not, they being both *pale*. Beſides, there is a beauty in the antitheſis between *plainneſs* and *eloquence*; between *paleneſs* and *eloquence* none. So it is ſaid before of the *leaden caſket*.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt.

WARBURTON.

It may be that Dr Warburton has altered the wrong word, if any alteration be neceſſary. I would rather give the character of *ſilver*,

"——Thou *pale*, and common drudge
"'Tween man and man."——

The *paleneſs* of *lead* is for ever alluded to.

"Diane declining, *pale* as any *ledde.*"

Says *Stephen Hawes.* In *Fairfax's Taſſo,* we have

"The lord Tancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead.*"

Again, Sackville, in his *Legend of the Duke of Buckingham:*

"Now *pale* as *lead,* now cold as any ſtone."

And in the old ballad of the *King and the Beggar.*

"——She bluſhed ſcarlet red,
"Then ſtraight again, as *pale as lead.*"

As to the antitheſis, Shakeſpeare has already made it in the *Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"When (ſays Theſeus) I have ſeen great clerks look *pale*,
"I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
"Of ſaucy and audacious *eloquence.*" FARMER.

[3] *In meaſure rain thy joy,*——] The firſt quarto edition reads:

In meaſure range *thy joy.*

The folio, and one of the quartos:

In meaſure raine *thy joy.*

I once believ'd Shakeſpeare meant:

In meaſure rein *thy joy.*

The words *rain* and *rein* were not in theſe times diſtinguiſhed by regular

I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit! [*Opening the leaden casket.*
Bass. What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit[4]? What demy-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd[5]: Yet look, how far

regular orthography. There is no difficulty in the present reading, only where the copies vary, some suspicion of error is always raised. JOHNSON.

I believe Shakespeare alluded to the well-known proverb, *It cannot rain, but it pours.*

So, in the *Laws of Candy*, by B. and Fletcher:

"——pour not too fast joys on me,
"But sprinkle them so gently, I may stand them."

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that *rein* is the true word, as it better agrees with the context; and more especially on account of the following passage in *Coriolanus*, which approaches very near to the present reading:

"———being once chaf'd, he cannot
"Be *rein'd* again to temperance."

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act V. sc. ii:

"*Rein* thy tongue." STEEVENS.

4 *Fair Portia's* counterfeit?] *Counterfeit*, which is at present used only in a bad sense, anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "I will see if I can agree with this stranger, for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*." STEEVENS.

5 *Methinks it should have pow'r to steal both his,*
And leave itself unfurnish'd: ——]
I know not how *unfinish'd* has intruded without notice into the later editions, as the quartos and folio have *unfurnish'd*, which sir Tho. Hanmer has received. Perhaps it might be:
And leave himself unfurnish'd. JOHNSON.

The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that chuse not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuse as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll;—Fair lady, by your leave;
[*Kissing her.*
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those [6] peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich; that to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something [7]; which, to term in gross,
Is

[6] *Peals*] The second 4to reads, *pearles* of praise. JOHNSON.
[7] *Is* SUM *of something;*—] We should read, SOME *of something,* i. e.

Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myſelf, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queen o'er myſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame myſelf,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, loſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins:
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent [8] together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy,
Expreſt, and not expreſt: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, Baſſanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

i. e. only a piece, or part only of an imperfect account; which ſhe explains in the following line. WARBURTON.

Thus one of the quartos. The folio reads:

• *Is ſum of* nothing. ——

The purport of the reading in the text ſeems to be this:

—— the full *ſum* of me
Is ſum of ſomething, i. e. is not entirely ideal, but amounts to as much as can be found in —*an unleſſon'd girl*, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *being* blent *together.*] i. e. *blended.* STEEVENS.

Gra. My lord Baſſanio, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;
For, I am ſure, you can wiſh none [9] from me:
And, when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Even at that time I may be marry'd too.

Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordſhip; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermiſſion [1]
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the caſket there;
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I ſweat again;
And ſwearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt,—if promiſe laſt,—
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her miſtreſs.

Por. Is this true, Neriſſa?

Ner. Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.

Baſſ. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the firſt boy, for a thouſand ducats.

Ner. What, and ſtake down?

Gra. No; we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake down.——
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

[9] ——*you can wiſh none from me:*] That is, none *away from* me; none that I ſhall loſe, if you gain it. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*for* intermiſſion—] *Intermiſſion* is *pauſe*, *intervening time*, *delay*. So, in *Macbeth:*

-gentle heaven
"Cut ſhort all *intermiſſion!*" STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Lorenzo, Jeſſica, and Salerio.

Baſſ. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new intereſt here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends, and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.

Sale. I did, my lord,
And I have reaſon for it. Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Baſſanio a letter.*

Baſſ. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sale. Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind: his letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate.

Gra. Neriſſa, cheer yon' ſtranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio?
I know, he will be glad of our ſucceſs;
We are the Jaſons, we have won the fleece.

Sale. Would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt!

Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yon' ſame paper,
That ſteals the colour from Baſſanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe?—
With leave, Baſſanio; I am half yourſelf,
And I muſt freely have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.

Baſſ. O ſweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you
That I was worſe than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myſelf to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Liſbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one veſſel 'ſcape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Sale. Not one, my lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice: twenty merchants,
The duke himſelf, and the magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.
Jeſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Anthonio's fleſh,

Than

Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Anthonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Baſſ. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
[2] The beſt condition'd and unweary'd ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What ſum owes he the Jew?

Baſſ. For me, three thouſand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair thorough Baſſanio's fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never ſhall you lie by Portia's ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Neriſſa, and myſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Baſſ. [reads.] *Sweet Baſſanio, my ſhips have all miſcarry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and ſince, in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you*

The beſt condition'd AND *unweary'd ſpirit*
In doing courteſies;——]
To be read and pointed thus:
The beſt condition'd: AN *unwary ſpirit.* WARBURTON.

and

and me, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding; use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, 'till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Shylock, Salanio, Anthonio, and the Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;——Tell not me of mercy;——
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Goaler, look to him.

Anth. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art [3] so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Anth. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool [4],

[3] ——*so fond*] i.e. so foolish.
So, in the old comedy of *Mother Bombie*, 1594, by *Lilly*:
"—that the youth seeing her fair cheeks, may be enamoured before they hear her *fond* speech." STEEVE

[4] ——dull-ey'd *fool*,] This epithet *dull-ey'd* is bestow'd on *melancholy* in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*. STEEVENS.

To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yield
To chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit Shylock*.

Sal. It is the moſt impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Anth. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs prayers.
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me,
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am ſure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Anth. The duke cannot deny the courſe of law [5],
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in Venice; if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo 'bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Baſſanio come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not!
[*Exeunt*.

[5] *The duke cannot deny* &c.—] As the reaſon here given ſeems a little perplexed, it may be proper to explain it. If, ſays he, the duke ſtop the courſe of law it will be attended with this inconvenience, that ſtranger merchants, by whom the wealth and power of this city is ſupported, will cry out of injuſtice. For the known ſtated law being their guide and ſecurity, they will never bear to have the current of it ſtopped on any pretence of equity whatſoever. WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Belmont.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love [6],
There must needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit [7];
Which

[6] *Whose souls do bear an* equal *yoke*, &c.] The folio 1623, reads *egal*, which I believe in Shakespeare's time was commonly used for *equal*. So it was in Chaucer's:

" I will presume hym so to dignifie
" Yet be not *egall*." Prol. to the *Remedy of Love*.

Again, in *Gorboduc*:

" Sith all as one do bear you *egall* faith." STEEVENS.

[7] *Of lineaments, of manners*, &c.—] The wrong pointing has made this fine sentiment nonsense. As implying that friendship could not only make a similitude of manners, but of *faces*. The true sense is, *lineaments of manners*, i. e. form of the *manners*, which, says the speaker, must needs be proportionate.

WARBURTON.

The poet only means to say, *that corresponding proportions of body and mind are necessary for those who spend their time together*. So, in *K. Henry* IV. Part ii:

" *Dol.* Why doth the prince love him so then?
" *Fal.* Because *their legs are both of a bigness*, &c."

Every one will allow that the friend of a toper should have a strong

Which makes me think, that this Anthonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?
This comes too near the praising of myself [8];
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.——
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,

strong head, and the intimate of a sportsman such an athletic constitution as will enable him to acquit himself with reputation in the exercises of the field. The word *lineaments* was used with great laxity by our ancient writers. In The learned and true Assertion of the Original, Life, &c. of King Arthur, translated from the Latin of John Leland, 1582, it is used for the human frame in general. Speaking of the removal of that prince's bones,—he calls them *Arthur's* lineaments *three times translated*; and again, *all the* lineaments *of them remaining in that most stately tomb, saving the shin bones of the king and queen*, &c.

Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: Nature had so curiously performed his charge in the *lineaments* of his body, &c."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the twenty-third book of *Homer's Iliad:*

"——so over labour'd were
"His goodly *lineaments* with chase of Hector, &c."

STEEVENS.

[8] *This comes too near* &c.] In former editions:
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it; here *other things*,
Lorenzo, I commit, &c.

Portia finding the reflections she had made came too near self-praise, begins to chide herself for it; says, She'll say no more of that sort; but call a new subject. The regulation I have made in the text was likewise prescrib'd by Dr. Thirlby.

THEOBALD.

And

And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exeunt Jessica, and Lorenzo.*

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
[9] In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the traject [1], to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,

[9] *In speed to* Mantua:] Thus all the old copies; and thus all the modern editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent reader, that we must restore, as I have done. *In speed to Padua:* for it was there, and not at *Mantua*, Bellario liv'd. So afterwards;—*A messenger, with letters from the* Doctor, *now come from* Padua—And again, *Come you from* Padua, *from Bellario?*——And again, *It comes from* Padua, *from Bellario.*—Besides, *Padua*, not *Mantua*, is the place of education for the civil law in Italy. THEOBALD.

[1] *Unto the traject,*] The old copies concur in reading, *Unto the tranect*, which appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it. STEEVENS.

But

But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed. [*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Neriſſa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll ſee our huſbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they ſee us?

Por. They ſhall, Neriſſa; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and dy'd;
I could not do with all [9];—then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell,
That men ſhall ſwear, I have diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging jacks,
Which I will practiſe.

Ner. Why, ſhall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which ſtays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *I could not do with all*;] For the ſenſe of the word *do* in this place, ſee a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, act I. COLLINS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of a bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother shall be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother [3]: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live one by another: This making of christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-

[3] *Thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:*] Alluding to the well-known line of a modern Latin poet, Philippe Gualtier, in his poem entitled *L'Alexandreide:*

"Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim."

MALONE.

Shakespeare might have met with a translation of this line in many places. Among others in "A Dialogue between *Custom and Veritie*, concerning the use and abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie." bl. l. no date:

"While *Silla* they doo seem to shun,
In *Charibd* they doo fall, &c." STEEVENS.

pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jeſ. I'll tell my huſband, Launcelot, what you ſay; here he comes.

Lor. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jeſ. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, becauſe I am a Jew's daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the commonwealth: for, in converting Jews to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of pork.

Lor. I ſhall anſwer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much [4], that the Moor ſhould be more than reaſon: but if ſhe be leſs than an honeſt woman, ſhe is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence; and diſcourſe grow commendable in none only but parrots—Go in, ſirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, ſir: they have all ſtomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord [5], what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

[4] *It is much that the* Moor *ſhould be* more, &c.] This reminds us of the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has the ſame kind of humour to boaſt of:

"*Galli* ex concubitu gravidam te *Pontia Mori*,
Quis bene *moratam morigeramque* negat?

So, in the *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1615:

"And for you *Moors* thus much I mean to ſay,
"I'll ſee if *more* I eat the *more* I may." Steevens.

[5] *Goodly lord,*] Surely this ſhould be corrected *Good lord!* as it is in Theobald's edition. Tyrwhitt.

Laun. That is done too, ſir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, ſir?

Laun. Not ſo, ſir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee, underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, ſir, it ſhall be ſerv'd in; for the meat, ſir, it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, ſir, why, let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern. [*Exit Launcelot.*

Lor. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited[6]!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; And I do know
A many fools, that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'ſt thou, Jeſſica?
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the lord Baſſanio's wife?

Jeſ. Paſt all expreſſing: It is very meet,
The lord Baſſanio live an upright life;
For, having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even ſuch a huſband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.

[6] *How his words are ſuited!*] I believe the meaning is: What a *ſeries* or *ſuite* of *words* he has independent of meaning; ho‑ one word draws on another without relation to the matter.

JOHN‑

work-

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Senate-house in Venice.

Enter the Duke, the Senators; Anthonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, and others.

Duke. What, is Anthonio here?

Anth. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Anth. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach [7], I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

[7] —— *his* envy's *reach,*] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*. So, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Murder*, 1621: "—he never looks on her (his wife) with affection, but *envy*." p. 105, edit. 1679. STEEVENS.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy, and remorſe, more ſtrange
Than is thy ſtrange apparent [8] cruelty:
And, where [9] thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh)
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back;
[1] Enough to preſs a royal merchant down,

And

[8] *apparent*] That is, *ſeeming*; not real. JOHNSON.

[9] *where* for *whereas*. JOHNSON.

[1] *Enough to preſs a royal merchant down,*] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting ſounding epithet. It is uſed with great propriety, and ſhews the poet well acquainted with the hiſtory of the people whom he here brings upon the ſtage. For when the French and the Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Conſtantinople, the French under the emperor Henry, endeavoured to extend their conqueſts into the provinces of the Grecian empire on the Terra Firma; while the Venetians, who were maſters of the ſea, gave liberty to any ſubjects of the republick, who would fit out veſſels, to make themſelves maſters of the iſles of the Archipelago, and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conqueſts in ſovereignty; only doing homage to the republick for their ſeveral principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanudos, the Juſtiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripos, and others, all Venetian *merchants*, erected principalities in ſeveral places of the Archipelago, (which their deſcendants enjoyed for many generations) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence, the moſt eminent

of

And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſy.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, Jew.

Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your grace of what I purpoſe;
And by our holy Sabbath have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll aſk me, why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats: I'll not anſwer that[2]:
But, ſay, it is my humour; Is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig[3];
Some,

of our own merchants (while publick ſpirit reſided amongſt them, and before it was aped by faction) were called *royal merchants*. WARBURTON.

This epithet was in our poet's time more ſtriking and better underſtood, becauſe Greſham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *I'll* NOT *anſwer that:*
But, ſay, it is my humour; ——]
This Jew is the ſtrangeſt fellow. He is aſked a queſtion; ſays he will not anſwer it; in the very next line ſays, he has anſwered it, and then ſpends the ten following lines to juſtify and explain his anſwer. Who can doubt then, but we ſhould read:
—— *I'll* NOW *anſwer that,*
BY SAYING, *'tis my humour.* WARBURTON.

Dr Warburton has miſtaken the ſenſe. The Jew being aſked a queſtion which the law does not require him to anſwer, ſtands upon his right, and refuſes; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by ſuch anſwers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not anſwer, ſays he, as to a legal or ſerious queſtion, but ſince you want an anſwer, will this ſerve you? JOHNSON.

[3] —— *a gaping pig;*] So, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy,*

 "He

Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine; For affections [4],
Masters

"He could not abide to see a *pig's head gaping*;
"I thought your grace would find him out a Jew."

Again, in the *Mastive*, &c. or, *A Collection of Epigrams and Satires*:

"Darkas cannot endure to see a cat
"A breast of mutton, or a *pig's head gaping*."

STEEVENS.

Some men there are, love not a *gaping pig*;
Some that are mad, &c.]

By a *gaping* pig, Shakespeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that state is the epithet, *gaping*, most applicable to this animal. A passage in one of Nashe's pamphlets, (which, perhaps furnished our author with his instance) may serve to confirm the observation: "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman, if they see a *pig come to the table*. Sotericus the surgeon was cholerick at the sight of sturgeon, &c.'

Pierce Pennyless his Supplication to the Devil, 1595. MALONE.

[4] *Cannot contain their urine*, &c.] Mr. Rowe reads:

Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Masterless passion *sways it to the mood*
Of what it likes, or loaths.

Masterless passion Mr. Pope has since copied. I don't know what word there is to which this relative *it* is to be referred. Dr. Thirlby would thus adjust the passage:

Cannot contain their urine; for affection,
Master *of passion, sways* it, &c.

And then *it* is govern'd of *passion*: and the two old quartos and folios read——Masters *of passion*, &c.

It may be objected, that *affection* and *passion* mean the same thing. But I observe, the writers of our author's age made a distinction: as Jonson in Sejanus:

"—— *He hath studied*
"Affection's passions, *knows their springs and ends.*"

And then, in this place, *affection* will stand for that *sympathy* or *antipathy* of soul, by which we are provok'd to shew a *liking* or *disgust* in the working of our *passions*. THEOBALD.

Masterless passion sways it to the mood] The two old quartos and folio read:

MASTERS OF *passion*.

And this is certainly right. He is speaking of the power of sound over the human affections, and concludes, very naturally, that the

masters

Maſters of paſſion, ſway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your anſwer:
As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmleſs neceſſary cat;
Why

maſters of paſſion (for ſo he finely calls the muſicians) ſway the paſſions or affections as they pleaſe. Alluding to what the ancients tell us of the feats that Timotheus and other muſicians worked by the power of muſic. Can any thing be more natural? WARBURTON.

Does not the verb *ſway*, which governs the two nominative caſes *affection* and *maſters*, require that both ſhould be plural, and conſequently direct us to read thus?

For *affections*, *maſters* of paſſion ſway it, &c.
Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

That *affections* and *paſſions* anciently had different ſignifications, may be known from the following inſtance in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:

"His heart was fuller of *paſſions* than his eyes of *affections*."

Affections, as uſed by Shylock, ſeem to ſignify *imaginations*, or *prejudices*. In *Othello*, act I. is a paſſage ſomewhat ſimilar. "And though we have here a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency, yet *opinion*, a *ſovereign miſtreſs of effects*, throws a more ſafe voice on you." STEEVENS.

As for *affection*, thoſe that know how to operate upon the paſſions of men, rule it by making it operate in obedience to the notes which pleaſe or diſguſt it. JOHNSON.

Sways, which is the reading both of the quarto and folio, ſeems ſtrong againſt Dr. Johnſon's explication of this paſſage; for it cannot agree with *maſters* as a ſubſtantive. Might we not read?

——for affection
Maſters *our* paſſion, ſways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths.

I underſtand by *paſſion* in this place, *corporal ſenſation*. So, in Rowley's *When you ſee me you know me*, 1632:

"To invocate her ſound and proſperous health
"By heaven's fair help in child-bed *paſſions*."

For *affection*, i. e. the natural and involuntary diſpoſition or averſion of the mind to any object, governs and regulates the ſenſations of our bodies, makes us *feel* or *ſuffer*, according as the mind either likes or loaths its object. This interpretation, and the reading now propoſed, are ſtrongly ſupported by the following paſſage in *All's Well that ends Well*:

 "—Come,

[5] Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himself, being offended;

So

" ——Come, come, disclose
" The state of your *affections*; for your *passions*
" Have to the full appeach'd."

Hellen, whose *passions* are here said to have betrayed her *affection*, on the first mention of her love, grew *pale* and *wept*.

MALONE.

[5] *Why he, a woollen* bag-pipe;—] This incident Shakespeare seems to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's *Exot. Exercit.* against Cardan. A book that our author was well read in, and much indebted to for a great deal of his physics: it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, though now long since forgot. In his 344 *Exercit.* sect. 6. he has these words: "*Narrabo nunc tibi jocosam* Sympathiam *Reguli Vasconis equitis. Is dum viveret, audito phormingis sono, urinam illico facere cogebatur.*"—And to make this jocular story still more ridiculous, Shakespeare, I suppose, translated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I would chiefly observe from hence is this, that as Scaliger uses the word *Sympathiam* which signifies, and so he interprets it, *communem* AFFECTIONEM *duabus rebus*, so Shakespeare translates it by AFFECTION:

Cannot contain their urine for AFFECTION.

Which shews the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies; which have a full stop at *affection*, and read *Masters of passion*. WARBURTON.

In an old translation from the French of Peter de Loier, intitled, *A Treatise of Spectres, or strange Sights, Visions*, &c. we have this identical story from Scaliger; and what is still more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the *word* of Shakespeare. "Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Excester, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*." We may justly add, as some observation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the sense of *sympathy*, was formerly *technical*; and so used by lord Bacon, sir K. Digby, and many other writers. FARMER.

Woollen bag-pipe;] As all the editors agree with complete uniformity in this reading, I can hardly forbear to imagine that they understood it. But I never saw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it. I suppose the authour wrote *wooden* bag-pipe, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of *wood*.

JOHNSON.

This passage is clear from all difficulty, if we read *swelling* or *swollen bag-pipe*, which, that we should, I have not the least doubt.

Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

4 *Woollen*

So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?
Baſſ. This is no anſwer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuſe the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwers.
Baſſ. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Baſſ. Every offence is not a hate at firſt.
Shy. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?
Anth. I pray you, think you queſtion [3] with the Jew:
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his uſual height;
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewiſh heart:—Therefore, I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no farther means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſix.
Shy. If every ducat in ſix thouſand ducats

Woollen is uſed as a term of contempt in *Coriolanus*, who ſays, act III. ſc. ii. his mother uſed to call the plebeians *woollen* vaſſals; and yet I think the ſame epithet hardly applicable to the bagpipe. STEEVENS.

[3] —*you* queſtion &c.] To queſtion is to converſe. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"—in the loſs of *queſtion*—" i. e. converſation that leads to nothing. To *reaſon* had anciently the ſame meaning. STEEVENS.

Were

Were in ſix parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.
Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?
Shy. What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave [7],
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them:—Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palates
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands? you will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours:—So do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for judgment: anſwer; ſhall I have it?
Duke. Upon my power, I may diſmiſs this court,
Unleſs Bellario, a learned doctor [8],
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
Sala. My lord, here ſtays without
A meſſenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the meſſenger.
Baſſ. Good cheer, Anthonio! What, man? courage yet!

[7] *many a purchas'd ſlave,*] This argument conſidered as uſed to the particular perſons, ſeems concluſive. I ſee not how Venetians or Engliſhmen, while they practiſe the purchaſe and ſale of ſlaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they ſhould do to us.* JOHNSON.

[8] ——— *Bellario, a learned doctor,*
Whom I have ſent for ———]
The doctor and the court are here ſomewhat unſkilfully brought together. That the duke would, on ſuch an occaſion, conſult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely; but how ſhould this be foreknown by Portia? JOHNSON.

The

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Anth. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dress'd like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both my lord: Bellario greets your grace.
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gra. [9] Not on thy soal, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy [1]. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable [2] dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

[9] *Not on thy soal, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,*] This lost jingle Mr. Theobald found again; but knew not what to make of it when he had it, as appears by his paraphrase, *Though thou thinkest that thou art whetting thy knife on the soal of thy shoe, yet it is upon thy soul, thy immortal part.* Absurd! the conceit is, that his soul was so hard that it had given an edge to his knife.
WARBURTON.

[1] *Of thy sharp* envy.] *Envy* again in this place, signifies *hatred* or *malice*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——inexorable *dog*;] All the copies read—*inexecrable*.
STEEVENS.

And,

And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd and ravenous.
Shy. 'Till thou can'ſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin.—I ſtand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:——
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart:—ſome three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court ſhall hear Bellario's letter.

Your grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but at the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthaſar: I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſy between the Jew and Anthonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſh'd with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation; for I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old an head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.

Enter Portia, dreſs'd like a doctor of laws.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—
Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Anthonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you [3], as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger [4], do you not?
[*To Anth.*
Anth. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Anth. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

[3] *Cannot* impugn *you,*] To impugn is to oppose, to controvert. So, in the *Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:
"Yet though my heart would fain *impugn* my word."
Again:
"If any press t' *impugn* what I impart." STEEVENS.

[4] *You stand* within his danger,] So, in the *Corvisor's Play*, among the collection of Whitsun Mysteries represented at Chester. See MS. Harl. 1013, p. 106:
"Two detters some tyme there were
Oughten money to one usurere,
"The one was *in his daungere*
"Fyve hundred poundes tolde." STEEVENS.

But

But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice: Therefore, Jew,
Though juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,—
That, in the courſe of juſtice, none of us
Should ſee ſalvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much,
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict court of Venice
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?

Baſſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the ſum: if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth [5]. And I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It muſt not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
O wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, moſt reverend doctor, here it is.

[5] *Malice bears down truth.*] Malice oppreſſes honeſty, a *true man* in old language is an *honeſt man*. We now call the jury *good men and true*. JOHNSON.

Por.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I ſtay here on my bond.

Anth. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is.
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wiſe and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your boſom.

Shy. Ay, his breaſt:
So ſays the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.

Por. It is ſo. Are there balance here, to weigh
The fleſh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by ſome ſurgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he do bleed to death.

Shy.

Shy. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſs'd; But what of that?
'Twere good, you do ſo much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Anth. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Baſſanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune ſhews herſelf more kind
Than is her cuſtom: it is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the proceſs of Anthonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, ſpeak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baſſanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.
Baſſ. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itſelf;
But life itſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life:
I would loſe all, ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I proteſt, I love;
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome power to change this curriſh Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.
Shy. Theſe be the Chriſtian huſbands: I have a daughter;

Would

Would, any of the ſtock of Barrabas
Had been her huſband, rather than a Chriſtian!
[*Aſide.*
We trifle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.

Por. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Moſt rightful judge!

Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Moſt learned judge!—A ſentence; come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little;—there is ſomething elſe.——
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſsly are, a pound of fleſh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyſelf ſhalt ſee the act:
For, as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then[6];—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian go.

Baſſ. Here is the money.

Por. Soft;
The Jew ſhall have all juſtice;—ſoft!—no haſte;—
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

[6] *I take this* offer *then.*] Perhaps we ſhould read—*his*, i. e. Baſſanio's, who offers *twice* the ſum, &c. STEEVENS.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh[7].
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.

[7] *Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.*] This judgment is related by *Gracian*, the celebrated Spanish jesuit, in his *Hero*, with a reflexion at the conclusion of it. "—Compite con la del Salomon la promptitud de aquel gran Turco. Pretendia un Judio cortar una onca de carne a un Christiano, pena sobre usura. Insistia en ello con igual terqueria a su Principe que perfidia a su Dios. Mando el gran Juez traer pesa, y cuchillo; cominole el deguello si cortava mas ni menos. *Y fue dar agudo corte a la lid, y al mundo milagro del ingenio.*" El Heroe de Lorenzo Gracian. Primor. 3.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* has a similar story. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583. He died Aug. 29, 1590. The reader will find an extract from *Farnworth's Translation*, at the conclusion of the play. STEEVENS.

It

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou may'st see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Anthonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Anth. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;

I am content [8], ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman,
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He preſently become a Chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He ſhall do this; or elſe I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what doſt thou ſay?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In chriſtening thou ſhalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more [9],
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do deſire your grace of pardon [1];
I muſt

[8] *I am content*, &c.] The terms propoſed have been miſunderſtood. Anthonio declares, that as the duke quits one half of the forfeiture, he is likewiſe content to abate his claim, and deſires not the property but the *uſe* or produce only of the half, and that only for the Jew's life, unleſs we read, as perhaps is right, *upon my death*. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*thou ſhould'ſt have had* ten *more*,] i. e. a jury of *twelve* men, to condemn thee to be hanged. THEOBALD.

So, in *The Devil is an Aſs*, by Ben Jonſon:
" ——— I will leave you
" To your godfathers in law. Let *twelve men* work."
STEEVENS.

[1] ——*grace of pardon*; Thus the old copies: the modern editors read, leſs harſhly, but without authority,——*your grace's pardon*

I muſt away this night to Padua,
And it is meet, I preſently ſet forth.
Duke. I am ſorry, that your leiſure ſerves you not.
Anthonio, gratiſy this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exit Duke, and his train.*
Baſſ. Moſt worthy gentleman, I, and my friend,
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thouſand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Anth. And ſtand indebted, over and above,
In love and ſervice to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid, that is well ſatisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am ſatisfy'd,
And therein do account myſelf well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.
Baſſ. Dear ſir, of force I muſt attempt you further;
Take ſome remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your ſake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.

pardon. The ſame kind of expreſſion occurs in Othello.—*I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon.*

In the notes to *As you Like It,* and *The Midſummer Night's Dream,* I have given repeated inſtances of this phraſeology. I will add one from Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis,* b. ii. and another from Warner's *Albion's England,* b. viii. chap. 41:

"And with the ſenatour alone
"He ſpake, and *pray'd* him *of* a bone."

"I pray the queen *of* pardon, whom I pardon from my heart." STEEVENS.

Baſſ. This ring, good ſir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not ſhame myſelf to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing elſe but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Baſſ. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The deareſt ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I ſee, ſir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me firſt to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.
Baſſ. Good ſir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.
Por. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exit with Neriſſa.*
Anth. My lord Baſſanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deſervings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainſt your wife's commandement.
Baſſ. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'ſt,
Unto Anthonio's houſe:—away, make haſte.
Come, you and I will thither preſently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Anthonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Jew's houfe out, give him this deed,
And let him fign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our hufbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair fir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord Baffanio, upon more advice [2],
Hath fent you here this ring; and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept moft thankfully,
And fo, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, fhew my youth old Shylock's houfe.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would fpeak with you:—
I'll fee if I can get my hufband's ring, [*To Por.*
Which I did make him fwear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou may'ft, I warrant: We fhall have old fwearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-fwear them too.
Away, make hafte; thou know'ft where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good fir, will you fhew me to this houfe? [*Exeunt.*

2 —*upon more* advice,] i. e. more *reflection.* STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. A grove, or green place, before Portia's house.

Enter Lorenzo, and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall [3],
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand [4]
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night [5],

Medea

[3] *Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,*] This image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, 5 B. 666 and 1142:

" Upon the *wallis* fast eke would he walke,
" And on the Grekis host he would yse &c.
" The daie goth fast, and after that came eve,
" And yet came not to Troilus Cresseide,
" He lokith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,
" And ferre his heade *over the walle* he leide, &c."

Again, *ibid*:

" And up and doune by west and eke by est,
" *Upon the wallis* made he many a went." STEEVENS.

[4] *In such a night, stood Dido with a willow in her hand*] This passage contains a small instance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakespeare was no reader of the classicks. STEEVENS.

[5] *In such a night, &c.*] So, Gower, speaking of Medea:

" Thus it befell upon a night
" Whann there was nought but sterre light

" She

Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æſon.
Lor. In ſuch a night,
Did Jeſſica ſteal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jeſ. And in ſuch a night,
Did young Lorenzo ſwear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty Jeſſica, like a little ſhrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jeſ. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter a Servant.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?
Serv. A friend.
Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Serv. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes, where ſhe kneels and prays [6]
For happy wedlock hours.

"She was vaniſhed right as hir liſt,
"That no wight but herſelf wiſt:
"And that was at midnight tide,
"The world was ſtill on every ſide, &c.
Confeſſio Amantis, 1554. STEEVENS.

6 ——— *She doth ſtray about*
By holy croſſes,]
So, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton:*
"But there are *Croſſes*, wife; here's one in Waltham,
"Another at the Abbey, and the third
"At Ceſton; and 'tis ominous to paſs
"Any of theſe without a Pater-noſter."
and this is a reaſon aſſigned for the delay of a wedding.
STEEVENS.

Lor.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Serv. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid. I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jeſſica,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, ſola, wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you ſee maſter Lorenzo, and miſtreſs Lorenza? ſola, ſola!

Lor. Leave hollowing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news; my maſter will be here ere morning, ſweet ſoul[7]. [*Exit.*

Lor. Let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter;—Why ſhould we go in?
My friend Stephano, ſignify, I pray you,
Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand;
And bring your muſick forth into the air.—
[*Exit ſervant.*
How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſick
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs, and the night,
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, Jeſſica: Look, how the floor of heaven

[7] —*ſweet ſoul.*] Theſe two words ſhould certainly be taken from the end of *Launcelot's* ſpeech, and placed at the beginning of the following ſpeech of *Lorenzo*:

Sweet ſoul, let's in, &c.

Mr. Pope, I ſee, has corrected this blunder of the old edition, but he has changed *ſoule* into *love*, without any neceſſity.
TYRWHITT.

Is thick inlay'd with pattens of bright gold [8];
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims.
Such harmony is in immortal souls [9];
But,

[8] —*with* PATTERNS *of bright gold*;] We should read PATENS: a round broad plate of gold borne in heraldry. WARBURTON.

Pattens is the reading of the first folio, and *pattents* of the quarto. *Patterns* is printed first in the folio 1632. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos 1600 reads *pattens*, the other *pattents*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Such harmony is in immortal* souls:] But the harmony here described is that of the spheres, so much celebrated by the antients. He says, the *smallest orb sings like an angel*; and then subjoins, *such harmony is in immortal* souls: but the harmony of angels is not here meant, but of the orbs. Nor are we to think, that here the poet alludes to the notion, that each orb has its *intelligence* or *angel* to direct it; for then with no propriety could he say, the *orb sung like an angel*: he should rather have said, the *angel in the orb sung*. We must therefore correct the lines thus:

Such harmony is in immortal sounds:

i. e. in the musick of the spheres. WARBURTON.

This passage is obscure. *Immortal sounds* is a harsh combination of words, yet Milton uses a parallel expression:

Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, & *inenarrabile carmen.*

It is proper to exhibit the lines as they stand in the copies of the first, second, third, and fourth editions, without any variation, for a change has been silently made by Rowe, and adopted by all the succeeding editors:

Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close in it, *we cannot hear it.*

That the third is corrupt must be allowed, but it gives reason to suspect that the original was:

Doth grossly close it in.

Yet I know not whether from this any thing better can be produced than the received reading. Perhaps *harmony* is *the power of perceiving harmony*, as afterwards, *Musick in the soul* is the quality of being *moved with concord of sweet sounds*. This will somewhat explain the old copies, but the sentence is still imperfect; which might be completed by reading:

Such

But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn [1];
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with musick.

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick. [*Musick.*

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

Such harmony is in th' *immortal* soul,
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, *we cannot hear it.* JOHNSON.

Part of the difficulty of this passage was occasioned by a wrong punctuation. There should be a full point after *cherubim*, and no note of admiration after *souls.* "*Such harmony*, &c." is not an exclamation arising from the foregoing line—"So great is the harmony!" but a simile or illustration:—"of the *same kind* is the harmony."—The whole runs thus:

There is not one of the heavenly orbs but sings as it moves, still quiring to the Cherubims. Similar to the harmony they make is that of immortal souls; (or in other words) *each of us have as perfect a harmony in our souls as the harmony of the spheres, inasmuch as we have the quality of being moved by sweet sounds*; (as he expresses it afterwards) *but our gross terrestrial part, which environs us, deadens the sound, and prevents our hearing it.*

This saves all the confusion which Dr. Warburton has introduced, who refers *souls* to *orbs*, and, not being able to reconcile them, changes the latter to *sounds* "Doth close it in," which Dr. Johnson conjectures to have been the original reading, agrees with this explanation, and perhaps confirms it.

It may be objected that this *internal* harmony is not an object of sense—but Shakespeare is not always exact in his language—he confounds it with that external and artificial harmony which is capable of being heard.

My interpretation is strengthened by the following passage in the second part of *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602, by Marston, who likewise supposes the harmony of *immortal souls* to be *of the same kind* with that of the spheres:

"———Heaven's tones
"Strike not such harmony to *immortal souls*,
"As your accordance sweets my breast withall."
MALONE.

—*close* it *in*—] is the reading of the quarto. STEEVENS.

[1] ———*wake Diana with a hymn*;] Diana is the moon, who is in the next scene represented as sleeping. JOHNSON.

For

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they perchance but hear a trumpet found,
Or any air of mufick touch their ears,
You fhall perceive them make a mutual ftand,
Their favage eyes turn'd to a modeft gaze,
By the fweet power of mufick: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ftones, and floods;
Since nought fo ftockifh, hard, and full of rage,
But mufick for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no mufick in himfelf [a],

Nor

[a] *The man that hath no mufick in himfelf,*
Nor is not mov'd with concord of fweet founds,]
The thought here is extremely fine: as if the being affected with mufick was only the harmony between the *internal* [*mufick in himfelf*] and the *external mufick* [*concord of fweet founds*] which were mutually affected like unifon ftrings. This whole fpeech could not chufe but pleafe an Englifh audience, whofe great paffion, as well then as now, was *love of mufick*. *Jam verò video naturam* (fays Erafmus in praife of folly) *ut fingulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam infeviffe Philautiam: atque hinc fieri, ut* Britanni *præter alia Formam*, muficam, & *lautas Menfas proprie fibi vindicent*. WARBURTON.

This paffage, which is neither pregnant with phyfical or moral truth, nor poetically beautiful in an eminent degree, has conftantly enjoyed the good fortune to be repeated by thofe whofe inhofpitable memories would have refufed to admit or retain any other fentiment or defcription of the fame author, however exalted or juft. The truth is, that it furnifhes the vacant fidler with fomething to fay in defence of his profeffion, and fupplies the coxcomb in mufic, with an invective againft fuch as do not pretend to difcover all the various powers of language in inarticulate founds.

Our ancient ftatutes have often received their beft comment by means of reference to the particular occafion on which they were framed. Dr. Warburton has therefore properly accounted for Shakefpeare's feeming partiality to this amufement. He might have added, that Peacham requires of his Gentleman ONLY to be able "to fing his part fure, and at firft fight, and withal to play the fame on a viol or lute."

Let

Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no ſuch man be truſted.—Mark the muſick.

Enter Portia, and Neriſſa, at a diſtance.

Por. That light we ſee, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs:
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Muſick! hark! [*Muſick.*
Ner. It is your muſick, madam, of the houſe.

Let not, however, this capricious ſentiment of Shakeſpeare deſcend to poſterity, unattended by the opinion of the late lord Cheſterfield on the ſame ſubject. In his 148th Letter to his ſon, who was then at Venice, his lordſhip, after having enumerated muſic among the *illiberal* pleaſures, adds—"if you love muſic, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I muſt inſiſt upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourſelf. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more, than to ſee you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth." Again, Letter 153, "A taſte of ſculpture and painting is, in my mind, as becoming as a taſte of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of faſhion. The former is connected with hiſtory and poetry, the latter with nothing that I know of, but *bad company.*" Again,——"Painting and ſculpture are very juſtly called liberal arts; a lively and ſtrong imagination, together with a juſt obſervation, being abſolutely neceſſary to excel in either; which, in my opinion, is by no means the caſe of muſic, though called a liberal art, and now in Italy placed above the other two; a proof of the decline of that country." *Ibidem.* STEEVENS.

Por.

Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect[3];
Methinks, it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence beſtows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection?—
Peace! how the moon ſleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [*Muſick ceaſes.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckow,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our huſbands' welfare,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a meſſenger before,
To ſignify their coming.
Por. Go in, Neriſſa,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jeſſica, nor you.
[*A tucket ſounds*[4].
Lor. Your huſband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light ſick,

[3] —— *without reſpect*;] Not abſolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumſtances. JOHNSON.

[4] *A* tucket] *Toccata*, Ital. a flouriſh on a trumpet. STEEVENS.

It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.
Por. Let me give light[5], but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy huſband,
And never be Baſſanio ſo for me;
But, God ſort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.
Baſſ. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Anthonio,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe:
It muſt appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſy.
[*Gratiano and Neriſſa ſeem to talk apart.*
Gra. By yonder moon, I ſwear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:

[5] *Let me give light*, &c.] There is ſcarcely any word with which Shakeſpeare ſo much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various ſignifications. JOHNSON.

Moſt of the old dramatic writers are guilty of the ſame quibble. So, Marſton in his *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1631:

"By this bright *light* that is deriv'd from thee—
"So, ſir, you make me a very *light* creature."

Again, Middleton, in *A Mad World my Maſters*, 1608:

"—*more* lights—I call'd for *light*: here come in two are *light* enough for a whole houſe."

Again, in *Springes for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, 1606:

"Lais of *lighter* metal is compos'd
"Than hath her *lightneſs* till of late diſclos'd;
"For *lighting* where ſhe *light* acceptance feels,
"Her fingers there prove *lighter* than her heels."

STEEVENS.

Would

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose poesy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry[6]
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective[7], and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth[8],—
A kind

[6] *Like cutler's poetry*;] Knives were formerly inscribed by means of *aqua fortis* with short sentences in distich. In the works of *Tom Brown* are some satirical verses on the lyric odes, as they are called, of D'Urfey, containing the following stanza:

"Thou write pindarics and be damn'd,
"Write epigrams for *Cutlers*;
"None with thy lyrics will be shamm'd,
"But chambermaids and butlers!"

Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

[7] —*have been* respective.] *Respective* has the same meaning as *respectful*. See *K. John*, act I. STEEVENS.

So, in Chapman's *Two Wise Men and all the rest Fools*, 1610: "Didst thou not mark how he entreated me with *respective* terms?" Again, in the 2d Part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602, Mario says——

"I give the duke most *respective* thanks." MALONE.

[8] ———*a youth*,
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed *boy*,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, &c."

It is certain from the words of the context and the tenor of the story, that Gratiano does not here speak contemptuously of the judge's clerk, who was no other than Nerissa disguised in man's

cloaths.

A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*

cloaths. He only means to describe the person and appearance of this supposed youth, which he does by insinuating what seemed to be the precise time of his age: he represents him as having the look of a young stripling, of a boy beginning to advance towards puberty. I am therefore of opinion, that the poet wrote:

———a little *stubbed* boy.

In many counties it is a common provincialism, to call young birds not yet fledged *stubbed young ones*. But, what is more to our purpose, the author of *The History and Antiquities of Glastonbury*, printed by Hearne, an antiquarian, and a plain unaffected writer, says, that "Saunders must be a *stubbed* boy, if not a man at the dissolution of abbeys, &c." edit. 1722. Pref. Signat. n. 2. It therefore seems to have been a common expression for *stripling*, the very idea which the speaker means to convey. If the emendation be just here, we should also correct Nerissa's speech which follows:

For that same *stubbed* boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, did lie with me last night.

Mr. WARTON.

I believe *scrubbed* and *stubbed* have a like meaning, and signify *stunted* or *shrub-like*. So, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* "——but such will never prove fair trees, but *shrubs* only." STEEVENS.

Gra.

Gra. My lord Baſſanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man, nor maſter, would take aught
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Baſſ. If I could add a lye unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
'Till I again ſee mine.
Baſſ. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to [9] retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony [1]?

Neriſſa

[9] *—retain—*] The old copies concur in reading *contain.* JOHNSON.

[1] *What man —— wanted the modeſty*
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?]
This is a very licentious expreſſion. The ſenſe is, *What man could have ſo little modeſty* or *wanted modeſty ſo much,* as to urge the

Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Who did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let me not take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Anth. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithstanding.

the demand of a thing kept on an account in some sort religious. JOHNSON.
Thus Calphurnia says to Julius Cæsar:
"Cæsar, I never stood on *ceremonies.*" STEEVENS.

Bass.

Baſſ. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of theſe many friends,
I ſwear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee myſelf,——

Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine eyes he doubly ſees himſelf:
In each eye, one:—ſwear by your double ſelf [2],
And there's an oath of credit.

Baſſ. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth [3];
Which, but for him that had your huſband's ring, [*To Portia.*
Had quite miſcarry'd: I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly.

Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Anth. Here, lord Baſſanio; ſwear to keep this ring

Baſſ. By heaven, it is the ſame I gave the doctor

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Baſſanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-way
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deſerv'd it?

Por. Speak not ſo groſsly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you ſhall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Neriſſa there, her clerk: Lorenzo, here

[2] *Swear by your double ſelf,*] *Double* is here uſed for—*full duplicity.* MALONE.

[3] ——*for his wealth;*] For his advantage; to obtain his happineſs. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term oppoſite to *adverſity*, or *calamity.* JOHNSON.

Shall witnefs, I fet forth as foon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my houfe.—Anthonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in ftore for you,
Than you expect: unfeal this letter foon;
There you fhall find, three of your argofies
Are richly come to harbour fuddenly:
You fhall not know by what ftrange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Anth. I am dumb.

Baff. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk, that never means to do it,
Unlefs he live until he be a man.

Baff. Sweet doctor, you fhall be my bedfellow;
When I am abfent, then lie with my wife.

Anth. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my fhips
Are fafely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath fome good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you, and Jeffica,
From the rich Jew, a fpecial deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies poffefs'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way [4]
Of ftarved people.

Por. It is almoft morning,
And yet, I am fure, you are not fatisfy'd

—*you drop manna in the way Of ftarved people.*] Shakefpeare is not more exact in any thing, than in adapting his images with propriety to his fpeakers; of which he has here given an inftance in making the young Jewefs call good fortune, *manna.* WARBURTON.

The commentator fhould have remarked, that this fpeech is not, even in his own edition, the fpeech of the Jewefs. JOHNSON.

Of

Of these events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: The first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt omnes* [5].

[5] It has been lately discovered, that this fable is taken from a story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a novellist, who wrote in 1378. The story has been published in English, and I have epitomized the translation. The translator is of opinion, that the choice of the caskets is borrowed from a tale of *Boccace*, which I have likewise abridged, though I believe that Shakespeare must have had some other novel in view. JOHNSON.

THERE lived at Florence, a merchant whose name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three sons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldest, and left them heirs: to the youngest he left nothing. This youngest, whose name was Giannetto, went to his father, and said, What has my father done? The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wish better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whose name is Ansaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to send you thither to him. He is the richest merchant amongst the Christians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The son answered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father shall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Giannetto went to Ansaldo, and presented the letter given by the father before his death. Ansaldo reading the letter, cried out, My dearest godson is welcome to my arms. He then asked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Ansaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in seeing you, mitigates my sorrow. He conducted him to his house, and gave orders to his servants, that Giannetto should be obeyed, and served with more attention than had been paid to himself. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money; and told him, Son, spend this money, keep a table, and

make yourself known; remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Ansaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Ansaldo could think of nothing but him; so much was he pleased with his good manners and behaviour.

It happened, that two of his most intimate acquaintance designed to go with two ships to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and see the world. I would go willingly, said he, if my father Ansaldo will give leave. His companions go to Ansaldo, and beg his permission for Giannetto to go in the spring with them to Alexandria; and desire him to provide him a ship. Ansaldo immediately procured a very fine ship, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with streamers, and furnished it with arms; and, as soon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and sailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto saw a gulph, with a fine port, and asked the captain how the port was called? He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? says Giannetto. He answered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he must take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loses every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an instant they slide into the port so easily that the other ships perceived nothing.

The lady was soon informed of it, and sent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, asked him who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the custom of the country? He answered, That the knowledge of that custom was his only reason for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and sent for barons, counts, and knights in great numbers, who were her subjects, to keep Giannetto company. These nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady said, it seems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her service; and immediately two damsels enter with wine and sweetmeats. The lady intreats him to taste the wine. he takes the sweet-meats, and drinks some of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cause sleep. He then goes into the bed, where he instantly falls asleep, and never wakes till late in the morning, but the lady rose with the sun, and gave orders to unload the vessel, which she found full of rich merchandize. After

nine

nine o'clock the women servants go to the bed-side, order Giannetto to rise and be gone, for he had lost the ship. The lady gave him a horse and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for shame, but at night goes to the house of a friend, who is surprised to see him, and inquires of him the cause of his return? He answers, his ship had struck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a visit to Ansaldo, found him very disconsolate. I fear, says Ansaldo, so much, that this son of mine is dead, that I have no rest. His friend told him, that he had been shipwreck'd, and had lost his all, but that he himself was safe. Ansaldo instantly gets up and runs to find him. My dear son, said he, you need not fear my displeasure; it is a common accident; trouble yourself no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be chearful and easy.

The news was soon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the story, ran to see him, and rejoiced with him for his safety; telling him that next spring, he might gain as much as he had lost the last. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was resolved to marry her, or die. Ansaldo told him frequently, not to be cast down. Giannetto said, he should never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Ansaldo provided another ship of more value than the first. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bedchamber, and seeing the ship, asked her maid, if she knew the streamers? the maid said, it was the ship of the young man who arrived the last year. You are in the right, answered the lady; he must surely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a second time: the maid said, she had never seen a more agreeable man. He went to the castle, and presented himself to the lady; who, as soon as she saw him embraced him, and the day was passed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to rest: when they were seated in the chamber, the two damsels enter with wine and sweet-meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls asleep, the lady undressed, and lay down by his side; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady rises, and gives orders to strip the ship. He has a horse and money given to him, and away he goes, and never stops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the same friend, who with astonishment asked him what was the matter? I am undone, says Giannetto. His friend answered, You are the cause of the ruin of Ansaldo, and your shame ought to be greater than the loss you have suffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At last he took

took the resolution of seeing Ansaldo, who rose from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Ansaldo heard his tale: do not grieve, my dear son, says he, we have still enough; the sea enriches some men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad success. When Ansaldo enquired what was the matter, he confessed, he could never be contented till he should be in a condition to regain all that he lost. When Ansaldo found him resolved, he began to sell every thing he had, to furnish this other fine ship with merchandize: but, as he wanted still ten thousand ducats, he applied himself to a Jew at Mestri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feast of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. Ansaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witnessed, with all the form and ceremony necessary; and then counted him the ten thousand ducats of gold, with which Ansaldo bought what was still wanting for the vessel. This last ship was finer and better freighted than the other two, and his companions made ready for their voyage, with a design that whatever they gained should be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Ansaldo told Giannetto, that since he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might see him before he died; and then he could leave the world with satisfaction: Giannetto promised to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleasure. Ansaldo gave him his blessing, they took their leave, and the ships set out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to steal into Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the sailors in the night to sail the vessel into the port. It was told the lady, that Giannetto was arrived in port. She saw from the window the vessel, and immediately sent for him.

Giannetto goes to the castle, the day is spent in joy and feasting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, so well did he understand the lance, and was so graceful a figure on horseback: he pleased so much, that all were desirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the usual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his rest. When he passed the door of the chamber, one of the damsels in a whisper said to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady said, I know you must be thirsty, I must have you drink before you go to bed: immediately two damsels entered the room, and presented the wine. Who can refuse wine from such beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady smiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his

bosom

bosom. The lady thinking he had drank, says aside to herself with great joy, You must go, young man, and bring another ship, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to snore as if he slept soundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herself down by his side. Giannetto loses no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, saying, Now am I in possession of my utmost wishes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted, and placed in the chair of state, had the sceptre put into his hand, and was proclaimed sovereign of the country, with great pomp and splendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the castle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and caused justice to be administered impartially. He continued some time in his happy state, and never entertained a thought of poor Ansaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thousand ducats. But one day, as he stood at the window of the palace with his bride, he saw a number of people pass along the piazza, with lighted torches in their hands. What is the meaning of this? says he. The lady answered, They are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his festival. Giannetto instantly recollected Ansaldo, gave a great sigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired the cause of his sudden change. He said, he felt nothing. She continued to press with great earnestness, till he was obliged to confess the cause of his uneasiness, that Ansaldo was engaged for the money, that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was lest his father should lose his life for him: that if the ten thousand ducats were not paid that day, he must lose a pound of his flesh. The lady told him to mount on horseback, and go by land the nearest way, to take some attendants, and an hundred thousand ducats; and not to stop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Ansaldo to her. Giannetto takes horse with twenty attendants, and makes the best of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had seized Ansaldo, and insisted on having a pound of his flesh. He entreated him only to wait some days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleasure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but, says he, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation. Ansaldo answered, that he was content.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might have the satisfaction of saying, that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants. Giannetto making all possible haste to Venice, his lady soon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two servants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Ansaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he should demand.

The

The Jew ſaid, he would take no money, ſince it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of fleſh. Every one blamed the Jew; but as Venice was a place where juſtice was ſtrictly adminiſtered, and the Jew had his pretenſions grounded on publick and received forms, their only reſource was entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thouſand, then thirty thouſand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at laſt an hundred thouſand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give him as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and ſays he, you know little of me, if you think I will deſiſt from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dreſs; and alighting at an inn, the landlord aſks of one of the ſervants who his maſter was? The ſervant anſwered, that he was a young lawyer who had finiſhed his ſtudies at Bologna. The landlord upon this ſhews his gueſt great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how juſtice was adminiſtered in that city, he anſwered, juſtice in this place is too ſevere, and related the caſe of Anſaldo. Says the lawyer, this queſtion may be eaſily anſwered. If you can anſwer it, ſays the landlord, and ſave this worthy man from death, you will get the love and eſteem of all the beſt men of this city. The lawyer cauſed a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they ſhould have recourſe to him: ſo it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all caſes in law. Giannetto propoſed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, ſays the Jew; but let who will come, I will ſtick to my bond. They came to this judge, and ſaluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had diſguiſed his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cauſe to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, ſaid to the Jew, I muſt have you take the hundred thouſand ducats, and releaſe this honeſt man, who will always have a grateful ſenſe of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no ſuch thing. The judge anſwered, it will be better for you. The Jew was poſitive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for ſuch judgments: and our judge ſays to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's fleſh where you chuſe. The Jew ordered him to be ſtripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpoſe. Giannetto ſeeing this, turning to the judge, this, ſays he, is not the favour I aſked of you. Be quiet, ſays he, the pound of fleſh is not yet cut off. As ſoon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, ſays the judge, if you take more or leſs than a pound, I will order your head to be ſtruck off: and beſide, if you ſhed one drop of blood, you ſhall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the ſhedding of blood; but ſays expreſly, that you may take a pound of fleſh, neither more nor leſs. He

imme-

immediately ſent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, ſays he, if I ſee one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thouſand ducats, and I am content. No, ſays the judge, cut off your pound of fleſh according to your bond: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thouſand: but the judge was ſtill reſolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Anſaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thouſand: he ſaid, I will not give you a penny. Give me at leaſt, ſays the Jew, my own ten thouſand ducats, and a curſe confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing: if you will have the pound of fleſh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be proteſted and annulled. The Jew ſeeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Anſaldo was releaſed, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thouſand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer ſaid, I do not want money; carry it back to your lady, that ſhe may not ſay, that you have ſquandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is ſo kind, that I might ſpend four times as much without incurring her diſpleaſure. How are you pleaſed with the lady? ſays the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, anſwers Giannetto: nature ſeems to have done her utmoſt in forming her. If you will come and ſee her, you will be ſurpriſed at the honours ſhe will ſhew you. I cannot go with you, ſays the lawyer; but ſince you ſpeak ſo much good of her, I muſt deſire you to preſent my reſpects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto anſwered; and now, let me entreat you to accept of ſome of the money. While he was ſpeaking, the lawyer obſerved a ring on his finger, and ſaid, if you will give me this ring, I ſhall ſeek no other reward. Willingly, ſays Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her ſake, I have ſome reluctance to part with it, and ſhe, not ſeeing it on my finger, will believe, that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, ſhe eſteems you ſufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may ſay you made a preſent of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to ſome former miſtreſs here in Venice. So great, ſays Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, aud preſents it to him. I have ſtill a favour to aſk, ſays the lawyer. It ſhall be granted, ſays Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not ſtay any time here, but go as ſoon as poſſible to your lady. It appears to me a thouſand years till I ſee her, anſwered Giannetto: and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Anſaldo with him, and ſome of his old acquaintance accompanied them.

them. The lady arrived ſome days before; and having reſumed her female habit, pretended to have ſpent the time at the baths; and now gave order to have the ſtreets lined with tapeſtry: and when Giannetto and Anſaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Anſaldo, but feigned anger againſt Giannetto, though ſhe loved him exceſſively: yet the feaſtings, tilts, and diverſions went on as uſual, at which all the lords and ladies were preſent. Giannetto ſeeing that his wife did not receive him with her accuſtomed good countenance, called her, and would have ſaluted her. She told him, ſhe wanted none of his careſſes: I am ſure, ſays ſhe, you have been laviſh of them to ſome of your former miſtreſſes. Giannetto began to make excuſes. She aſked him where was the ring ſhe had given him? It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and I was in the right to ſay you would be angry with me; but, I ſwear, by all that is ſacred, and by your dear ſelf, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cauſe. And I can ſwear, ſays the lady, with as much ſolemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore ſwear no more. Giannetto proteſted that what he had told her was true, and that he ſaid all this to the lawyer, when he aſked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to ſtay at Venice with your miſtreſſes, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great ſorrow he aſſured her, that what ſhe ſuppoſed could not be true. The lady ſeeing his tears, which were daggers in her boſom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter ſhewed the ring, and told him, that ſhe was herſelf the lawyer, and how ſhe obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly aſtoniſhed, finding it all true, and told the ſtory to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damſel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Anſaldo for a wife: and they ſpent the reſt of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

RUggieri de Figiovanni took a reſolution of going, for ſome time, to the court of Alfonſo king of Spain. He was graciouſly received, and living there ſome time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly eſteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he obſerved, that he gave, as he thought, with little diſcernment, caſtles, and baronies, to ſuch who were unworthy of his favours; and to himſelf, who might pretend to be of ſome eſtimation, he gave nothing: he therefore thought the fitteſt thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His requeſt was granted, and the king preſented him with one of the moſt beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted.

mounted. One of the king's trusty sevants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he said of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his sovereign, that he should go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he set out, said he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little, and as soon as they entered the stable, every beast, except his, began to stale. Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering the beasts, his mule staled in the river: you untoward beast, says he, you are like your master, who gave you to me. The servant remembered this expression, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a single word drop from him, but what was in praise of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and instantly turned back. When the king had heard what he had said of the mule, he commanded him into his presence, and with a smile, asked him, for what reason he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri answered, My reason is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the same manner the mule would not stale where she ought, and where she ought not, there she staled. The king said upon this, If I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was insensible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; she is to blame, and not I; and I will shew you manifestly that I speak truth. My discontent, sir, proceeds not, answered Ruggieri, from a desire of being enriched but from your not having given the smallest testimony to my deserts in your service: nevertheless your excuse is valid, and I am ready to see the proof you mention, though I can easily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caskets, shut close, to be placed: and before a large company told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown, scepter, and all his jewels, and that the other was full of earth: choose which of them your like best, and then you will see that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri chose one. It was found to be the casket full of earth. The king said to him with a smile, Now you may see Ruggieri, that what I told you of fortune is true; but for your sake, I will oppose her with all my strength. You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain, therefore I will offer you no preferment here, but that casket which fortune denied you, shall be yours in despite of her: carry it with you into your own country, shew it to your friends, and neighbours, as my gift to you; and you have my permission to boast, that it is a reward of your virtues.

Of The MERCHANT of VENICE the ſtyle is even and eaſy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of conſtruction. The comick part raiſes laughter, and the ſerious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other ſtory cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleaſed with his own addreſs in connecting the two plots of his *Spaniſh Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play.

JOHNSON.

P. 111. *The Merchant of Venice.*] The ancient ballad, on which the greater part of this play is probably founded, has been mentioned in *Obſervations on the Faery Queen*, I. 129. Shakeſpeare's track of reading may be traced in the common books and popular ſtories of the times, from which he manifeſtly derived moſt of his plots. Hiſtorical ſongs, then very faſhionable, often ſuggeſted and recommended a ſubject. Many of his incidental alluſions alſo relate to pieces of this kind, which are now grown valuable on this account only, and would otherwiſe have been deſervedly forgotten. A ballad is ſtill remaining on the ſubject of *Romeo and Juliet*, which by the date appears to be much older than Shakeſpeare's time. It is remarkable, that all the particulars in which that play differs from the ſtory in Bandello, are found in this ballad. But it may be ſaid, that he has copied this ſtory as it ſtands in Paynter's *Pallace of Pleaſure*, 1567, where there is the ſame variation of circumſtances. This, however, ſhews us that Shakeſpeare did not firſt alter the original ſtory for the worſe, and is at leaſt a preſumptive proof that he never ſaw the Italian.

Shakeſpeare alludes to the tale of *King Cophetua and the Beggar*, more than once. This was a ballad; the oldeſt copy of which, that I have ſeen, is in *A Crown Garland of golden Roſes gathered out of England's royall Garden*, 1612. The collector of this miſcellany was Richard Johnſon, who compiled, from various romances, *The Seven Champions*. This ſtory of *Cophetua* was in high vogue, as appears from our author's manner of introducing it in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, act IV. ſc i. As likewiſe from John Marſton's Satires, called the *Scourge of Villanie*, printed 1598, viz.

> Go buy ſome ballad of the fairy king,
> And of the BEGGAR WENCH *ſome rogie thing*
>
> Sig. B. ii.

The firſt ſtanza of the ballad begins thus:

> "I read that once in Africa
> "A prince that there did raine,
> "Who had to name Cophetua,
> "*As poets they do faine*, &c."

The prince, or king, falls in love with a female beggar, whom he ſees accidentally from the windows of his palace, and afterwards marries

marries her. [Sign. D. 4.] The ſong, cited at length by the learned Dr. Gray, on this ſubject, is evidently ſpurious, and much more modern than Shakeſpeare's time. The name Cophetua is not once mentioned in it.

Notes on Shakeſpeare, vol. ii. p. 267.

However, I ſuſpect, there is ſome more genuine copy than that of 1612, which I before mentioned. But this point may be, perhaps, adjuſted by an ingenious enquirer into our old Engliſh literature, who is now publiſhing a curious collection of ancient ballads, which will illuſtrate many paſſages in Shakeſpeare.

I doubt not but he received the hint of writing *King Lear* from a ballad on that ſubject. But in moſt of his hiſtorical plays, he copies Hall, Holinſhed, and Stowe, the reigning hiſtorians of that age. And although theſe Chronicles were then univerſally known and read, he did not ſcruple to tranſcribe their materials with the moſt circumſtantial minuteneſs. For this he could not eſcape an oblique ſtroke of ſatire from his envious friend, Ben. Jonſon, in the comedy called, *The Devil's an Aſs*, act II. ſc. iv.

" *Fitz-dot.* Thomas of Woodſtock, I'm ſure, was duke: and he was made away at Calice, as duke Humfrey was at Bury. And Richard the Third, you know what end he came to.

" *Meer-er.* By my faith you're cunning in the Chronicle.

" *Fitz-dot.* No, I confeſs, I ha't from the play-books, and think they're more authentick."

In Antony Wood's collection of ballads, in the Aſhmolean Muſeum, I find one with the following title: " *The lamentable and tragical Hiſtorie of Titus Andronicus, with the fall of his five and twenty ſons in the wars with the Goths*; with the murder of his daughter Lavinia, by the empreſs's two ſons, through the means of a bloody Moor, taken by the ſword of Titus in the war: his revenge upon their cruel and inhumane acte."

" You noble mindes and famous martiall wights."

The uſe which Shakeſpeare might make of this piece, is obvious. WARTON.

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found ſeparately in a collection of odd ſtories, which were very popular, at leaſt five hundred years ago, under the title of *Geſta Romanorum*. The firſt, *Of the bond*, is in ch. xlviii. of the copy, which I chuſe to refer to, as the completeſt of any which I have yet ſeen. MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his fleſh* for non-payment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge; *the knight's miſtreſs*, diſguiſed, *in forma viri & veſtimentis pretioſis induta*, comes into court, and, by permiſſion of the judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She firſt offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his anſwer is—*Conventionem meam volo habere.* —Puella, cum hoc audiſſet, ait coram omnibus, Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium ſuper his quæ vobis dixero.—Vos ſcitis

quod miles nunquam ſe obligabat ad aliud per literam niſi quod mercator habeat poteſtatem carnes ab oſſibus ſcindere, *ſine ſanguinis effuſione*, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; ſi vero ſanguinem effuderit, *Rex contra eum actionem habet*. Mercator, cum hoc audiſſet, ait; date mihi pecuniam & omnem actionem ei remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut ſanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns ſe confuſum abſceſſit; & ſic vita militis ſalvata eſt, & nullum denarium dedit.——

The other incident, *of the caskets*, is in ch. xcix. of the ſame collection. A king of Apulia ſends his daughter to be married to the ſon of an emperor of Rome. After ſome adventures, (which are nothing to the preſent purpoſe) ſhe is brought before the emperor; who ſays to her, "Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adverſa ſuſtinuiſti. Tamen ſi digna fueris ut uxor ejus ſis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vaſa. PRIMUM fuit *de auro puriſſimo* & lapidibus pretioſis interius ex omni parte, & plenum *oſſibus mortuorum*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit*. SECUNDUM vas erat *de argento* puro, & gemmis pretioſis, plenum *terra*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit*. TERTIUM vas *de plumbo* plenum *lapidibus pretioſis interius & gemmis nobiliſſimis*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod deus diſpoſuit*. Iſta tria oſtendit puellæ, & dixit, ſi unum ex iſtis elegeris in quo commodum & proficuum eſt, filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi nec aliis eſt commodum, ipſum non habebis." The young lady, after mature conſideration of the veſſels and their inſcriptions, chuſes the *leaden*, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious ſtones, the emperor ſays: "Bona puella, bene elegiſti——ideo filium meum habebis."

From this abſtract of theſe two ſtories, I think it appears ſufficiently plain that they are the *remote* originals of the two incidents in this play. That *of the Caskets* Shakeſpeare might take from the Engliſh *Geſta Romanorum*, as Mr. Farmer has obſerved; and that *of the bond* might come to him from the *Pecorone*; but upon the whole I am rather inclined to ſuſpect, that he has followed ſome hitherto unknown noveliſt, who had ſaved him the trouble of working up the two ſtories into one. TYRWHITT.

The "Hiſtory of *Geſta Romanorum*," is advertiſed at the end of the comedy of *Mucidorus*, 1668, to be ſold, among other books, on Saffron-Hill, in Wine-Street, near Hatton-Garden. Again, in Sir *Giles Gooſecap*, 1606:

"Then for your lordſhip's quips and quick jeſts, why *Geſta Romanorum* were nothing to them." Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611:

"—one that has read Marcus Aurelius, *Geſta Romanorum*, the Mirror of Magiſtrates, &c."

Gre-

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus* V. translated by Ellis Farneworth, 1745, has likewise this kind of story.

It was currently reported in Rome that Drake had taken and plundered S. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty: this account came in a private letter to *Paul Secchi*, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts which he had insured. Upon the receiving this news he sent for the insurer Samson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true; and at last worked himself up into such a passion, that he said, "I'll lay you a pound of my flesh it is a lie."

Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, "If you like it, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed between them, the substance of which was, "That if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased." Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of the account was soon after confirmed, by other advices from the West-Indies, which threw him almost into distraction; especially when he was informed that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of flesh from that part of his body which it is not necessary to mention. Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpose in the affair, and use his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of a thousand pistoles as an equivalent for the pound of flesh: but the governor not daring to take upon him to determine a case of so uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who sent for them both; and having heard the articles read, and informed himself perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, said, "When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as we intend this shall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We would advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a scruple or grain more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of scales, and let it be done in our presence."

The merchant at these words, began to tremble like an aspin-leaf, and throwing himself at his holiness's feet, with tears in his eyes protested, "It was far from his thoughts to insist upon the performance of the contract." And being asked by the pope what he demanded; answered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces." Then turning to the Jew, he asked him, "What he had to say, and whether he was content." The Jew answered, "That he thought himself extremely happy to come off at so easy a rate,

and that he was perfectly content." "But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there sufficient satisfaction made to our laws. We desire to know what authority you have to lay such wagers? The subjects of princes are the property of the state, and have no right to dispose of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the express consent of their sovereigns."

They were both immediately sent to prison, and the governor ordered to proceed against them with the utmost severity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more such wagers.——[The governor interceding for them, and proposing a fine of a thousand crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to death, the Jew for selling his life, by consenting to have a pound of flesh cut from his body, which he said was direct suicide, and the merchant for premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew must be the occasion of his death.]

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the most leading men in the synagogue, they both had recourse to petitions. Strong application was made to cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holiness at least to spare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really design to put them to death, but to deter others from such practices, at last consented to change the sentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them two thousand crowns, to be applied to the use of the hospital which he had lately founded, before they were released.

Life of Sixtus V. Fol. B. vii. p. 293, &c.

STEEVENS.

AS

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A

COMEDY.

Perſons Repreſented [1].

Duke.
Frederick, *brother to the Duke, and uſurper.*
Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his baniſhment.*
Jaques, }
Le Beau, *a courtier attending upon* Frederick.
Oliver, *eldeſt ſon to Sir* Rowland de Boys.
Jaques, } *younger brothers to* Oliver.
Orlando, }
Adam, *an old ſervant of Sir* Rowland de Boys.
Touchſtone, *a clown.*
Corin, } *Shepherds.*
Sylvius, }
William, *in love with* Audrey.
Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a vicar.*
Charles, *wreſtler to the uſurping Duke* Frederick.
Dennis, *ſervant to* Oliver.

Roſalind, *daughter to the Duke.*
Celia, *daughter to* Frederick.
Phebe, *a ſhepherdeſs.*
Audrey, *a country wench.*
A perſon repreſenting Hymen.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with pages, foreſters, and other attendants.

The SCENE *lies, firſt, near Oliver's houſe; and, afterwards, partly in the Duke's court; and partly in the foreſt of Arden.*

[1] The liſt of the perſons being omitted in the old editions, was added by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

A S

AS YOU LIKE IT[2].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Oliver's Orchard.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns[3]; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother,

[2] *As you like it* was *certainly borrowed*, if we believe Dr. Gray, and Mr. Upton, from the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*; which by the way was not *printed* 'till a century afterward: when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of MSS. contented himself solely with *Lodge's Rosalynd*, or, *Euphues' Golden Legacye*. 4to. 1590. FARMER.

Shakespeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketch'd some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription.

It should be observed that the characters of *Jaques*, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of the poet's own formation.

Although I have never met with any edition of this comedy before the year 1623, it is evident, that such a publication was at least designed. At the beginning of the second volume of the entries at Stationers' Hall, are placed two leaves of irregular prohibitions, notes, &c. Among these are the following:

Aug. 4.
"*As You Like It*, a book. . . }
"*Henry the Fift*, a book. . . } to be staied."
"Comedy of *Much Ado*, a book. }

The dates scattered over these pages are from 1596 to 1615.

STEEVENS.

[3] *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this* fashion *bequeathed me by will, but a poor thousand crowns*, &c.] The grammar, as well as sense, suffers cruelly by this reading. There are two nominatives

ther, on his bleſſing, to breed me well: and there begins my ſadneſs. My brother Jaques he keeps at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home, or, to ſpeak more properly, ſtays me here at home, unkept[4]; For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? His horſes are bred better; for, beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as

to the verb *bequeathed*, and not ſo much as one to the verb *charged*: and yet, to the nominative there wanted, [*his bleſſing*] refers. So that the whole ſentence is confuſed and obſcure. A very ſmall alteration in the reading and pointing ſets all right.—*As I remember, Adam, it was upon this* my father *bequeathed me*, &c The grammar is now rectified, and the ſenſe alſo; which is this, Orlando and Adam were diſcourſing together on the cauſe why the younger brother had but a thouſand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and Orlando opens the ſcene in this manner, *As I remember, it was upon this*, i. e. for the reaſon we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thouſand crowns; however, to make amends for this ſcanty proviſion, he charged my brother on his bleſſing to breed me well. WARBURTON.

There is, in my opinion, nothing but a point miſplaced, and an omiſſion of a word which every hearer can ſupply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes.

I read thus: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this faſhion bequeathed me. By will but a poor thouſand crowns; and, as thou ſayeſt, charged my brother on his bleſſing, to breed me well.* What is there in this difficult or obſcure? The nominative *my father* is certainly left out, but ſo left out that the auditor inſerts it, in ſpite of himſelf. JOHNSON.

4 Stays *me here at home, unkept*;] We ſhould read *ſtys*, i. e. keeps me like a brute. The following words—*for call you that keeping*——*that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox*, confirms this emendation. So Caliban ſays,

"*And here you* ſty *me in this hard rock.*" WARBURTON.

Sties is better than *ſtays*, and more likely to be Shakeſpeare's. JOHNSON.

So, in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:

"And *ſty* themſelves up in a little room." STEEVENS.

I,

I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, [5] his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orla. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while [6].

Orla.

[5] *His* countenance *seems to take from me:*] We should certainly read, *his* discountenance. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change, a countenance is either good or bad. JOHNSON.

[6] *Be better employed, and* be nought a while.] Mr. Theobald has here a very critical note; which, though his modesty suffered him to withdraw it from his second edition, deserves to be perpetuated, i. e. (says he) *be better employed, in my opinion, in being and doing nothing. Your idleness, as you call it, may be an exercise by which you make a figure, and endear yourself to the world: and I had rather you were a contemptible cypher. The poet seems to me to have that trite proverbial sentiment in his eye, quoted from Attilius, by the younger Pliny and others;* satius est otiosum esse quàm nihil agere. *But Oliver, in the perverseness of his disposition, would reverse the doctrine of the proverb.* Does the reader know what all this means? But 'tis no matter. I will assure him—*be nought a while*

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat hufks with them? What prodigal portion have I fpent, that I fhould come to fuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, fir?

Orla. O, fir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, fir?

Orla. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know you are my eldeft brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you fhould fo know me: The

while is only a north-country proverbial curfe equivalent to, *a mifchief on you.* So the old poet Skelton:

"*Correct firft thy felfe, walke and* be nought,
"*Deeme what thou lift, thou knoweft not my thought.*"

But what the Oxford editor could not explain, he would amend, and reads:

——— *and do aught a while.* WARBURTON.

If *be nought a while* has the fignification here given it, the reading may certainly ftand; but till I learned its meaning from this note, I read:

Be better employed, and be naught *a while.*

In the fame fenfe as we fay, *it is better to do mifchief, than to do nothing.* JOHNSON.

Notwithftanding Dr. Warburton's far-fetched explanation, I believe that the words *be nought a while*, mean no more than this, *Be content to be a cypher, till I fhall think fit to elevate you into confequence.*

This was certainly a proverbial faying. I find it in *The Storie of King Darius*, an interlude, 1565:

"Come away, *and be nought a whyle*,
"Or furely I will you both defyle."

Again, in *K. Henry* IV. P. II. Falftaff fays to Piftol: "Nay, if he do nothing but fpeak nothing, *he fhall be nothing* here."

STEEVENS.

Naught is the reading of the folio, but I believe *nought* was intended; for in the early part of the 17th century, *nought* was generally fpelt *naught*. So, in the 2d part of Marfton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"Whofe reeling cenfure if I value not,
"It values *naught*."

In the edition of the fame play, 1633, it ftands rightly:

"It values *nought*."

Again, *ibid*:

"He who hath *naught* that fortune's gripe can feize."

Again: "*Naught* elfe but fmoke." MALONE.

courtefy

courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence [7].

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain [8]: I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, 'till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me,

[7] *Albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his* reverence.] This is sense indeed, and may be thus understood.—— The reverence due to my father is, in some degree, derived to you, as the first-born—But I am persuaded that Orlando did not here mean to compliment his brother, or condemn himself; something of both which there is in that sense. I rather think he intended a satirical reflection on his brother, who by *letting him feed with his hinds*, treated him as one not so nearly related to old sir Rowland as himself was. I imagine therefore Shakespeare might write,—— *albeit your coming before me is nearer his* revenue, i. e. though you are no nearer in blood, yet it must be owned, indeed, you are nearer in estate. WARBURTON.

[8] *I am no villain:*] The word *villain* is used by the elder brother, in its present meaning, for a *worthless*, *wicked*, or *bloody man*; by Orlando in its original signification, for a *fellow of base extraction.* JOHNSON.

me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is ſpent? Well, ſir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice.—God be with my old maſter, he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

Oli. Is it even ſo? begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſick your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worſhip?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in.——[*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wreſtling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good-morrow to your worſhip.

Oli. Good monſieur Charles!—What's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, ſir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is baniſh'd by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new

duke,

duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the old duke's daughter [9], be banish'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the new duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelesly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for mine own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

[9] *The old duke's daughter,*] The words *old* and *new* which seem necessary to the perspicuity of the dialogue, are inserted from sir T. Hanmer's edition. JOHNSON.

The author of the *Revisal* is of opinion, that the words which follow, *her cousin*, sufficiently distinguish the person intended. STEEVENS.

Oli.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck, as his finger; and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison; entrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee, 'till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewel good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised; but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

An open walk, before the Duke's palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pry'thee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune,

tune, from her wheel [1], that her gifts may henceforth be beftowed equally.

Rof. I would, we could do fo; for her benefits are mightily mifplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth moft miftake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for thofe, that fhe makes fair, fhe fcarce makes honeft; and thofe, that fhe makes honeft, fhe makes very ill-favour'dly.

Rof. Nay, now thou goeft from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchftone, a clown.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may fhe not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune fent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Rof. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reafon of fuch goddeffes, hath fent this natural for our whetftone: for always the dulnefs of the fool is the whetftone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Clo. Miftrefs, you muft come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the meffenger?

[1] ——*mock the good houfewife Fortune from her wheel,*] The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *houfewife*. Shakefpeare has confounded Fortune, whofe wheel only figures uncertainty and viciffitude, with the deftiny that fpins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. JOHNSON.

Shakefpeare is very fond of this idea. He has the fame in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——*and rail fo high,*
"*That the falfe houfewife Fortune break her wheel.*"
STEEVENS.

Clo.

Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Clo. [2] One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation, one of these days.

Clo The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

[2] Clo. *One that old Frederick, your father, loves.*
Ros. *My father's love is enough to honour him:*]
This reply to the Clown is in all the books placed to Rosalind; but Frederick was not her father, but Celia's: I have therefore ventured to prefix the name of Celia. There is no countenance from any passage in the play, or from the *Dramatis Personæ*, to imagine, that both the Brother-Dukes were namesakes; and one called the Old, and the other the Younger-Frederick; and without some such authority, it would make confusion to suppose it. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald seems not to know that the *Dramatis Personæ* were first enumerated by Rowe. JOHNSON.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenc'd [3], the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. Bon jour, Monsieur le Beau; what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel [4].

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies [5]: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

3 ——*since the little wit, that fools have, was silenc'd,*] Shakespeare probably alludes to the use of *fools* or *jesters*, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated. JOHNSON.

4 ——*laid on with a trowel.*] I suppose the meaning is, that there is too heavy a mass of big words laid upon a slight subject. JOHNSON.

This is a proverbial expression which is generally used to signify a *glaring falshood*. See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

5 *You amaze me, ladies:*] To *amaze*, here, is not to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuse, so as to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNSON.

Le Beau.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents* [6],——

Le Beau.

[6] *With* bills *on their necks,—Be it known unto all men by these presents,*——] The *ladies* and the *fool*, according to the mode of wit at that time, are at a kind of *cross purposes*. Where the words of one speaker are wrested by another, in a repartee, to a different meaning. As where the Clown says just before——*Nay, if I keep not my rank.* Rosalind replies——*thou losest thy old smell.* So here when Rosalind had said, *With bills on their necks*, the Clown, to be quits with her, puts in, *Know all men by these presents.* She spoke of an instrument of war, and he turns it to an instrument of law of the same name, beginning with these words: so that they must be given to him. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is ingenious. Where meaning is so very thin, as in this vein of jocularity, it is hard to catch, and therefore I know not well what to determine; but I cannot see why Rosalind should suppose, that the competitors in a wrestling match carried *bills* on their shoulders, and I believe the whole conceit is in the poor resemblance of *presence* and *presents*. JOHNSON.

With bills *on their necks*, should be the conclusion of Le Beau's speech. Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton, "As if people carried such instruments of war, as *bills* and *guns* on *their necks*, not *on their shoulders!*" But unluckily the ridicule falls upon himself. Lassels, in his *Voyage of Italy*, says of Tutors, "Some persuade their pupils, that it is fine carrying a *gun upon their necks*. But what is still more, the expression is taken immediately from Lodge, who furnished our author with his plot. "Ganimede on a day sitting with Aliena (the assumed names, as in the play) cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his *forest-bill on his necke*." FARMER.

The quibble may be countenanced by the following passage in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

 "Good-

Le Beau. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with Charles, the duke's wreſtler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerv'd the ſecond, and ſo the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making ſuch pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Roſ. Alas!

Clo. But what is the ſport, monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

Le Beau. Why this, that I ſpeak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiſer every day! it is the firſt time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Roſ. But [7] is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken

" Good-morrow, taylor, I abhor *bills* in a morning—
" But thou may'ſt watch at night with *bill* in hand."

Again, in Rowley's *When you ſee me you know me*, 1613:

" Enter King, and Compton, with *bills on his back.*"

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

" And each of you a good bat *on his neck.*"

Again,

" ——— are you not big enough to bear
" Your bats *upon your necks.*" STEEVENS.

[7] —*is there any elſe longs to* ſee *this broken muſick in his ſides?*] A ſtupid error in the copies. They are talking here of ſome who had their ribs broke in wreſtling: and the pleaſantry of Roſalind's repartee muſt conſiſt in the alluſion ſhe makes to *compoſing* in *muſick*. It neceſſarily follows therefore, that the poet wrote——SET *this* broken muſick *in his ſides.* WARBURTON.

If any change were neceſſary, I ſhould write, *feel this broken muſick*, for *ſee*. But *ſee* is the colloquial term for perception or experiment. So we ſay every day, *ſee* if the water be hot; I will *ſee* which is the beſt time; ſhe has tried, and *ſees* that ſhe cannot lift it. In this ſenſe *ſee* may be here uſed. The ſufferer can, with no propriety, be ſaid to *ſet* the muſick; neither is the alluſion to the act of tuning an inſtrument, or pricking a tune, one of which muſt be meant by *ſetting* muſick. Roſalind hints at a whimſical ſimilitude between the ſeries of ribs gradually ſhortening, and ſome muſical inſtruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs*, *broken muſick.* JOHNSON.

muſick

musick in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and attendants.

Duke. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the [8] men: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orla. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

Orla. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for

[8] —*odds in the men:*] Sir T. Hanmer. In the old editions, the *man.* JOHNSON.

your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, [9] or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. [1] I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you!

[9] —*if you saw yourself with* your *eyes, or knew yourself with* your *judgment,*] Absurd! The sense requires that we should read, —our *eyes,* and—our *judgment.* The argument is, *Your spirits are too bold, and therefore your judgment deceives you; but did you see and know yourself with our more impartial judgment, you would forbear.* WARBURTON.

I cannot find the absurdity of the present reading. *If you were not blinded and intoxicated,* says the princess, *with the spirit of enterprise, if you could use* your own eyes to *see,* or your own judgment to know *yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you.* JOHNSON.

[1] *I beseech you, punish me not* &c.] I should wish to read, *I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts.* Therein *I confess myself much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing.* JOHNSON.

Cel.

Cel. Your heart's defires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is fo defirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, fir; but his will hath in it a more modeft working.

Duke. You fhall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you fhall not entreat him to a fecond, that have fo mightily perfuaded him from a firft.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you fhould not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Rof. Now, Hercules be thy fpeed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invifible, to catch the ftrong fellow by the leg! [*They wreftle.*

Rof. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who fhould down. [*Shout.*

Duke. No more, no more. [*Charles is thrown.*

Orla. Yes, I befeech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How doft thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot fpeak, my lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. Orlando, my liege; the youngeft fon of fir Rowland de Boys.

Duke. I would, thou hadft been fon to fome man else.
The world efteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ftill mine enemy:
Thou fhouldft have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadft thou defcended from another houfe.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadft told me of another father.
[*Exit Duke, with his train.*

Manent Celia, Rosalind, Orlando.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?
Orla. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.
Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.
Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.
Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune[2];
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?
Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orla. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up,
Is but a quintaine[3], a mere lifeless block.

Ros.

[2] ——*one out of suits with fortune*;] This seems an allusion to cards, where he that has no more cards to play of any particular sort is *out of suit*. JOHNSON.

Out of suits with fortune,] I believe means, turned out of her service, and stripp'd of her livery. STEEVENS.

[3] *Is but a* quintaine, a *mere lifeless block.*] A *quintaine* was a *post* or *butt* set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. The allusion is beautiful, *I am*, says Orlando, *only a* quintaine, *a lifeless block on which love only exercises his arms in jest; the great disparity*

Rof. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, fir?—
Sir, you have wreftled well, and overthrown
More than you enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Rof. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rofalind and Celia.*

Orla. What paffion hangs thefe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot fpeak to her, yet fhe urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or fomething weaker, mafters thee.

Le Beau. Good fir, I do in friendfhip counfel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deferv'd
High commendation, true applaufe, and love;
Yet fuch is now the duke's condition [2],
That he mifconftrues all that you have done.

parity of condition between Rofalind and me, not fuffering me to hope that love will ever make a ferious matter of it. The famous fatirift Regnier, who lived about the time of our author, ufes the fame metaphor, on the fame fubject, though the thought be different:

" *Et qui depuis dix ans jufqu'en fes derniers jours,*
" *A fouteuu le prix en l'efcrime d'amours;*
" *Laffe en fin de fervir au peuple de* quintaine,
" *Elle,* &c." WARBURTON.

This is but an imperfect (to call it no worfe) explanation of a beautiful paffage. The *quintaine* was not the object of the darts and arms: it was a ftake driven into a field, upon which were hung a fhield and other trophies of war, at which they fhot, darted, or rode, with a lance. When the fhield and the trophies were all thrown down, the quintaine remained. Without this information how could the reader underftand the allufion of

" ——— my better parts
" Are all thrown down;" GUTHRIE.

[2] *the duke's condition,*] The word *condition* means character, temper, difpofition. So Anthonio, the merchant of Venice, is called by his friend the *beft-conditioned man.* JOHNSON.

The

The duke is humourous; what he is, indeed,
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of.

Orla. I thank you, ſir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wreſtling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the ſhorter[5] is his daughter
The other is daughter to the baniſh'd duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whoſe loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's ſake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſuddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you. [*Exit.*

Orla. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well!
Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Roſalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An apartment in the palace.

Enter Celia, and Roſalind.

Cel. Why, couſin; why, Roſalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

[5] *the* ſhorter:] The old copy reads—the *taller.* STEEVENS.

Roſ.

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father[6]: Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry, hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despight of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase[7], I should hate

[6] —*for my father's child:*] Thus the modern editors, the old editions have it, *for my child's father*, that is, as it is explained by Mr. Theobald, *for my future husband.* JOHNSON.

[7] —*by this kind of chase,*] That is, by this way of *following* the argument. *Dear* is used by Shakespeare in a double sense for *beloved*, and for *hurtful*, *hated*, *baleful*. Both senses are authorised, and both drawn from etymology, but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *baleful* is *dere*. Rosalind uses *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad sense. JOHNSON.

him,

him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Rof. No, faith, hate him not, for my fake.

Cel. Why fhould I not? doth he not deferve well?

Enter Duke, with lords.

Rof. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, becaufe I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Miftrefs, difpatch you with your fafeft hafte,
And get you from our court.

Rof. Me, uncle?

Duke. You, coufin:
Within thefe ten days if that thou be'ft found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou dieft for it.

Rof. I do befeech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myfelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own defires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do truft, I am not) then, dear uncle,
Never, fo much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highnefs.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did confift in words,
They are as innocent as grace itfelf:—
Let it fuffice thee, that I truft thee not.

Rof. Yet your miftruft cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Rof. So was I when you highnefs took his dukedom;
So was I, when your highnefs banifh'd him:
Treafon is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:

Then

Then, good my liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear ſovereign, hear me ſpeak.

Duke. Ay, Celia; we but ſtay'd her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay,
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereſoe'er we went, like Juno's ſwans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

Duke. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: ſhe robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous[8],
When ſhe is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have paſt upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool;—You, niece, provide yourſelf;
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatneſs of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke, &c.*

[8] *And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and* ſeem *more virtuous,*] This implies her to be ſomehow remarkably defective in virtue: which was not the ſpeaker's thought. The poet doubtleſs wrote:

——— *and* ſhine *more virtuous.*

i. e. her virtues would appear more ſplendid, when the luſtre of her couſin's was away. WARBURTON.

The plain meaning of the old and true reading is, that when ſhe was ſeen alone, ſhe would be more noted. JOHNSON.

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?
Ros. That he hath not.
Cel. No? hath not? [9] Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change [1] upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;

[9] ——*Rosalind lacks then the love*
Which teacheth thee *that thou and I am one:*]
The poet certainly wrote—*which teacheth* me. For if Rosalind had learnt to think Celia one part of herself, she could not *lack* that love which Celia complains she does. WARBURTON.

Either reading may stand. The sense of the established text is not remote or obscure. Where would be the absurdity of saying, *You know not the law which teaches you to do right?* JOHNSON.

[1] ——*take your change upon you,*] In all the later editions, from Mr. Rowe's to Dr. Warburton's, *change* is altered to *charge*, without any reason. JOHNSON.

Charge is the reading of the second folio, and, I should think, upon that authority might very well be admitted into the text, in preference to *change*. TYRWHITT.

The

The like do you; ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.

Roſ. Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax [2] upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a [3] ſwaſhing and a martial outſide;
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

Cel. What ſhall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Roſ. I'll have no worſe a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me, Ganimed.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Roſ. But, couſin, what if we aſſay'd to ſteal
The clowniſh fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content;
To liberty, and not to baniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

[2] ——*curtle-axe*, or *cutlace*, a broad ſword. JOHNSON.

[3] *I'll have a ſwaſhing*, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer, for *we'll have*. JOHNSON.

A *ſwaſhing* outſide is an appearance of noiſy, bullying valour. *Swaſhing blow* is uſed in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The forest of Arden.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and two or three lords like foresters.

Duke Sen. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty[4] of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head[5]:

And

[4] In former editions, *Here feel we* not *the penalty*. What was the penalty of Adam, hinted at by our poet? The being sensible of the difference of the seasons. The Duke says, the cold and effects of the winter feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the penalty? Doubtless, the text must be restored as I have corrected it: and 'tis obvious in the course of these notes, how often *not* and *but* by mistake have chang'd place in our author's former editions. THEOBALD.

[5] *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,*
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:]
It was the current opinion in Shakespeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This stone has been often sought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the skull. JOHNSON.

In

And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it[6]: Happy is your grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtile.

Duke Sen. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this deſert city[7],
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads[8]
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens, and myſelf,

In a book called *A Green Foreſt, or a Natural Hiſtory,* &c. by John Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: "In this ſtone is apparently ſeene verie often the verie "forme of a tode, with deſpotted and coloured feete, but thoſe uglye and defuſedly. It is available againſt envenoming."

Again, in J. Fletcher's *Monſieur Thomas*, 1639:

"———in moſt phyſicians' heads,
"There is a kind of *toadſtone* bred."——

Again, in *Adraſta, or The Woman's Spleen*, 1635:

"Do not then forget the *ſtone*
"In the *toad*, nor ſerpent's bone, &c."

Pliny, in the 32d book of his *Nat. Hiſt.* aſcribes many wonderful qualities to a *bone* found in the right ſide of a *toad*, but makes no mention of any gem in its head. STEEVENS.

[6] *I would not change it:*] Mr. Upton, not without probability, gives theſe words to the Duke, and makes Amiens begin: *Happy is your grace.* JOHNSON.

[7] *Native burghers of this deſert city,*] In *Sidney's Arcadia*, the deer are called "the wild *burgeſſes* of the foreſt." Again, in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"Where, fearleſs of the hunt, the hart ſecurely ſtood,
"And every where walk'd free, a *burgeſs* of the wood."

STEEVENS.

[8] —*with forked heads*] i. e. with *arrows*, the points of which were *barbed*. STEEVENS.

Did steal behind him, as he lay along[9]
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequestred stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears[1]
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extreamest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much[2]: Then, being alone,

[9] *—as he lay along*
Under an oak, &c.:
" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
" That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
" His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
" And pore upon the brook that babbles by." *Gray*'s Elegy.
STEEVENS.

[1] *—the big round tears*, &c.] It is said in one of the marginal notes to a similar passage in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, that " the hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine." STEEVENS.

[2] *To that which had too much*:] Shakespeare has almost the same thought in his *Lover's Complaint*:
" ———in a river——
" Upon whose weeping margin she was set,
" Like usury, applying wet to wet."
Again, in *K. Henry* VI. P. III. act V. sc. iv:
" With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
" And give more strength *to that which hath too much*."
STEEVENS.

Left

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus misery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; *Ay,* quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
I love to cope him [3] in these sullen fits.
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace.

Enter Duke Frederick with Lords.

Duke. Can it be possible, that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,

[3] —*to cope him*] To encounter him; to engage with him. JOHNSON.

Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown [4], at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail [5]
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

4 ——the *roynish* clown,] *Roynish* from *rogneux*, Fr. mangy, scurvy. The word is used by Chaucer in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, 988:

" That knottie was and all *roinous*."

Again, by Dr. Gabriel Harvey, in his *Pierce's Supererogation*, 4to. 1593. Speaking of Long Meg of Westminster, he says,— " Although she were a lusty bouncing rampe, somewhat like Gallemetta or maid Marian, yet was she not such a *roinish* rannel, such a dissolute gillian-flirt, &c."

We are not to suppose the word is literally employed by Shakespeare, but in the same sense that the French still use *carogne*, a term of which Moliere is not very sparing in some of his pieces. STEEVENS.

5 ———— *quail*] To *quail* is to *faint*, to sink into dejection. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ———— which my false spirits
" *Quail* to remember." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orla. Who's there?
Adam. What! my young maſter?—Oh, my gentle maſter,
Oh, my ſweet maſter, [6] O you memory
Of old ſir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bony [7] priſer of the humorous duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men

[6] ———*O you memory*] Shakeſpeare often uſes *memory* for *memorial:* and Beaumont and Fletcher ſometimes. So, in the *Humourous Lieutenant:*

" I knew then how to ſeek your *memories.*"

Again, in *The Atheiſt's Tragedy*, by C. Turner, 1611:

" And with his body place that *memory*
" Of noble Charlemont."

Again, in *Byron's Tragedy:*

" That ſtatue will I prize paſt all the jewels
" Within the cabinet of Beatrice,
" The *memory* of my grandame." STEEVENS.

[7] In the former editions, *The* bonny *priſer*———] We ſhould read—bony *priſer*. For this wreſtler is characteriſed for his ſtrength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good-humour. WARBURTON.

So Milton: " *Giants of mighty* bone." JOHNSON.

So, in the Romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

" This is a man all for the nones,
" For he is a man of *great bones.*"

Bonny, however, may be the true reading. So, in *K. Henry VI. P. II.* act v:

" Even of the *bonny* beaſt he lov'd ſo well."

Mr. Malone obſerves, that the word *bonny* occurs more than once in the novel from which this play of *As You Like It* is taken. STEEVENS.

Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the ſon—
Yet not the ſon;—I will not call him ſon—
Of him I was about to call his father)
Hath heard your praiſes; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place [8], this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, Adam, wouldſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a baſe and boiſterous ſword, enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood [9], and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not ſo: I have five hundred crowns,

[8] *This is no* place,] *Place* here ſignifies a *ſeat*, a *manſion*, a *reſidence*. So, in the firſt Book of *Samuel*. "Saul ſet him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal." We ſtill uſe the word in compound with another, as—St. James's *place*, Rathbone *place*; and Croſby *place* in *K. Richard* III. &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *diverted blood*,] Blood turned out of the courſe of nature. JOHNSON.

The

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orla. Oh good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choak their service up
Even with the having[1]: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years 'till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.

[1] *Even with the having:*] Even with the *promotion* gained by service is service extinguished. JOHNSON.

At ſeventeen years many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The foreſt of Arden.

Enter Roſalind in boy's cloaths for Ganimed; Celia dreſt like a ſhepherdeſs for Aliena, and Touchſtone the Clown.

Roſ. O Jupiter! how weary are my ſpirits [2]!

Clo. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

Roſ. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow itſelf courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you [3]: [4] yet I ſhould bear no croſs, if I did bear you; for, I think you have no money in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the foreſt of Arden.

[2] *O Jupiter, how* merry *are my ſpirits?*] And yet, within the ſpace of one intervening line, ſhe ſays, ſhe could find in her heart to diſgrace her man's apparel, and *cry* like a woman. Sure, this is but a very bad ſymptom of the *briſkneſs of ſpirits:* rather a direct proof of the contrary diſpoſition. Mr. Warburton and I, concurred in conjecturing it ſhould be, as I have reformed in the text:——*how* weary *are my ſpirits?* And the Clown's reply makes this reading certain. THEOBALD.

[3] ——*I had rather* bear with *you than* bear *you.*] This jingle is repeated in *K. Richard* III:

"You mean to *bear* me, not to *bear with* me." STEEVENS.

[4] ————*yet I ſhould bear no* croſs,] A *croſs* was a piece of money ſtamped with a *croſs*. On this our author is perpetually quibbling. STEEVENS.

Clo.

Clo. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

Roſ. Ay, be ſo, good Touchſtone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in ſolemn talk.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.
Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!
Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.
Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canſt not gueſs;
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover,
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As ſure I think did never man love ſo)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſy?
Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.
Sil. O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily:
If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly [4]
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not ſat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me,

[4] *If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly,*] I am inclined to believe that from this paſſage *Suckling* took the hint of his ſong:
"*Honeſt lover, whoſoever,*
"*If in all thy love there ever*
"*Were one wav'ring thought, thy flame*
"*Were not, even, ſtill the ſame,*
"*Know this*
"*Thou lov'ſt amiſs,*
"*And to love true*
"*Thou muſt begin again and love anew,* &c. JOHNSON.

Thou

Thou haſt not lov'd :—Oh Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!
[*Exit Silvius.*

Roſ. Alas, poor ſhepherd! ſearching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Clo. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming o'nights to Jane Smile; and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet [6], and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her; from whom I took two [7] cods, and, giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears [8], *Wear theſe for my ſake.* We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly [9].

Roſ.

6 —*batlet,*—] The inſtrument with which waſhers beat their coarſe cloaths. JOHNSON.

7 —*two cods*—] For *cods* it would be more like ſenſe to read *peas*, which having the ſhape of pearls, reſembled the common preſents of lovers. JOHNSON.

In a ſchedule of jewels in the 15th vol. of *Rymer's Fædera*, we find, "Item, two *peaſcoddes* of gold, with 17 pearles." FARMER.

Peaſcods was the ancient term for *peas* as they are brought to market. So, in Greene's *Groundwork of Conycatching*, 1592: "went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or *peſcods*, &c." Again, in the *Shepherd's Slumber*, a ſong publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"In *peſcod* time when hound to horne
"Gives ear till buck be kill'd, &c."

Again, in *The Honeſt Man's Fortune*, by B. and Fletcher:

"Shalt feed on delicates, the firſt *peaſcods*, ſtrawberries." STEEVENS.

8 —weeping tears,] A ridiculous expreſſion from a ſonnet in Lodge's *Roſalynd*, the novel on which this comedy is founded. It likewiſe occurs in the old anonymous play of the *Victories of K. Henry* V. STEEVENS.

9 —*ſo is all nature in love, mortal in folly.*] This expreſſion I do not well underſtand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is uſed as a particle of amplification; as *mortal tall, mortal little.* Of this ſenſe I believe Shakeſpeare takes advan-

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer, than thou art 'ware of.

Clo. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be aware of mine own wit, 'till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. Jove! Jove! this ſhepherd's paſſion is much upon my faſhion.

Clo. And mine; but it grows ſomething ſtale with
me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yon man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.

Clo. Holla; you, clown!

Roſ. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters, ſir.

Cor. Elſe they are very wretched.

Roſ. Peace, I ſay:—Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle ſir, and to you all.

Roſ. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this deſert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt ourſelves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.

Cor. Fair ſir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-cote now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee,

advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, *ſo is all nature in love* abounding *in folly*.
JOHNSON.

And

And in my voice most welcome shall you be [1].

Ros. What is he, that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain, that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

SONG.

Ami. *Under the greenwood tree,*
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

[1] *And in my voice most welcome shall you be.*] *In my voice*, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome. JOHNSON.

Jaq.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weazel ſucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged [2]; I know, I cannot pleaſe you.

Jaq. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire you to ſing: Come, more; another ſtanza; Call you 'em ſtanzas?

Ami. What you will, monſieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you ſing?

Ami. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe myſelf.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, ſing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the ſong. — Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition ſhun, [*all together here*]
And loves to live [3] *i' the ſun,*
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;

[2] —*rugged*;] In old editions *ragged*. JOHNSON.

[3] —*to* live—] Modern editions, *to lie*. JOHNSON.

To live i' the ſun, is to labour and "ſweat in the eye of Phœbus," or, *vitam agere ſub dio*; for by *lying* in the ſun, how could they get the food they eat? TOLLET.

Here

Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despight of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me [4];
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that, *duc ad me*?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.

[4] *Duc ad me,*—] For *ducdame* sir T. Hanmer, very acutely and judiciously, reads *duc ad me*, That is, *bring him to me*. JOHNSON.

If *duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have asked its meaning, and been put off with "a *Greek invocation*." It is evidently a word coined *for the nonce*. We have here, as Butler says, "One for *sense*, and one for *rhyme*."—Indeed we must have a *double rhyme*; or this stanza cannot well be sung to the same tune with the former. I read thus:

"*Ducdamè, Ducdamè, Ducdamè,*
"Here shall he see
"Gross fools as he,
"An' if he will come to *Ami*."

That is, to Amiens. Jacques did not mean to ridicule himself. FARMER.

Duc ad me seems to be a plain allusion to the burthen of Amiens's song:

Come hither, come hither, come hither.

That Amiens, who is a courtier, should not understand Latin, or be persuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder. An anonymous correspondent proposes to read—*Huc ad me*. STEEVENS.

circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt[5].

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewel, kind master.

Orla. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Duke Senior and lords. [*A table set out.*

Duke Sen. I think he is transform'd into a beast; For I can no where find him like a man.

[5] ——— *the first-born of Egypt.*] A proverbial expression for high-born persons. JOHNSON.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a ſong.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars [6], grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres:—
Go, ſeek him; tell him, I would ſpeak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why, how now, monſieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends muſt woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!——I met a fool i' the foreſt,
A motley fool,—a miſerable world [7]!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: *No, ſir,* quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune:

[6] —*compact of jars,*] i. e. made up of diſcords. Shakeſpeare elſewhere ſays, *compact of credit,* for *made up of credulity.* Again, in *Woman is a Weathercock,* 1612:
"——like gilded tombs
"*Compacted* of jet pillars."
The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Tamburlaine,* 1590:
"*Compact* of rapine, piracy and ſpoil." STEEVENS.

[7] *A motley fool!—a miſerable* world!] What! becauſe he met a *motley fool,* was it therefore *a miſerable world?* This is ſadly blundered; we ſhould read:
"——*a miſerable* varlet."
His head is altogether running on this fool, both before and after theſe words, and here he calls him *a miſerable varlet,* notwithſtanding he *railed on lady Fortune in good terms,* &c. Nor is the change we make ſo great as appears at firſt ſight. WARBURTON.

I ſee no need of changing *fool* to *varlet,* nor, if a change were neceſſary, can I gueſs how it ſhould certainly be known that *varlet* is the true word. *A miſerable world* is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the ſight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life. JOHNSON.

And

And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, *It is ten a-clock:*
Thus may we see, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear[8].

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

[8] —motley's *the only wear.*] It would not have been necessary to repeat that a *motley*, or a *particoloured coat* was anciently the dress of a fool, had not the editor of Ben Jonson's works been mistaken in his comment on the 53d *Epigram:*

"———where, out of *motley's* he
"Could save that line to dedicate to thee?"

Motley, says Mr. Whalley, is the man who *out of any* odd mixture, or old scraps, could save, &c. whereas it means only, *Who but a fool*, i. e. *one in a suit of motley*, &c.
So, in Butler's *Hudibras*, Part I. c. iii. l. 106:

"For who, *without a cap and bauble*,
"Would put it to a second proof?"

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of the first part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation. STEEVENS.

Jaq. It is my only suit[9];
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most gauled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?
The *why* is plain as way to parish church:
[1] He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not[2],
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandring glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:

[9] *Only suit;*] *Suit* means *petition*, I believe, not *dress*. JOHNSON.
The poet meant a quibble. So act V. "Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *suit*. STEEVENS.

[1] *He, that a fool doth wisely hit,*
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
——— *Seem senseless of the bob: if not*, &c.]
Besides that the third verse is defective one whole *foot* in measure, the tenour of what Jaques continues to say, and the reasoning of the passage, shew it no less defective in the sense. There is no doubt, but the two little monosyllables, which I have supplied, were either by accident wanting in the manuscript or, by inadvertence were left out. THEOBALD.

[2] *if not*, &c.] Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power, and the wise man will have his folly *anatomised*, that is *dissected* and *laid open* by the *squandring glances* or *random shots* of a fool. JOHNSON.

For

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself [3];
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
'Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein suits
His folly to the metal of my speech?
There then; How then? What then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

3 *As sensual as the brutish sting*] Though the *brutish sting* is capable of a sense not inconvenient in this passage, yet as it is a harsh and unusual mode of speech, I should read the *brutish sty*. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 8:

"A heard of bulls whom kindly rage doth *sting*."

Again, b. ii. c. 12:

"As if that hunger's point, or Venus *sting*,
"Had them enrag'd."

Again, in *Othello*:

"——our carnal *stings*, our unbitted lusts." STEEVENS.

Orla. Nor ſhalt not, 'till neceſſity be ſerv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind ſhould this cock come of?
Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs;
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?
Orla. You touch'd my vein at firſt; the thorny point [4]
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth civility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome nurture [5]: But forbear, I ſay;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are anſwered.
Jaq. An you will not
Be anſwered with reaſon, I muſt die.
Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force,
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.
Orla. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.
Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orla. Speak you ſo gently? Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought, that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this deſert inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;

[4] —*the thorny point*
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en *from me the ſhew*
Of ſmooth civility:]
We might read *torn* with more elegance, but elegance alone will not juſtify alteration. JOHNSON.

[5] *And know ſome* nurture:] *Nurture* is *education.* So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:
"He ſhew'd himſelf as full of *nurture* as of nature."
STEEVENS.

If

If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church ;
If ever ſat at any good man's feaſt ;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied ;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be :
In the which hope, I bluſh, and hide my ſword.

Duke Sen. True is it, that we have ſeen better days ;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church ;
And ſat at good men's feaſts ; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engender'd :
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have [6]
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love ; 'till he be firſt ſuffic'd,—
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age, and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte till you return.

Orla. I thank ye ; and be bleſs'd for your good comfort ! [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone unhappy :
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woful pageants than the ſcene
Wherein we play in [7].

Jaq. All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players :

[6] *And take upon command what help we have,*] It ſeems neceſſary to read, *then take upon* demand *what help*, &c. that is, *aſk* for what we can ſupply, and have it. JOHNSON.

Upon command, is at your own command. STEEVENS.

[7] *Wherein we play* in.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope more correctly reads :

Wherein we play. STEEVENS.

They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages [8]. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances [9],
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts [1]
Into

[8] *His acts being seven* labours.] Dr. Warburton observes, that this was *no unusual division of a play before our author's time*, but forbears to offer any one example in support of his assertion. I have carefully perused almost every dramatic piece antecedent to Shakespeare, or contemporary with him; but so far from being divided into acts, they are almost all printed in an unbroken continuity of scenes. I should add, that there is indeed one play of six acts to be met with, and another of twenty-one; but the second of these is a translation from the Spanish, and never could have been design'd for the stage. In one of the *Mysteries of Bale*, seven acts may indeed be met with. STEEVENS.

[9] *Full of wise saws and* modern *instances*,] It is remarkable that Shakespeare uses *modern* in the double sense that the Greeks used καινὸς, both for *recens* and *absurdus*. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether *modern* is in this place used for *absurd*: the meaning seems to be, that the justice is full of *old* sayings and *late* examples. JOHNSON.

Modern means *trite*, *common*. So, in *K. John*:
"And scorns a *modern* invocation."
So, in this play, act iv. sc. i:
"——— betray themselves to *modern* censure."
STEEVENS.

[1] ——— *The sixth age shifts*
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;]

There

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden [2],
And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need,
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some musick; and, good cousin, sing.

Amiens sings.

S O N G.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;

There is a greater beauty than appears at first sight in this image. He is here comparing human life to a *stage play*, of seven acts (which was no unusual division before our author's time). The sixth he calls the *lean and slipper'd pantaloon*, alluding to that general character in the Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalóne*; who is a thin emaciated old man in *slippers*; and well designed, in that epithet, because *Pantalóne* is the only character that acts in slippers. WARBURTON.

[2] —*Set down your venerable burden*,] Is it not likely that Shakespeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoses*?

"——— *Patriumque*
"*Fert humeris*, venerabile onus *Cythereius heros*." JOHNSON.

Thy tooth is not ſo keen [3],
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh

[3] *Thy tooth is not ſo keen,*
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,]
This ſong is deſigned to ſuit the duke's exiled condition, who had been ruined by *ungrateful flatterers.* Now the *winter wind*, the ſong ſays, is to be preferred to *man's ingratitude.* But why? *Becauſe it is not* ſeen. But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in ſecret, *not ſeen*, but was the very circumſtance that made the keeneſs of the ingratitude of his faithleſs courtiers. Without doubt, Shakeſpeare wrote the line thus:

Becauſe thou art not ſheen,

i. e. ſmiling, ſhining, like an ungrateful court-ſervant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reaſon for giving the *winter wind* the preference. So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"*Spangled ſtar-light* ſheen."

And ſeveral other places. Chaucer uſes it in this ſenſe:

"*Your bliſsful ſuſter Lucina the* ſhene."

And Fairfax:

"*The ſacred angel took his target* ſhene,
"*And by the Chriſtian champion ſtood unſeen.*"

The Oxford editor, who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occaſion from thence to alter the whole line thus:

Thou cauſeſt not that teen.

But, in his rage of correction, he forgot to leave the reaſon, which is now wanting, Why the *winter wind* was to be preferred to *man's ingratitude.* WARBURTON.

I am afraid that no reader is ſatisfied with Dr. Warburton's emendation, however vigorouſly enforced; and it is indeed enforced with more art than truth. *Sheen*, i. e. *ſmiling*, *ſhining.* That *ſheen* ſignifies *ſhining*, is eaſily proved, but when or where did it ſignify *ſmiling?* yet *ſmiling* gives the ſenſe neceſſary in this place. Sir T. Hanmer's change is leſs uncouth, but too remote from the preſent text. For my part, I queſtion whether the original line is not loſt, and this ſubſtituted merely to fill up the meaſures and the rhyme. Yet even out of this line, by ſtrong agitation may ſenſe be elicited, and ſenſe not unſuitable to the occaſion. *Thou winter wind*, ſays the Duke, *thy rudeneſs gives the leſs pain*, as thou art not ſeen, *as thou art an enemy that doſt not brave us with thy preſence, and whoſe unkindneſs is therefore not aggravated by inſult.* JOHNSON.

Though the old text may be tortured into a meaning, perhaps it would be as well to read:

"Becauſe

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
4 *Though thou the waters warp,*
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,—

Because *the heart's* not seen.
y^e^ *harts* according to the ancient mode of writing, was easily corrupted. FARMER.

If instead of *not seen* we read *foreseen*——
Because thou art *foreseen*,
the reason will be just and pertinent. Winter, being *foreseen*, has less power to hurt us, because we guard against it; but ingratitude, being never foreseen, is for that reason more severely felt. MUSGRAVE.

4 *Though thou the waters warp,*] The surface of *waters*, so long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane; whereas, when they are, this surface deviates from its exact flatness, or *warps*. This is remarkable in small ponds, the surface of which, when frozen, forms a regular concave; the ice on the sides rising higher than that in the middle. KENRICK.

To *warp* was probably in Shakespeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no distant allusion to any thing else, physical or medicinal. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change*: when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now say, it is *turned*: when water is *changed* or *turned* by frost, Shakespeare says, it is *curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural state.
JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson.—"I know not, he's grown out of his garb a-late, he's *warp'd*.—And so, methinks too, he *is* much *converted*." Thus the *mole* is called the mould-*warp*, because it changes the appearance of the surface of the earth. Again, in the *Winter's Tale*, act I:
"My favour here begins to *warp*." STEEVENS.

As

As you have whiſpered faithfully, you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy maſter is:—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke. Not ſee him ſince? Sir, ſir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument[5]
Of my revenge, thou preſent: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereſoe'er he is:
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands;
'Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

Oli. Oh, that your highneſs knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou.—Well, puſh him out of doors;

[5] *An abſent argument*] An *argument* is uſed for the *contents* of a book, thence Shakeſpeare conſidered it as meaning the *ſubject*, and then uſed it for *ſubject* in yet another ſenſe. JOHNSON.

And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent upon his houſe and lands[6]:
Do this expediently[7], and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Foreſt.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Hang there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love:
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, ſurvey[8]
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name, that my full life doth ſway.
O Roſalind! theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive ſhe[9]. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin, and Clown.

Cor. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, maſter Touchſtone?

6 *And let my officers of ſuch a nature*
Make an extent upon his houſe and lands:] "To make an extent of lands," is a legal phraſe, from the words of a writ (*extendi facias*) whereby the ſheriff is directed to cauſe certain lands to be appraiſed to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the perſon entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how ſoon the debt will be paid. MALONE.

7 *Expediently,*] That is, *expeditiouſly.* JOHNSON.

8 *Thrice-crowned queen of night,*] Alluding to the triple character of Proſerpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by ſome mythologiſts to the ſame goddeſs, and compriſed in theſe memorial lines:
"*Terret, luſtrat, agit, Proſerpina, Luna, Diana,*
"*Ima, ſuperna, feras, ſceptro, fulgore, ſagittis.*" JOHNSON.

9 *Unexpreſſive*] for *inexpreſſible.* JOHNSON.
Milton in like manner uſes *unexpreſſive* for *inexpreſſible:*
"Harping with loud and ſolemn quire,
"With *unexpreſſive* notes to heaven's new-born heir."
Hymn on the Nativity. MALONE.

Clo.

Clo. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is the lack of the ſun: That he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art [1], may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philoſopher [2]. Waſt ever in court, ſhepherd?

Cor.

[1] *He that hath learned no wit by nature or art, may complain of* good *breeding, or comes of very dull kindred.*] Common ſenſe requires us to read:

may complain of groſs *breeding.*

The Oxford editor has greatly improved this emendation by reading—bad *breeding.* WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether the cuſtom of the language in Shakeſpeare's time did not authoriſe this mode of ſpeech, and make *complain of good breeding* the ſame with *complain* of the want of *good breeding.* In the laſt line of the *Merchant of Venice* we find that to *fear the keeping* is to *fear the* not *keeping.* JOHNSON.

[2] *Such a one is a natural philoſopher.*] The ſhepherd had ſaid all the philoſophy he knew was the property of things, that *rain wetted, fire burnt,* &c. And the Clown's reply, in a ſatire on phyſicks or natural philoſophy, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely juſt. For the natural philoſopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithſtanding all his parade of knowledge) of the *efficient* cauſe of things, as the ruſtic. It appears, from a thouſand inſtances, that our poet was well acquainted with the phyſics of his

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,——

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg [3], all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Clo. [4] Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Clo. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells you know are greasy.

Clo. Why, do not your courtiers' hands sweat?

his time: and his great penetration enabled him to see this remediless defect of it. WARBURTON.

Shakespeare is responsible for the *quibble* only, let the commentator answer for the *refinement*. STEEVENS.

[3] *like an ill-roasted egg*,] Of this jest I do not fully comprehend the meaning. JOHNSON.

There is a proverb, that *a fool is the best roaster of an egg, because he is always turning it.* This will explain how an egg may be *damn'd, all on one side*; but will not sufficiently shew how Touchstone applies his simile with propriety; unless he means that he who has not been at court is but *half* educated.

STEEVENS.

[4] *Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never*, &c.] This reasoning is drawn up in imitation of Friar John's to Panurge in *Rabelais*. *Si tu es Coquu, ergo ta femme sera belle; ergo tu seras bien traité d'elle; ergo tu auras des amis beaucoup; ergo tu seras sauvé.* The last inference is pleasantly drawn from the popish doctrine of the intercession of saints, and, I suppose, our jocular English proverb, concerning this matter, was founded in Friar John's logic. WARBURTON.

and

and is not the greafe of a mutton as wholefome as the fweat of a man? Shallow, fhallow: A better inftance, I fay; come.

Cor. Befides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the fooner. Shallow again: A more founder inftance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the furgery of our fheep; And would you have us kifs tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Clo. Moft fhallow man! Thou worms-meat, in refpect of a good piece of flefh:—indeed!—Learn of the wife, and perpend: Civet is of a bafer birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inftance, fhepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reft.

Clo. Wilt thou reft damn'd? God help thee, fhallow man! God make incifion in thee [5]! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happinefs; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greateft of my pride is, to fee my ewes graze, and my lambs fuck.

[5] Make incifion *in thee!*] *To make incifion* was a proverbial expreffion then in vogue for, to make to underftand. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humourous Lieutenant:*

" ———— *O excellent king,*
" *Thus he begins, thou life and light of creatures,*
" *Angel-ey'd king, vouchfafe at length thy favour;*
" *And fo proceeds to* incifion."————

i. e. to make him underftand what he would be at.

WARBURTON.

Till I read Dr. Warburton's note, I thought the allufion had been to that common expreffion, of *cutting fuch a one for the fimples*; and I muft own, after confulting the paffage in the *Humourous Lieutenant*, I have no reafon to alter my fuppofition. The editors of Beaumont and Fletcher declare the phrafe to be unintelligible in that as well as in another play where it is introduced.

I find the fame expreffion in *Monfieur Thomas:*

" We'll bear the burthen, proceed *to incifion*, fidler."

STEEVENS.

Clo,

Clo. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-weather[6]; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. Ganimed, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind with a paper.

Ros. *From the east to western Inde,*
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest limn'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind[7].

Clo. I'll rhime you so, eight years together; din-

[6] *Bawd to a bell-wether;*] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the same meaning. JOHNSON.

[7] *But the* fair *of Rosalind.*] Thus the old copy. *Fair* is beauty, complexion. See the notes on a passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act I. sc. i. and the *Comedy of Errors*, act II. sc. i. The modern editors read—the *face* of Rosalind. Lodge's *Novel* will likewise support the ancient reading:

"Then muse not nymphes though I bemone
"The absence of fair Rosalynde,
"Since for her *faire* there is fairer none, &c."

Again,

"For perfect *faire*, she is the only one."

Again,

"And for her *faire* she only doth excell."

Again,

"And hers the *faire* which all men do respect, &c. &c."

STEEVENS.

ners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rate to market [8].

Roſ. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taſte:——

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be ſure, will Roſalind.
Winter-garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They that reap, muſt ſheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt nut hath ſowreſt rind,
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes; Why do you infect yourſelf with them?

Roſ. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Roſ. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a medler: then it will be the earlieſt fruit i'the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the foreſt judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Roſ. Peace!
Here comes my ſiſter, reading; ſtand aſide.

[8] *rate to market.*] So ſir T. Hanmer. In the former editions *rank* to market. JOHNSON.

Dr. Gray, as plauſibly, propoſes to read—*ra*[illegible]. STEEVENS.

Cel.

Cel. *Why ſhould this deſert ſilent*[9] *be?*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow[1].
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend:
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence' end,
Will I Roſalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
This quinteſſence of every ſprite
Heaven would in little ſhow.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd[2]
That one body ſhould be fill'd

[9] *Why ſhould this deſert be?*] This is commonly printed:
Why ſhould this *a* deſert be?
but although the metre may be aſſiſted by this correction, the ſenſe is ſtill defective; for how will the *hanging of tongues on every tree*, make it leſs a deſert? I am perſuaded we ought to read:
Why ſhould this deſert *ſilent* be? TYRWHITT.
The notice which this emendation deſerves, I have paid to it, by inſerting it in the text. STEEVENS.

[1] *That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow.*] *Civil* is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe as when we ſay *civil* wiſdom or *civil life*, in oppoſition to a ſolitary ſtate, or to the ſtate of nature. This deſert ſhall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree ſhall teach the maxims or incidents of ſocial life. JOHNSON.

[2] *Therefore heaven nature charg'd*] From the picture of Apelles, or the accompliſhments of Pandora.
Πανδώρην, ὅτι πάντες Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
Δῶρον ἐδώρησαν. ———
So, before:
" ———*But thou*
" *So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, art created*
" *Of ev'ry creature's beſt.*" Tempeſt.
Perhaps from this paſſage Swift had his hint of Biddy Floyd.
JOHNSON.

With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part [3];
[4] *Sad Lucretia's modesty.*

Of

[3] *Atalanta's better part;*] I know not well what could be the better part of Atalanta here ascribed to Rosalind. Of the Atalanta most celebrated, and who therefore must be intended here where she has no epithet of discrimination, the *better part* seems to have been her heels, and the worse part was so bad that Rosalind would not thank her lover for the comparison. There is a more obscure Atalanta, a huntress and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her better part. Shakespeare was no despicable mythologist, yet he seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of Atalanta. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of shape, which he would prefer to her swiftness. Thus *Ovid:*

" ——— *nec dicere posses,*
" *Laude pedum, formæne bono præstantior esset.*
" *Ut faciem, et* posito corpus velamine *vidit,*
" Obstupuit———

But can *Atalanta's better part* mean her virtue or virgin chastity, with which nature had graced Rosalind, together with Helen's beauty without her heart or lewdness, with Cleopatra's dignity of behaviour, and with Lucretia's modesty, that scorned to survive the loss of honour? Pliny's Nat. Hist. b. xxxv. c. 3. mentions the portraits of *Atalanta* and *Helen, utraque excellentissima forma, sed altera ut virgo.* That is, "both of them for beauty, incomparable, and yet a man may discerne the one [Atalanta] of them to be *a maiden*, for her modest and chaste countenance," as Dr. P. Holland translated the passage, of which probably our poet had taken notice, for surely he had judgment in painting. TOLLET.

I suppose *Atalanta's better part* is her *wit*, i. e. *the swiftness of her mind.* FARMER.

Shakespeare might have taken part of this enumeration of distinguished females from John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577. "——who seemest in my sight faire *Helen* of Troy, Polixene, Calliope, yea *Atlanta* hir selfe in beauty to surpasse, Pandora in qualities, Penelope and *Lucretia* in chasteneſſe to deface." Again, *ibid:*

" Poli-

Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches[5] *dearest priz'd.*
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back-friends?—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

Clo. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Corin, and Clown.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondring how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: [6] I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras'

" Polixene fayre, Caliop, and
" Penelop may give place;
" *Atlanta*, and dame *Lucres* fayre
" She doth them both deface."

Again, *ibid:* " *Atlanta* who sometyme bore the bell of beauties price in that hyr native soyle." STEEVENS.

[4] *Sad*] is *grave, sober*, not *light*. JOHNSON.

[5] *The touches*] The features; *les traits*. JOHNSON.

[6] *I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was*

goras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet [7]; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pry'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Ros. [8] Good my complexion! dost thou think, though

an Irish rat,] Rosalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an Irish *rat*, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatises*. Dr. Gray has produced a similar passage from *Randolph*:

"——— *My poets*
" *Shall with a satire, steeped in gall and vinegar,*
" *Rhyme them to death as they do* rats in Ireland."

JOHNSON.

So, in *Dr. Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

" ——— he rhyme de grand *rats* from my house."

Again, in an address to the reader, at the conclusion of Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*:

" Rhime them to death as they do *Irish rats*
" In drumming tunes." STEEVENS.

So, in his *Staple of News*, 1625: " Or the [illegible] madrigal in rhyme, to have run him out of the country like an *Irish rat*."

MALONE.

[7] ——— *friends to meet*;] Alluding ironically to the proverb:

' Friends may meet, but mountains never greet."

See *Ray's Collection*. STEEVENS.

[8] *Good my complexion!*] *This is a mode of expression,* Mr. Theobald

though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? [9] One inch of delay more is a South-sea off discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of

bald says, *which he cannot reconcile to common sense.* Like enough: and so too the Oxford editor. But the meaning is, *Hold good my complexion*, i. e. let me not blush. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation may be just, but as he gives no example of such a meaning affixed to the words in question, we are still at liberty to suspend our faith till some luckier critic shall decide. All I can add is, that I learn from the glossary to Phil. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* that *paint* for the face was in Shakespeare's time called *complexions.* Shakespeare likewise uses *complexion* for *disposition.*
So, in the *Merchant of Venice:*

"It is the *complexion* of them all to leave their dam."

STEEVENS.

[9] *One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.*] This is stark nonsense; we must read—*off* discovery, i. e. *from* discovery. "If you delay me one inch of time longer, I shall think this secret as far from discovery as the *South-sea* is."

WARBURTON.

This sentence is rightly noted by the commentator as nonsense, but not so happily restored to sense. I read thus:

One inch of delay more is a South-sea. Discover, *I pr'ythee; tell me who is it quickly!*—When the transcriber had once made *discovery* from *discover, I,* he easily put an article after South-sea. But it may be read with still less change, and with equal probability. *Every inch of delay more is a* South-sea discovery: *Every delay*, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest voyage, or a voyage of *discovery* on the *South-sea.* How much voyages to the South-sea, on which the English had then first ventured, engaged the conversation of that time, may be easily imagined. JOHNSON.

Of for *off* is frequent in the elder writers. A *South-sea of discovery* is a *discovery a South-sea off*—as far as the South-sea.

FARMER.

man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rof. Why, God will fend more, if the man will be thankful: let me ftay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wreftler's heels, and your heart, both in an inftant.

Rof. Nay, but the devil take mocking; fpeak fad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Rof. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Rof. Alas the day! what fhall I do with my doublet and hofe?—What did he, when thou faw'ft him? What faid he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he afk for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when fhalt thou fee him again? Anfwer me in one word.

Cel. You muft borrow me Garagantua's [1] mouth firft: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's fize: To fay, ay, and no, to thefe particulars, is more than to anfwer in a catechifm.

Rof. But doth he know that I am in this foreft, and in man's apparel? Looks he as frefhly as he did the day he wreftled?

Cel. It is as eafy to count atomies, as to refolve the propofitions of a lover:—but take a tafte of my finding

[1] ——*Garagantua's mouth*] Rofalind requires nine queftions to be anfwered in *one word.* Celia tells her that a word of fuch magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua the giant of Rabelais. JOHNSON.

Garagantua fwallowed five pilgrims, their ftaves and all, in a fallad. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, that in 1592 was publifhed, "*Garagantua* his Prophecie." And in 1594, "A booke entitled, The Hiftory of *Garagantua.*" The book of *Garagantua* is likewife mentioned in Laneham's *Narrative of Q. Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth Caftle,* in 1575. STEEVENS.

ing him, and relish it with good obſervance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn [2].

Roſ. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, ſtretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Roſ. Though it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'thee; it curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Roſ. Oh ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burden: thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak. Sweet, ſay on.

Enter Orlando, and Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Roſ. 'Tis he; Slink by, and note him.

[*Celia and Roſalind retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myſelf alone.

Orla. And ſo had I; but yet, for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

[2] —*I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.*] We ſhould read

Under an oak *tree.*

This appears from what follows—*like a dropp'd acorn.* For how did he look like a *dropp'd acorn* unleſs he was found under an oak tree? And from Roſalind's reply, *that it might well be called Jove's tree:* for the *oak* was ſacred to Jove. WARBURTON.

What tree but an *oak* was ever known to drop an *acorn?* STEEVENS.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orla. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla. Not so: [3] but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq.

3 —*but I answer you right painted cloth,*] This alludes to the fashion, in old tapestry hangings, of mottos and moral sentences from the mouths of the figures worked or printed in them. The poet again hints at this custom in his poem, called, *Tarquin and Lucrece:*

> " *Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,*
> " *Shall by a* painted cloth *be kept in awe.*" THEOBALD.

The same allusion is common to many of our old plays. So, in a *Match at Midnight*, 1633:

> " There's a witty posy for you.
> " —No, no; I'll have one shall savour of a saw.—
> " Why then 'twill smell of the *painted cloth.*"

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

> " But what says the *painted cloth?*—
> " Trust not a woman when she cries, &c."

Again, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

" Now will I see if my memory will serve for some proverbs too. Oh, a *painted cloth* were as well worth a shilling as a thief is worth a halter."

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in It*, 1612:

> " What says the prodigal child in the *painted cloth?*"

Again, in the *Muse's Looking-Glass*, by Randolph, 1638:

> " Then for the painting, I bethink myself
> " That I have seen in *Mother Redcap's* hall
> " In *painted cloth* the story of the prodigal."

From

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me; and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is, to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I would not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

From this last quotation we may suppose that the rooms in public houses were usually hung with what Falstaff calls *water-work*. On these hangings perhaps moral sentences were depicted as issuing from the mouths of the different characters represented.

Again, in Sir Thomas More's *English Works*, printed by Rastell, 1557: "Mayster Thomas More in hys youth devysed in hys father's house in London, a goodly hangyng of fyne *paynted clothe*, with nyne pageauntes, and verses over every of those pageauntes; which verses expressed and declared what the ymages in those pageauntes represented: and also in those pageauntes were paynted the thynges that the verses over them dyd (in effecte) declare."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Pan's Anniversary*, "—hath found it out in a *painted cloth*, or some old hanging (for those are his library) that we must conquer in such a time, &c."—Of the present phraseology there is an instance in *King John:*

"He *speaks plain cannon fire*, and bounce, and smoke." STEEVENS.

This singular phrase may likewise be justified by another of the same kind in *K. Henry* V:

"I speak to thee *plain soldier*."

Again, in *Twelfth Night:*

"He *speaks* nothing but *madman*. MALONE.

Sir T. Hanmer reads, *I answer you right*, in the style of the *painted cloth*. Something seems wanting, and I know not what can be proposed better. *I answer you right painted cloth*, may mean, I give you a true painted cloth answer; as we say, she talks *right Billingsgate:* that is, exactly such language as is used at Billingsgate. JOHNSON.

Jaq.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewel, good ſignior love. [*Exit.*

Orla. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monſieur melancholy. [*Cel. and Roſ. come forward.*

Roſ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſaucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, foreſter?

Orla. Very well; What would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Ora. You ſhould aſk me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the foreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true lover in the foreſt; elſe ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the ſwift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Roſ. By no means, ſir: Time travels in divers paces with divers perſons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is ſolemniz'd: if the interim be but a ſe'nnight, time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal?

Roſ. With a prieſt that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and waſteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: Theſe time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orla. Who ſtays it ſtill withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you a native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an [4] in-land man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

[4] —— *in-land man*;] Is used in this play for one *civilised*, in opposition to the *rustick* of the priest. So, Orlando before—*Yet am I* in-land *bred, and know some nurture.* JOHNSON.

Ros.

Rof. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rufhes, I am fure, you are not prifoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Rof. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and funken [5]; which you have not: an unqueftionable fpirit [6]; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, fimply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hofe fhould be ungarter'd [7], your bonnet unbanded, your fleeve unbuttoned, your fhoe untied, and every thing about you demonftrating a carelefs defolation. But you are no fuch man; you are rather point-device [8] in your accoutrements; as loving yourfelf, than feeming the lover of any other.

5 ———*a* blue *eye*,] i. e. a bluenefs about the eyes. STEEVENS.

6 ——*an unqueftionable fpirit.*] That is, a fpirit not *inquifitive*, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences. Here Shakefpeare has ufed a paffive for an active mode of fpeech: fo in a former fcene, "*The Duke is too* difputable *for me*, that is, too *difputatious*." JOHNSON.

May it not mean, *unwilling to be converfed with?* CHAMIER.

7 *Then your hofe fhould be ungarter'd*, &c.] Thefe feem to have been the eftablifhed and characteriftical marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakefpeare. So, in the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, by Heywood, 1637: "Shall I that have jefted at love's fighs, now raife whirlwinds! Shall I, that have flouted *ah me's* once a quarter, now practife *ah me's* every minute? *Shall I defy hat-bands and tread garters and fhoe-ftrings* under my feet? Shall I fall to falling bands, and be a ruffian no longer? I muft; I am now liegeman to Cupid, and have read all thefe informations in his book of ftatutes." Again, in *A pleafant Comedy how to chufe a good Wife from a bad*, 1608:

"———I was once like thee
"A figher, melancholy humorift,
"Croffer of arms, a goer *without garters*,
"A *hatband-hater*, and a bufk-point wearer. MALONE.

8 ——*point device*] i.e. exact, dreft with finical nicety. So, in *Hiftriomaftix*, or *the Player Whipt*, 1610:

"If our parrel be not *point-device*, the fat's i'th' fire." STEEVENS.

Orla.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rof. Me believe it? you may as foon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, fhe is apter to do, than to confefs fhe does; that is one of the points in the which women ftill give the lye to their confciences. But, in good footh, are you he that hangs the verfes on the trees, wherein Rofalind is fo admired?

Orla. I fwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rofalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rof. But are you fo much in love, as your rhimes fpeak?

Orla. Neither rhime nor reafon can exprefs how much.

Rof. Love is merely a madnefs; and, I tell you, deferves as well a dark houfe and a whip, as madmen do: and the reafon why they are not fo punifh'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is fo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profefs curing it by counfel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any fo?

Rof. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miftrefs; and I fet him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonifh youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantaftical, apifh, fhallow, inconftant, full of tears, full of fmiles; for every paffion fomething, and for no paffion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moft part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forfwear him; now weep for him, then fpit at him; that I drave my fuitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madnefs [9]; which was, to forfwear the full ftream of the world,

[9] —*to a living humour of madnefs;*] If this be the true reading we muft by *living* underftand *lafting*, or *permanent*, but I cannot

world, and to live in a nook merely monaſtick: And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clear as a ſound ſheep's heart, that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you, if you would but call me Roſalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and I will ſhew it you: and, by the way, you ſhall tell me where in the foreſt you live: Will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Roſ. Nay, nay, you muſt call me Roſalind:—Come, ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Clown and Audrey, Jaques watching them.

Clo. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my ſimple feature content you [2]?

Aud.

not forbear to think that ſome antitheſis was intended which is now loſt; perhaps the paſſage ſtood thus, *I drove my ſuitor from a dying humour of love to a living humour of madneſs.* Or rather thus, *from a mad humour of love to a* loving *humour of madneſs*, that is, from a *madneſs* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madneſs*. This ſeems ſomewhat harſh and ſtrained, but ſuch modes of ſpeech are not unuſual in our poet: and this harſhneſs was probably the cauſe of the corruption. JOHNSON.

[2] *Doth my ſimple* feature *content you?*] ſays the Clown to Audrey. "Your *features*, replies the wench. Lord warrant us, what *features?*" I doubt not, this ſhould be your *feature! Lord* warrant us, *what's feature?* FARMER.

Feat and *feature*, perhaps had anciently the ſame meaning. The Clown aſks, if the *features of his* face content her, ſhe takes the word in another ſenſe, i. e. *feats*, *deeds*, and in her reply ſeems

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Clo. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room[3]: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Clo. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what

seems to mean, what *feats*, i. e. what have we done yet? The courtship of Audrey and her gallant had not proceeded further, as sir Wilful Witwood says, than a little mouth-glew; but she supposes him to be talking of something which as yet he had not performed. Or the jest may turn only on the Clown's pronunciation. In some parts, *features* might be pronounced, *faitors*, which signify *rascals, low wretches. Pistol* uses the word in the second part of *K. Henry* IV. and Spenser very frequently. STEEVENS.

3 —— *it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:*] Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phrase *of the quarter of hour of Rabelais:* who said, there was only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and paying it. Yet the delicacy of our Oxford editor would correct this into, *It strikes a man more dead than a great* reeking *in a little room.* This is amending with a vengeance. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are disposed to laugh. One of the company says a good thing; the jest is not taken; all are silent, and he who said it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollity interrupted by the coming in of a *great reckoning.* Had not Shakespeare reason now in this case to apply his simile to his own case, against his critical editor? Who, 'tis plain, taking the phrase to *strike dead* in a literal sense, concluded, from his knowledge in philosophy, that it could not be so effectually done by a *reckoning* as by a *reeking.* WARBURTON.

they

they swear in poetry [4], may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest; now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Clo. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*aside.*] A material fool [5]!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul [6].

Clo. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [*aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful

4 *—and what they swear in poetry,* &c.] This sentence seems perplexed and inconsequent, perhaps it were better read thus, *What they swear as lovers they may be said to feign as poets.* JOHNSON.

5 *A material fool!*] A fool with *matter* in him; a fool stocked with notions. JOHNSON.

6 *I am foul.*] By *foul* is meant *coy* or *frowning.* HANMER.

I rather believe *foul* to be put for the rustick pronunciation of *full.* Audrey, supposing the Clown to have spoken of her as a *full slut,* says, naturally enough, *I am not a slut, though, I thank the gods, I am* foul, i. e. full. She was more likely to *thank the gods* for a belly-full, than for her being *coy* or *frowning.*

TYRWHITT.

heart,

heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what though [7]? Courage! As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even ſo:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the nobleſt deer hath them as huge as the raſcal. Is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor: and by how much defence is better than no ſkill, ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes ſir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text [8], you are well met: Will you diſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*diſcovering himſelf*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

7 —*what though?*] What then. JOHNSON.

8 *Sir Oliver*] He that has taken his firſt degree at the univerſity, is in the academical ſtyle called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates aſſumed it in their own writings; ſo Treviſa the hiſtorian writes himſelf *Syr* John de Treviſa. JOHNSON.

We find the ſame title beſtowed on many divines in our old comedies. So, in *Wily Beguiled:*

"—*Sir John* cannot tend to it at evening prayer; for there comes a company of players to town on Sunday in the afternoon, and *Sir John* is ſo good a fellow that I know he'll ſcarce leave their company to ſay evening prayer."

Again: "We'll all go to church together, and a labour." STEEVENS.

Clo. Good even, good maſter *What ye call't*: How do you, ſir? You are very well met: God'ild you[9] for your laſt company: I am very glad to ſee you:—Even a toy in hand here, ſir: Nay; pray, be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Clo. As the ox hath his bow[1], ſir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon her bells, ſo man hath his deſires; and as pigeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a buſh, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainſcot; then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.

Clo. Come, ſweet Audrey;
We muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry.
Farewell, good maſter Oliver!

Not—[2] O ſweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee;

But

[9] —God'ild you] i.e. God *yield* you, God reward you. See *Macbeth*, act I. ſc. 6. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*his* bow,] i.e. *his yoke*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Not—O ſweet Oliver, O brave* &c.] Some words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

Of this ſpeech, as it now appears, I can make nothing, and think nothing can be made. In the ſame breath he calls his miſtreſs to be married, and ſends away the man that ſhould marry them. Dr. Warburton has very happily obſerved, that *O ſweet Oliver* is a quotation from an old ſong; I believe there are two quo-

But—Wind away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir

quotations put in oppoſition to each other. For *wind* I read *wend*, the old word for *go*. Perhaps the whole paſſage may be regulated thus:

Clo. *I am not in the mind, but it were better for me to be married of him than of another, for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife—Come, ſweet Audrey, we muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry.*

Jaq. *Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.* [they whiſper.

Clo. *Farewel, good ſir Oliver, not* O ſweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, leave me not behind thee,——*but*

Wend away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding with thee to-day.

Of this conjecture the reader may take as much as ſhall appear neceſſary to the ſenſe, or conducive to the humour. I have received all but the additional words. The ſong ſeems to be complete without them. JOHNSON.

The Clown diſmiſſes ſir Oliver only becauſe Jaques had alarmed his pride and raiſed his doubts, concerning the validity of a marriage ſolemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher. He intends afterwards to have recourſe to ſome other of more dignity in the ſame profeſſion. Dr. Johnſon's opinion, that the latter part of the Clown's ſpeech is only a repetition from ſome other ballad, or perhaps a different part of the ſame, is I believe, juſt. STEEVENS.

O ſweet Oliver. The epithet of *ſweet* ſeems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which perhaps he was originally obliged to the old ſong before us. No more of it, however, than theſe two lines ſeem to be preſerved. See B. Jonſon's *Underwood*, vol. VI. p. 407:

"All the *mad* Rolands and *ſweet* Olivers."

And, in *Every Man in his Humour*, p. 88, is the ſame alluſion:

"Do not ſtink, *ſweet* Oliver. TYRWHITT.

This obſervation may be ſupported by the following paſſage in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

"—This *ſweet Oliver* will eat mutton till he be ready to burſt."

Again, in Naſh's *Lenten-Stuff*, &c. 1599:

"—if you be boni ſocii, and *ſweet Olivers*, &c."

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my calling. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A cottage in the foreſt.

Enter Roſalind and Celia.

Roſ. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider, that tears do not become a man.

Roſ. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire; therefore weep.

Roſ. His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's [2]: marry, his kiſſes are Judas's own children.

Roſ.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered by Richard Jones the ballad of,

"*O ſweete Olyver*
"Leave me not behinde thee."

Again, "The anſwere of *O ſweete Olyver.*"
Again, in 1586: "*O ſweet Oliver* altered to the Scriptures."
STEEVENS.

I often find a part of this ſong applied to Cromwell. In a paper called, *A Man in the Moon, diſcovering a World of Knavery under the Sun,* "the *juncto* will go near to give us the *bagge*, if *O brave Oliver* come not ſuddenly to relieve them." The ſame alluſion is met with in *Cleaveland. Wind away,* and *wind off* are ſtill uſed *provincially:* and I believe, nothing but the *provincial* pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read:

"Not—O ſweet Oliver!
"O brave Oliver!
"Leave me not *behi' thee*——
"But—wind away,
"Begone, I ſay,
"I will not to wedding *wi' thee.*" FARMER.

Wind is uſed for *wend* in *Cæſar and Pompey*, 1607:
"*Winde* we then, Anthony, with this royal queen."
STEEVENS.

[2] *Something browner than* Judas's:—] See Mr. Tollet's note and

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour [3].

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy beard [4].

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood [5] kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros.

and mine, on a passage in the 4th scene of the 1st act of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, from both which it appears that Judas was constantly represented in ancient painting or tapestry, with *red hair* and beard. So, in the *Insatiate Countess*, 1631:

"I ever thought by his *red beard* he would prove a *Judas*."

STEEVENS.

3 *I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.*] There is much of nature in this petty perverseness of Rosalind; she finds faults in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts herself rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication. JOHNSON.

4 *—as the touch of holy* bread.] We should read *beard*, that is, as the kiss of an holy saint or hermit, called the *kiss of charity*: This makes the comparison just and decent; the other impious and absurd. WARBURTON.

5 ——a nun of *winter's sisterhood*] This is finely expressed. But Mr. Theobald says, *the words give him no ideas*. And 'tis certain, that words will never give men what nature has denied them. However, to mend the matter, he substitutes *Winifred's sisterhood*. And after so happy a thought, it was to no purpose to tell him there was no religious order of that denomination. The plain truth is, Shakespeare meant *an unfruitful sisterhood*, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sisterhood of the spring, were the votaries of Venus; those of summer, the votaries of Ceres; those of autumn, of Pomona: so these of the *sisterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana; called, *of winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. On this account it is, that when the poet speaks of what is most *poor*, he instances it in *winter*, in these fine lines of *Othello*:

"*But riches endless is* as poor as winter
"*To him that ever fears he shall be poor.*"

The other property of winter that made him term them of its sisterhood is its coldness. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"*To be a* barren sister *all your life*,
"*Chanting faint hymns to the* cold fruitless *moon*."

WARBURTON.

There

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet [6], or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was*, is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question [7] with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he: so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart [8] the heart of his

There is certainly no need of Theobald's conjecture, as Dr. Warburton has most effectually supported the old reading. In one circumstance, however, he may have been mistaken. The *Golden Legend*, p. cccı, &c. gives a full account of St. *Winifred* and her sisterhood. Edit. by *Wynkyn de Worde*, 1527. STEEVENS.

6 ——*as concave as a cover'd goblet*,] Why a *cover'd?* Because a goblet is never kept *cover'd* but when *empty*. Shakespeare never throws out his expressions at random. WARBURTON.

7 —— *much* question] i. e. conversation. STEEVENS.

8 ——*quite traverse, athwart*, &c.] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a disgrace to have his lance broken across, as it was a mark either of want of courage or address. This happened when the horse flew on one side, in the career: and hence, I suppose, arose the jocular proverbial phrase *of spurring the horse only on one side*. Now as breaking the lance against his adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking it *across* against his breast was, for the rea-

his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,

reason above, dishonourable: hence it is, that Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, speaking of the mock-combat of Clinias and Dametas says, *The wind took such hold of his staff that it* crost quite over his breast, &c.——And to *break across* was the usual phrase, as appears from some wretched verses of the same author, speaking of an unskilful tilter:

"*Methought some staves he mist: if so, not much amiss:*
"*For when he most did hit, he ever yet did miss,*
"*One said he* brake across, *full well it so might be*, &c."

This is the allusion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the fashion (for *brave* is here used, as in other places, for fashionable) is represented either *unskilful* in courtship, or *timorous*. The lover's meeting or appointment corresponds to the tilter's career; and as the one breaks staves, the other breaks oaths. The business is only meeting fairly, and doing both with address: and 'tis for the want of this, that Orlando is blamed.

WARBURTON.

So, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "—melancholick like a *tilter*, that had *broke his staves foul* before his mistress." STEEVENS.

A puny tilter, that breaks his staff like a noble *goose.* Sir T. Hanmer altered this to a *nose-quill'd* goose, but no one seems to have regarded the alteration. Certainly *nose-quill'd* is an epithet likely to be corrupted: it gives the image wanted, and may in a great measure be supported by a quotation from Turberville's *Falconrie*. "Take with you a *ducke*, and slip one of her *wing feathers*, and having thrust it through her *nares*, throw her out unto your hawke." FARMER.

Again, in *Philaster*, by B. and Fletcher:

"He shall for this time only be seel'd up
"With *a feather through his nose*, that he may only
"See heaven, &c."

Again, in the *Booke of Haukyng, Huntyng, and Fyshyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "—and with a pen put it in the haukes *nares* once or twice, &c." STEEVENS.

Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Silvius, and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter

will you sterner be
Than he that dies *and lives by bloody drops?*] This is spoken of the executioner. He *lives* indeed by bloody drops, if you will: but how does he *die* by bloody drops? The poet must certainly have wrote—*that* deals *and lives*, &c. i.e. that gets his bread by, and makes a trade of cutting off heads: but the Oxford editor makes it plainer. He reads:

Than he that lives and thrives by bloody drops.

WARBURTON.

Either Dr. Warburton's emendation, except that the word *deals*, wants its proper construction, or that of sir T. Hanmer, may serve the

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou

the purpose; but I believe they have fixed corruption upon the wrong word, and should rather read:

Than he that dies his lips by *bloody drops?*

Will you speak with more sternness than the executioner, whose *lips* are used to be *sprinkled* with blood? The mention of *drops* implies some part that must be sprinkled rather than dipped.

JOHNSON.

I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To *dye* means as well *to dip a thing in a colour foreign to its own*, as to *expire*. In this sense, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be said to *die* as well as *live* by *bloody drops*. Shakespeare is fond of opposing these terms to each other.

In *K. John* is a play on words not unlike this:

" ——— *all with purpled hands*
" Dy'd *in the* dying *slaughter of their foes*."

Camden has preserved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the same turn:

" He that *dyed* so oft in sport,
" *Dyed* at last, no colour for't."

So, Heywood, in his *Epigrams*, 1562:

" Is thy husband a *dyer*, woman? alack,
" Had he no colour to *dye* thee on but black?
" *Dieth* he oft? yea, too oft when customers call;
" But I would have him one day *die* once for all.
" Were he gone, *dyer* never more would I wed,
" *Dyers* be ever *dying*, but never dead."

So, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589:

" We once sported upon a country fellow, who came to run for the best game, and was by his occupation a *dyer*, and had very big swelling legs.

" He is but *coarse* to run a *course*,
" Whose shanks are bigger than his thigh;
" Yet is his luck a little worse
" That often *dyes* before he *die*."

" Where ye see the words *course* and *dye* used in divers senses, one giving the *rebound* to the other." STEEVENS.

He that lives and dies, i. e. he who to the very end of his life continues a common executioner. So, in the second scene of the fifth act of this play, " *live* and *die* a shepherd." TOLLET.

To *die and live* by a thing is to be constant to it, to persevere in

Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou can'st not, oh, for shame, for shame,
Lye not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now shew the wound mine eyes have made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure [1]
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy [2],
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, 'till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, 'till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you?—Who might be your mother [3],

in it to the end. *Lives* therefore does not signify *is maintained*, but the two verbs taken together mean, *who is all his life conversant with bloody drops*. MUSGRAVE.

[1] *The cicatrice and capable impressure*] Cicatrice is here not very properly used; it is the scar of a wound. *Capable impressure, hollow mark.* JOHNSON.

[2] —*power of fancy*,] *Fancy* is here used for *love*, as before in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. JOHNSON.

[3] —*Who might be your mother*,] It is common for the poets to express cruelty by saying, of those who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or suckled by tigresses. JOHNSON.

That

That you insult, exult, and all at once [4],
Over the wretched? What though you have beauty [5],
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you,
Than without candle may go dark to bed)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work [6]:—Od's, my little life!
I think, she means to tangle mine eyes too:—
No, 'faith proud mistress, hope not after it;

[4] *That you insult, exult, and* all *at once,*] If the speaker intended to accuse the person spoken to only for *insulting* and exulting; then, instead of ——— *all at once*, it ought to have been, *both at once*. But by examining the crime of the person accused, we shall discover that the line is to be read thus;

That you insult, exult, and rail *at once.*

For these three things Phebe was guilty of. But the Oxford editor improves it, and, for *rail at once*, reads *domineer*. WARBURTON.

I see no need of emendation. The speaker may mean thus: *Who might be your mother, that you insult, exult, and that too all in a breath.* Such is perhaps the meaning of *all at once*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——— *what though you have* no *beauty,*] Though all the printed copies agree in this reading, it is very accurately observed to me by an ingenious unknown correspondent, who signs himself L. H. (and to whom I can only here make my acknowledgement) that the *negative* ought to be left out. THEOBALD.

I consider this the old reading as a humourous way of expressing her little share of beauty, or her foulness, as the same person calls it afterwards, and hints it again. So in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, act I. sc. i:

"——— a thin thredden cloke
"That scarce would cover your *no-buttocks*." TOLLET.

That the reading of the folio is wrong, appears very clearly from this passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, which Shakespeare has here imitated. "Sometimes have I seen high disdaine turned to hot desires.—Because *thou art beautiful*, be not so coy; as there is nothing more faire, so there is nothing more fading." MALONE.

[6] *Of nature's* sale-work:] i. e. those works that nature makes up carelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of mechanicks, whose *work* bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*. WARBURTON.

'Tis

'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship [7].—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children;
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer [8].
So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. [*aside.*] He's fallen in love with her foulness [9], and she'll fall in love with my anger:—If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll

[7] *That can* entame *my spirits to your worship.*] I should rather think that Shakespeare wrote *entraine*, draw, allure. WARBURTON.

The common reading seems unexceptionable. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

" *Taming* my wild heart to thy loving hand." STEEVENS.

[8] *Foul is most foul, being* foul *to be a scoffer:*] The only sense of this is, *An ill-favour'd person is most ill-favour'd, when if he be ill-favour'd, he is a scoffer.* Which is a deal too absurd to come from Shakespeare; who, without question, wrote:

Foul is most foul, being found *to be a scoffer:*

i. e. where an ill-favoured person ridicules the defects of others, it makes his own appear excessive. WARBURTON.

The sense of the received reading is not fairly represented; it is, *The ugly seem most ugly, when,* though *ugly, they are scoffers.* JOHNSON.

[9] *—with her foulness,*] So, sir T. Hanmer, the other editions, *your* foulness. JOHNSON.

sauce

ſauce her with bitter words.—Why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Roſ. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falſer than vows made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not: If you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, ſiſter?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, ſiſter:—Shepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could ſee[7],
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Roſ. Cel. and Corin.*

Phe. Dead ſhepherd, now I find thy ſaw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe!

Phe. Hah! what ſay'ſt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am ſorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever ſorrow is, relief would be:
If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your ſorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou haſt my love; Is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,

[7] ——— *though all the world could ſee,*
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.]
Though all mankind could look on you, none could be ſo *deceived* as to think you beautiful but he. JOHNSON.

That

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere-while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth;—Not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper, and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
And, now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;

The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Foreſt.

Enter Roſalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Roſ. They ſay, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad and ſay nothing.

Roſ. Why then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all theſe: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the ſundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs.

Roſ. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear, you have ſold your own lands, to ſee other men's; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter

Enter Orlando.

Rof. And your experience makes you fad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me fad; and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happinefs, dear Rofalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verfe. [*Exit.*

Rof. Farewel, monfieur traveller: Look, you lifp, and wear ftrange fuits; difable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoft chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will fcarce think you have fwam in a gondola [3].—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you ferve me fuch another trick, never come in my fight more.

Orla. My fair Rofalind, I come within an hour of my promife.

Rof. Break an hour's promife in love? He that will divide a minute into a thoufand parts, and break but a part of the thoufandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be faid of him, that Cupid hath clapt him o' the fhoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear Rofalind.

Rof. Nay, an you be fo tardy, come no more in my fight; I had as lief be woo'd of a fnail.

Orla. Of a fnail?

[3] —*fwam in a gondola.*] That is, *been at* Venice, the feat at that time of all licentioufnefs, where the young Englifh gentlemen wafted their fortunes, debafed their morals, and fometimes loft their religion.

The fafhion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was confidered by the wifer men as one of the principal caufes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely cenfured by Afcham in his *Schoolmafter*, and by bifhop Hall in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here, and in other paffages, ridiculed by Shakefpeare. JOHNSON.

Rof.

Rof. Ay, of a fnail; for though he comes flowly, he carries his houfe on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: Befides, he brings his deftiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Rof. Why, horns; which fuch as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the flander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rofalind is virtuous.

Rof. And I am your Rofalind.

Cel. It pleafes him to call you fo; but he hath a Rofalind of a better leer than you [4].

Rof. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to confent:— What would you fay to me now, an I were your very very Rofalind?

Orla. I would kifs, before I fpoke.

Rof. Nay, you were better fpeak firft; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occafion to kifs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will fpit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanlieft fhift is to kifs.

Orla. How if the kifs be denied?

Rof. Then fhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved miftrefs?

Rof. Marry, that fhould you, if I were your mi-

[4] *A Rofalind of a better* leer *than you.*] i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. So, in P. Holland's *Pliny*, B. XXXI. c. ii. p. 403: "In fome places there is no other thing bred or growing, but brown and duskifh, infomuch as not only the cattel is all of that *hue*, but alfo the corn on the ground, &c." The word feems to be derived from the Saxon *Hleare*, fpecies, frons, vultus. So it is ufed in *Titus Andronicus*, act IV. fc. ii:

"Here's a young lad fram'd of another *leer*." TOLLET.

ſtreſs; or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my ſuit?

Roſ. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your ſuit. Am not I your Roſalind?

Orla. I take ſome joy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her perſon, I ſay—I will not have you.

Orla. Then, in mine own perſon, I die.

Roſ. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love cauſe. Troilus had his brains daſh'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midſummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh him in the Helleſpont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the fooliſh chroniclers of that age [5] found it was,— Hero of Seſtos. But theſe are all lyes; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right Roſalind of this mind; for, I proteſt, her frown might kill me.

Roſ. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Roſalind in a more coming-on diſpoſition; and aſk me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, Roſalind.

Roſ. Yes, faith will I, fridays, and ſaturdays, and all.

[5] —*chroniclers of that age*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *coroners*, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of ſome anonymous critick. JOHNSON.

Orla.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Rof. Ay, and twenty fuch.

Orla. What fay'ft thou?

Rof. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope fo.

Rof. Why then, can one defire too much of a good thing?—Come, fifter, you fhall be the prieft, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you fay, fifter?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot fay the words.

Rof. You muft begin,——*Will you Orlando,*——

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rofalind?

Orla. I will.

Rof. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now; as faft as fhe can marry us.

Rof. Then you muft fay,—*I take thee Rofalind for wife.*

Orla. I take thee, Rofalind, for wife.

Rof. I might afk you for your commiffion; but, I do take thee, Orlando, for my hufband: There's a girl goes before the prieft; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Rof. Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have poffefs'd her?

Orla. For ever, and a day.

Rof. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the fky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot againft rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my defires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you

are dispos'd to be merry; [6] I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep [7].

Orla. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orla. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the [8] doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt* [9]?

Ros.

[6] —*I will laugh like a hyen,*] The bark of the hyena very much resembles a loud laugh.

So, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623:
" —Methinks I see her *laughing*,
" Excellent *Hyena!*"

Again, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:
" You *laugh hyena* like, weep like a crocodile."

Again, in Green's *Never too Late*, 1616:
" —weeps with the crocodile, and *smiles* with the *hiena*."
STEEVENS.

[7] —*and that when thou art inclin'd to* sleep.] We should read, *to weep*. WARBURTON.

I know not why we should read *to weep*. I believe most men would be more angry to have their *sleep* hindered than their *grief* interrupted. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*make the doors*] This is an expression used in several of the midland counties, instead of *bar the doors*. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:
" The doors are *made* against you."

The modern editors read, " make the doors *fast*" in this play, and " the doors are *barr'd* against you" in the other. STEEVENS.

[9] —*Wit, whither wilt?*] This must be some allusion to a story well known at that time, though now perhaps irretrievable.
JOHNSON.

This was an exclamation much in use, when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:
" My sweet, *Wit whither wilt thou*, my delicate poetical fury, &c."

Again,

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer [1], unless you take her without her tongue. O that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion [2], let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orla. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Again, in Heywood's *Royal King*, 1637:

" Wit: — is the word strange to you? *Wit?*—
" *Whither wilt thou?*"

And again, in *More Dissemblers than Women*, a comedy by Middleton.

Again, in the Preface to *Greene's Greatsworth of Wit*, 1621:

" *Wit whither wilt thou?* woe is me,
" Th' hast brought me to this miserie."

The same expression occurs more than once in Taylor the water-poet, and seems to have been the title of some ludicrous performance. STEEVENS.

[1] *You shall never take her without her answer,*] See Chaucer, *Marchantes Tale*, ver. 10138—10149:

" Ye, sire, quod Proserpine, and wol ye so?
" Now by my modre Ceres soule I swere,
" That I shal yeve hire suffisant answere,
" And alle women after for hire sake;
" That though they ben in any gilt ytake,
" With face bold they shul hemselve excuse,
" And bere hem doun that wolden hem accuse.
" For lacke of answere, non of us shul dien.
" Al had ye seen a thing with bothe youre eyen,
" Yet shul we so visage it hardely,
" And wepe and swere and chiden subtilly,
" That ye shull ben as lewed as ben gees." TYRWHITT.

[2] ——*make her fault her husband's occasion,*] That is, represent her fault as occasioned by her husband. Sir T. Hanmer reads *her husband's* accusation. JOHNSON.

Rof. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no lefs:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one caft away, and fo,—come, death.—Two o'the clock is your hour?

Orla. Ay, fweet Rofalind.

Rof. By my troth, and in good earneft, and fo God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promife, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the moft pathetical break-promife [2], and the moft hollow lover, and the moft unworthy of her you call Rofalind, that may be chofen out of the grofs band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my cenfure, and keep your promife.

Orla. With no lefs religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rofalind: So, adieu.

Rof. Well, time is the old juftice that examines all fuch offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

[*Exit Orlando.*

Cel. You have fimply mifus'd our fex in your love-prate: we muft have your doublet and hofe pluck'd over your head, and fhew the world what the bird hath done to her own neft [3].

Rof. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didft know how many fathom deep I am in love!

[2] *I will think you the moft* pathetical *break-promife,*] There is neither fenfe nor humour in this expreffion. We fhould certainly read,——*atheiftical break-promife.* His anfwer confirms it, that he would keep his promife *with no lefs religion, than*——— WARBURTON.

I do not fee but that *pathetical* may ftand, which feems to afford as much fenfe and as much humour as *atheiftical.* JOHNSON.

The fame epithet occurs again in *Love's Labour Loft*, and with as little apparent meaning:

"———— moft *pathetical* nit." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*to her own neft.*] So, in *Lodge's Rofalynde.* "And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your own robes were off, what mettal are you made of that you are fo fatyricall againft women? Is it not a foule bird defiles the owne neft?" STEEVENS.

But

But it cannot be founded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomlefs; that as faft as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Rof. No, that fame wicked baftard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of fpleen, and born of madnefs; that blind rafcally boy, that abufes every one's eyes, becaufe his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of fight of Orlando: I'll go find a fhadow, and figh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll fleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's prefent him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to fet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no fong, forefter, for this purpofe?

For. Yes, fir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, fo it make noife enough.

Mufick, Song.

1. *What fhall he have, that kill'd the deer?*
2. *His leather fkin, and horns to wear*[4].

[4] *His leather fkin and horns to wear.*] Shakefpeare feems to have formed this fong on a hint afforded by the novel which furnifhed him with the plot of his play. "What news, Forrefter? Haft thou wounded fome deere, and loft him in the fall? Care not, man, for fo fmall a loffe; thy fees was but the *fkinne*, the fhoulders, and the *horns.*" *Lodge's Rofalynd, or Euphues's Golden Legacie*, 1592. For this quotation the reader is indebted to Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

1. Then sing him home:
Take thou no scorn[5] | The rest shall bear this burden.
To wear the horn, the lusty horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
1. Thy father's father wore it;
2. And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

[6]SCENE III.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here's much Orlando[7]!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain,

[5] *Take thou no scorn*] In former editions: *Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burden.* This is an admirable instance of the sagacity of our preceding editors, to say nothing worse. One should expect, when they were *poets*, they would at least have taken care of the *rhimes*, and not foisted in what has nothing to answer it. Now, where is the rhime to, *the rest shall bear this burden?* Or, to ask another question, where is the sense of it? Does the poet mean, that He, that kill'd the deer, shall be sung home, and the rest shall bear the deer on their backs? This is laying a burden on the poet, that we must help him to throw off. In short, the mystery of the whole is, that a marginal note is wisely thrust into the text: the song being design'd to be sung by a single voice, and the stanzas to close with a burden to be sung by the whole company. THEOBALD.

This note I have given as a specimen of Mr. Theobald's jocularity, and the eloquence with which he recommends his emendations. JOHNSON.

[6] The foregoing noisy scene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to represent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Rosalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando sending his excuse. I do not see that by any probable division of the acts this absurdity can be obviated. JOHNSON.

[7] *And here's much Orlando!*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, but without the least authority.

I wonder much, Orlando is not here. STEEVENS.

brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to ſleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I gueſs,
By the ſtern brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

Roſ. [*reading.*] Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She ſays, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix: 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes ſhe ſo to me?—Well, ſhepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Roſ. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand: ſhe has a leathern hand,
A freeſtone-coloured hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huſwife's hand: but that's no matter:
I ſay, ſhe never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Roſ. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like Turk to Chriſtian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth ſuch giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect

Than

Than in their countenance: —Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Roſ. She Phebe's me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

[Reads.] *Art thou god to ſhepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Roſ. [Reads.] *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
War'ſt thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear ſuch railing?—

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance[8] *to me.*—

Meaning me a beaſt.—

If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him ſeal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind[9]
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

[8] *Vengeance* is uſed for *miſchief.* JOHNSON.
[9] *Youth and kind*] *Kind* is the old word for *nature.* JOHNSON.

Sil.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor ſhepherd!

Roſ. Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no pity.—Wilt thou love ſuch a woman?—What, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I ſee love hath made thee a tame ſnake) and ſay this to her;—"That if ſhe love me, I charge her to love "thee: if ſhe will not, I will never have her, un-"leſs thou intreat for her." If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit Silvius.*

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this foreſt, ſtands
A ſheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. Weſt of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the houſe doth keep itſelf,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by deſcription;
Such garments, and ſuch years: *The boy is fair,*
Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
Like a ripe ſiſter: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boaſt, being aſk'd, to ſay, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Roſalind,
He ſends this bloody napkin[1]; Are you he?

[1] —*napkin*, i. e. *handkerchief.*] So, in *Othello*:
"Your *napkin* is too little." STEEVENS.

Roſ.

Rof. I am: What muft we underftand by this?
Oli. Some of my fhame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was ftain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When laft the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promife to return again
[2] Within an hour; and, pacing through the foreft,
Chewing the food of fweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye afide,
And, mark, what object did prefent itfelf!
Under an oak [3], whofe boughs were mofs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,

[2] *Within an hour*;] We muft read, *within two hours.* JOHNSON.
May not *within an hour* fignify *within a certain time?*
TYRWHITT.

[3] *Under an oak*, &c.] The paffage ftands thus in Lodge's *Novel.* "Saladyne wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fafting, finding a little cave by the fide of a thicket, eating fuch fruite as the forreft did affoord, and contenting himfelf with fuch drinke as nature had provided, and thirft made delicate, after his repaft he fell into a dead fleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and efpying Saladyne, began to ceaze upon him: but feeing he lay ftill without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkaffes: and yet defirous to have fome foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to fee if he would ftirre. While thus Saladyne flept fecure, fortune that was careful of her champion, began to fmile, and brought it fo to paffe, that Rofader (having ftricken a deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare fpeare in his hande in great hafte, he fpyed where a man lay afleepe, and a lyon faft by him: amazed at this fight, as he ftood gazing, his nofe on the fodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was fome friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might eafily difcerne his vifage, and perceived by his phifnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rofader into a deepe paffion, as a man perplexed, &c.——But the prefent time craved no fuch doubting ambages: for he muft eyther refolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or elfe fteale away and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated, &c." STEEVENS

Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry [4],
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men,

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Rof. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling [5]
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel.

[4] *A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,*] So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:
"——the starven *lioness*
"When she is *dry-sukt* of her eager young." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*in which* hurtling] To *hurtle* is to move with impetuosity and tumult. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:
"A noise of battle *hurtled* in the air."
Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:
"—hearing of the gangs of good fellows that *hurtled* and bustled thither, &c."

Again,

Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—
Oli. By, and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place;——
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
Cel. Why, how now, Ganymed? sweet Ganymed? [*Rosalind faints.*
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymed[6]!

Again, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. I. c. 4:
"All *hurtlen* forth, and she with princely pace, &c."
Again, B. I. c. 8:
"Came *hurtling* in full fierce, and forc'd the knight retire." STEEVENS.

[6] *cousin—Ganymed!*] Celia in her first fright forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out *cousin*, then recollects herself, and says Ganymed. JOHNSON.

Oli-

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Rof. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither :—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth :—You a man?—you lack a man's heart.

Rof. I do fo, I confefs it. Ah, fir, a body would think this was well counterfeited : I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great teftimony in your complexion, that it was a paffion of earneft.

Rof. Counterfeit, I affure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Rof. So I do : but, i'faith, I fhould have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards :—Good fir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I muft bear anfwer back
How you excufe my brother, Rofalind.

Rof. I fhall devife fomething : But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him :—Will you go?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Foreft.

Enter Clown, and Audrey.

Clo. We fhall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the prieft was good enough, for all the old gentleman's faying.

Clo.

Clo. A moſt wicked ſir Oliver, Audrey, a moſt vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no intereſt in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to anſwer for; we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, ſir.

Clo. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, ſir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name, William?

Will. William, ſir.

Clo. A fair name: Waſt born i'the foreſt here?

Will. Ay, ſir, I thank God.

Clo. *Thank God*;—a good anſwer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, ſir, ſo, ſo.

Clo. *So, ſo*; 'Tis good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but ſo ſo. Art thou wiſe?

Will. Ay, ſir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſay'ſt well. I do now remember a ſaying; *The fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe man knows himſelf to be a fool.* [7] The heathen philoſopher,

[7] *The heathen philoſopher, when he deſired to eat a grape,* &c.] This was deſigned as a ſneer on the ſeveral trifling and inſignificant ſayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philoſophers, by the writers of their lives, ſuch as Diogenes Laertius, Philoſtratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wiſe ſayings*. WARBURTON.

A book called *The Dictes and Sayinges of the Philoſophers*, was printed

ſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do ſir.

Clo. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, ſir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glaſs, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he; now you are not *ipſe*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, ſir.

Clo. He, ſir, that muſt marry this woman: Therefore, you, clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the ſociety,—which in the booriſh is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman,—which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or, clown, thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: [8] I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will over-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William,

Will. God reſt you merry, ſir. [*Exit.*

printed by Caxton in 1477. It was tranſlated out of French into Engliſh by Lord Rivers. From this performance, or ſome republication of it, Shakeſpeare's knowledge of theſe philoſophical trifles might be derived. STEEVENS.

[8] *I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction;*] All this ſeems to be an alluſion to ſir Thomas Overbury's affair. WARBURTON.

The *Reviſal* juſtly obſerves that *the affair of poiſoning Overbury did not break out till* 1615, *long after Shakeſpeare had left the ſtage, and within a year, or a little more, of his death.* STEEVENS.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come, away, away.

Clo. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey; I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Orlando, and Oliver.

Orla. Is't poſſible [9], that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? And will you perſever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting; but ſay with me, I love Aliena; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it ſhall be to your good; for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old ſir Rowland's, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

Enter Roſalind.

Orla. You have my conſent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Roſalind.

Roſ. God ſave you, brother.

[9] *Is't poſſible,* &c.] Shakeſpeare, by putting this queſtion into the mouth of Orlando, ſeems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deſerting his original. In Lodge's *Novel,* the elder brother is inſtrumental in ſaving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who "thought to ſteale her away, and to give her to the king for a preſent, hopeing, becauſe the king was a great leacher, by ſuch a gift to purchaſe all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumſtance, the paſſion of Aliena appears to be very haſty indeed. STEEVENS.

Oli.

Oli. And you, fair ſiſter [1].

Roſ. Oh, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

Orla. It is my arm.

Roſ. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Roſ. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhewed me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæſar's thraſonical brag of—I *came, ſaw,* and *overcame:* For your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they aſk'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy: and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them [2].

Orla. They ſhall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes! By ſo much the more ſhall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

Roſ. Why then, to-morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for Roſalind?

[1] *And you, fair ſiſter.*] I know not why Oliver ſhould call Roſalind ſiſter. He takes her yet to be a man. I ſuppoſe we ſhould read, *and you,* and your *fair ſiſter.* JOHNSON.

Oliver ſpeaks to her in the character ſhe had aſſumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother. CHAMIER.

[2] *Clubs cannot part them.*] Alluding to the way of parting dogs in wrath. JOHNSON.

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inſomuch, I ſay, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you, to do yourſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things: I have, ſince I was three years old, convers'd with a magician, moſt profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Roſalind ſo near the heart as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you ſhall marry her: I know into what ſtraights of fortune ſhe is driven; and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to-morrow, human as ſhe is [3], and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I ſay I am a magician [4]: Therefore, put you on your beſt array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to morrow, you ſhall; and to Roſalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius, and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs, To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my ſtudy,

[3] *human as ſhe is,*] That is, not a phantom, but the real Roſalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. JOHNSON.

[4] *Which I tender dearly, though I ſay I am a magician:*] Hence it appears this was written in James's time, when there was a ſevere inquiſition after witches and magicians. WARBURTON.

To

To ſeem deſpightful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful ſhepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.

Phe. Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be made all of ſighs and tears;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymed.

Orla. And I for Roſalind.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and ſervice;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymed.

Orla. And I for Roſalind.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantaſy,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes;
All adoration, duty, and obſervance,
All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obſervance;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

Phe. And ſo am I for Ganymed.

Orla. And ſo am I for Roſalind.

Roſ. And ſo am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To Roſ.*

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To Phe.*

Orla. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Roſ. Who do you ſpeak to, *why blame you me to love you?*

Orla. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Roſ. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Iriſh wolves againſt the moon[5].—I will help you,

[5] —*'tis like the howling of Iriſh wolves againſt the moon.*] This is borrowed from Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592:
"I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkeſt with the *wolves* of Syria *againſt the moone*." MALONE.

if I can: [*To Silvius.*]—I would love you, if I could. [*To Phebe.*]—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To Phebe*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*To Orlando*] if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to morrow:—I will content you, [*To Silvius*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—— As you love Rosalind, meet; [*To Orlando.*]—as you love Phebe, meet; [*To Silvius.*]—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Clown, and Audrey.

Clo. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world [6]. Here come two of the banish'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you: sit i'the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

6 ——*a woman of the world.*] To *go to the world*, is to be married. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* "Thus (says Beatrice) every one *goes to the world*, but I." STEEVENS.

SONG.

SONG[7].

It was a lover, and his laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did paſs
In the ſpring time, the pretty rank time[8],
When birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the ſpring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Theſe pretty country folks would lie,
In the ſpring time, &c.

The carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In the ſpring time, &c.

And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In the ſpring time, &c.

Clo. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was

[7] The ſtanzas of this ſong are in all the editions evidently tranſpoſed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies was the ſecond ſtanza is now the laſt.

The ſame tranſpoſition of theſe ſtanzas is made by Dr. Thirlby, in a copy containing ſome notes on the margin, which I have peruſed by the favour of ſir Edward Walpole. JOHNSON.

[8] —*the pretty* rank *time*,] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads:

In the ſpring time, the onely pretty *rang* time.

I think we ſhould read:

In the ſpring time, the only pretty *ring* time.

i. e. the apteſt ſeaſon for marriage; or, the word *only*, for the ſake of equality of metre, may be omitted. STEEVENS.

no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable [9].

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices.—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke Sen. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear [1].

Enter

[9] *Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very* untuneable.] Though it is thus in all the printed copies, it is evident from the sequel of the dialogue, that the poet wrote as I have reform'd in the text, *untimeable.*—*Time* and *tune*, are frequently misprinted for one another in the old editions of Shakespeare. THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, I think very undeservedly, by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

[1] *As those that fear* they hope *and know* they *fear*.] This strange nonsense should be read thus:

As those that fear their hap, *and know* their *fear*.

i. e. As those who fear the issue of a thing when they know their fear to be well grounded. WARBURTON.

The depravation of this line is evident, but I do not think the learned commentator's emendation very happy. I read thus:

As those that fear with *hope*, *and hope* with *fear*.

Or thus, with less alteration:

As those that fear, they *hope*, *and* now *they fear*.

JOHNSON.

The author of the *Revisal* would read:

"As those that fear *their* hope, and know *their* fear.

STEEVENS.

I would

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd :——
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the Duke.*
You will bestow her on Orlando here ?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her ? [*To Orlando.*

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing ? [*To Phebe.*

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd ?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will ? [*To Silvius.*

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter ;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter :—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me ;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd :—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me :—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, and Celia.*

Duke Sen. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,

I would read :
" As those that fear, *then* hope ; and know *then* fear.
MUSGRAVE.

Methought, he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Clown, and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! [2] Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three taylors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause [3].

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

[2] *Here comes a pair of* very strange *beasts*, &c.] What *strange beasts?* and yet such as have a name in all languages? Noah's ark is here alluded to; into which the *clean* beasts entered by *sevens*, and the unclean by *two*, male and female. It is plain then that Shakespeare wrote, *here come a pair of* unclean *beasts*, which is highly humourous. WARBURTON.

Strange beasts are only what we call *odd* animals. There is no need of any alteration. JOHNSON.

[3] *We found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.*] So all the copies; but it is apparent from the sequel that we must read, *the quarrel was* not *upon the seventh cause*. JOHNSON.

Clo.

Clo. God'ild you, sir[4]; I desire you of the like[5]. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks[6]:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

4 *God'ild you,* sir;] i. e. *God yield* you, reward you. So, in the *Collection of Chester Mysteries,* Mercer's Play, p. 74. b:

"The high father of heaven, I pray,
"To *yelde* you your good deed to day."

See MS. Harl. Brit. Muf. 2013. STEEVENS.

5 ——*I desire* you of *the like.*] We should read, *I desire* of you *the like.* On the Duke's saying, *I like him very well,* he replies, I desire you will give me cause that I may like you too. WARBURTON.

I have not admitted the alteration, because there are other examples of this mode of expression. JOHNSON.

See a note on the first scene of the third act of the *Midsummer Night's Dream,* where many examples of this phraseology are given.

So, in Spenser's Faery Queen, B. II. c. 9:

"If it be I, *of* pardon I you pray."

Again, B. IV. c. 6:

"I me submit, and you *of* pardon pray."

Again, B. IV. c. 8:

"She dear besought the prince *of* remedy."

Again, B. V. c. 2:

"She her besought *of* gracious redress."

Again, B. V. c. 8:

"Saying, sir Knight, *of* pardon I you pray."

STEEVENS.

6 *According as marriage binds, and blood breaks:*] The construction is, *to swear as marriage binds.* Which I think is not English. I suspect Shakespeare wrote it thus, *to swear and to forswear, according as marriage* bids *and blood* bids *break.* WARBURTON.

I cannot discover what has here puzzled the commentator: *to swear according as marriage binds,* is to take the oath enjoin'd in the ceremonial of marriage. JOHNSON.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases [7].

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Clo. Upon a lye seven times removed;—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard [8]; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous.* If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is call'd the *Quip modest.* If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is call'd the *Reply churlish.* If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true. This is call'd the *Reproof valiant.* If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lye. This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; and so to the *Lye circumstantial*, and the *Lye direct.*

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further than the *Lye circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lye direct*; and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

[7] *Dulcet diseases.*] This I do not understand. For *diseases* it is easy to read *discourses*: but, perhaps the fault may lie deeper. JOHNSON.

Perhaps he calls a proverb a *disease*. Proverbial sayings may appear to him as the *surfeiting diseases* of conversation. They are often the plague of commentators. STEEVENS.

[8] *As thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a courtier's beard*;] This folly is touched upon with high humour by Fletcher in his *Queen of Corinth*:

"——— *Has he familiarly*
"*Dislik'd your yellow starch, or said your doublet*
Was not exactly frenchified? ———
——— *or drawn your sword,*
Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the lye
In circle, *or* oblique, *or* semicircle,
Or direct parallel; *you must challenge him.*" WARBURTON.

Jaq.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lye?

Clo. [9] O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners [1]: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the

[9] *O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;*] The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, intitled, *Of honour and honourable quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, *A discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the lye, whereupon the* Duello *and the* Combat *in divers forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of honor, and the* right understanding of words, *which here is set down.* The contents of the several chapters are as follow. I. *What the reason is that the party unto whom the lye is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diversity of lies.* III. *Of the lye certain,* or direct. IV. *Of conditional lies,* or the lye circumstantial. V. *Of the lye in general.* VI. *Of the lye in particular.* VII. *Of foolish lies.* VIII. *A conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the lye,* or the countercheck quarrelsome. In the chapter of *conditional lies,* speaking of the particle *if,* he says, "—*Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, thus*—if *thou hast said so or so, then thou liest. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention, whereof no sure conclusion can arise.*" By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reason of Shakespeare making the Clown say, *I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an* if, *as* if you said so, then I said so, *and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your* if *is the only peace-maker; much virtue in* if. Caranza was another of these authentic authors upon the Duello. Fletcher in his last act of *Love's Pilgrimage* ridicules him with much humour.

WARBURTON.

[1] —*books for good manners:*] One of these books I have seen. It is entitled *The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children,* with *stans puer ad mensam*; black letter, without date. STEEVENS.

Counter-

Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lye with circumstance; the seventh, the Lye direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lye direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse [2], and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

[3] *Enter Hymen, Rosalind in woman's cloaths, and Celia.*

STILL MUSICK.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To the Duke.*
To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To Orlando.*

Duke Sen. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

[2] Like a *stalking-horse*,] See sir John Hawkins's note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, act II. sc. *ult*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Enter Hymen*,] Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen. JOHNSON.

Orla.

Orla. If there be truth in sight [4], you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:— [*To the Duke.*
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—[*To Orlando.*
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To Phebe.*

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents [5].
You and you no cross shall part; [*To Orlando and Rosalind.*
You and you are heart in heart: [*To Oliver and Celia.*
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:— [*To Phebe.*
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather. [*To the Clown and Audrey.*
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

[4] *If there be truth in sight,*] The answer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando says, *if there be truth in* shape: that is, *if a form may be trusted*; if one cannot usurp the form of another. JOHNSON.

[5] *If truth holds true contents.*] That is, if there be *truth in truth*, unless truth fails of veracity. JOHNSON.

SONG

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown[6];
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke Sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two.—
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—
Duke Frederick[7], hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:

[6] *Wedding is* &c.] Catullus, addressing himself to Hymen, has this stanza:

Quæ tuis careat sacris,
Non queat dare præsides
Terra finibus: at queat
Te volente. Quis huic deo
Compararier ausit. JOHNSON.

[7] *Duke Frederick*, &c.] In *Lodge's Novel* the usurping duke is not diverted from his purpose by the pious counsels of a hermit, but is subdued and killed by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of *Rosader* (the *Orlando* of this play) to assist him in the recovery of his right. STEEVENS.

And

And to the ſkirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd brother,
And all their lands reſtor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brother's wedding:
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itſelf at large, a potent dukedom.
Firſt, in this foreſt, let us do thoſe ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us,
Shall ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our ruſtick revelry:—
Play, muſick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to the meaſures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of theſe convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath; [*To the Duke.*
Your patience, and your virtue, well deſerves it:—
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:— *To Orlando.*
You to your land, and love, and great allies:— [*To Oliver.*
You to a long and well deſerved bed;— [*To Silvius.*
And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage [*To the Clown.*

Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. [8] To see no pastime, I:—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush* [9], 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good

[8] *To see no pastime, I:—what you would have,*
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.] Amidst this general festivity, the reader may be sorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unreconciled to society. He has, however, filled with a gloomy sensibility the space allotted to him in the play, and to the last preserves that respect which is due to him as a consistent character, and an amiable though solitary moralist.

It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakespeare has on this occasion forgot old Adam, the servant of Orlando, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his master. STEEVENS.

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam it forgotten; since at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captaine of the king's guard.* FARMER.

[9] *—no bush,*] It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. I suppose *ivy* was rather chosen than any other plant, as it has relation to *Bacchus.* So, in Gascoigne's *Glass of Government,* 1575:

"Now a days the good wyne needeth none *Ivye Garland.*"

Again, in the *Rival Friends,* 1632:

"'Tis like the *ivy-bush* unto a tavern."

Again, in *Summer's last Will and Testament,* 1600:

"Green *ivy-bushes* at the vintners' doors." STEEVENS.

plays

plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then [1], that am neither a good epilogue, nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar [2], therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women [3], for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman [4], I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not:

[1] ——*What a case am I in then*, &c.] Here seems to be a chasm, or some other depravation, which destroys the sentiment here intended. The reasoning probably stood thus, *Good wine needs no bush, good plays need no epilogue*, but bad wine requires a good bush, and a bad play a good epilogue. *What case am I in then?* To restore the words is impossible; all that can be done without copies is, to note the fault. JOHNSON.

[2] —*furnish'd like a beggar*,] That is *dressed*: so before, he was *furnished* like a huntsman. JOHNSON.

[3] —*I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases* you: *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,——that between you and the women*, &c.] This passage should be read thus, *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases* them; *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women*, ——to like as much as pleases them, *that between you and the women*, &c. Without the alteration of *You* into *Them* the invocation is nonsense; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleases them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may pass*, would be unsupported by any precedent premises. The words seem to have been struck out by some senseless player, as a vicious redundancy. WARBURTON.

The words *you* and *ym* written as was the custom in that time, were in manuscript scarcely distinguishable. The emendation is very judicious and probable. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*If I were a woman*,] Note that in this authour's time the parts of women were always performed by men or boys. HANMER.

and, I am ſure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or ſweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'ſy, bid me farewel.

[*Exeunt omnes* [9].

[5] Of this play the fable is wild and pleaſing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Roſalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroiſm of her friendſhip. The character of Jaques is natural and well preſerved. The comick dialogue is very ſprightly, with leſs mixture of low buffoonery than in ſome other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By haſtening to the end of his work, Shakeſpeare ſuppreſſed the dialogue between the uſurper and the hermit, and loſt an opportunity of exhibiting a moral leſſon in which he might have found matter worthy of his higheſt powers. JOHNSON.

TAMING

OF THE

SHREW.

Characters in the Induction.

A Lord, before whom the Play is supposed to be play'd.
Christopher Sly, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hostess.
Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

Persons Represented.

Baptista, *Father to* Katharina *and* Bianca; *very rich.*
Vincentio, *an old Gentleman of* Pisa.
Lucentio, *Son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a Gentleman of* Verona, *a suitor to* Katharina.
Gremio, Hortensio, } *Pretenders to* Bianca.
Tranio, Biondello, } *Servants to* Lucentio.
Grumio, *Servant to* Petruchio.
Pedant, *an old Fellow set up to personate* Vincentio.

Katharina, *the Shrew.*
Bianca, *her Sister.*
Widow

Taylor, Haberdasher; with Servants attending on Baptista, *and* Petruchio.

SCENE, *sometimes in* Padua; *and sometimes in* Petruchio's *House in the Country.*

Charac-

Characters in the Induction

To the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, 4to. 1607.

A Lord &c.
Sly.
A Tapster.
Page, Players, Huntsmen, &c.

Persons Represented.

Alphonsus, *a Merchant of* Athens.
Jerobel, *Duke of* Cestus.
Aurelius, *his Son*, }
Ferando, } *Suitors to the Daughters of* Alphonsus.
Polidor, }
Valeria, *Servant to* Aurelius.
Sander, *Servant to* Ferando.
Phylotus, *a Merchant who personates the* Duke.

Kate, }
Emelia, } *Daughters to* Alphonsus.
Phylema, }

Taylor, Haberdasher, and Servants to Ferando *and* Alphonsus.

SCENE, Athens; *and sometimes* Ferando's *Country House.*

TAMING of the SHREW.

I N D U C T I O N.

S C E N E I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I'll pheese you [2], in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly.

[1] We have hitherto supposed Shakespeare the author of the *Taming of the Shrew*, but his property in it is extremely disputable. I will give my opinion, and the reasons on which it is founded. I suppose then the present play not *originally* the work of Shakespeare, but restored by him to the stage, with the whole Induction of the Tinker; and some other occasional improvements; especially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *best* manner, and a great part of the *latter* in his *worst*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly spurious; and without doubt *supposing* it to have been written by Shakespeare, it must have been one of his earliest productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the list of his works by Meres in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of sir John Harrington, printed in 1596, (and possibly there may be an earlier edition) called *The Metamorphoses of Ajax*, where I suspect an allusion to the old play; "Read the *Booke* of *Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that *now* every one can rule a shrew in our countrey, save he that hath hir."——I am aware a *modern* linguist may object that the word *book* does not at present seem *dramatick*, but it was once *technically* so: Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse, containing a pleasaunt Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth,* 1579,

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no [3] rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Con-

1579, mentions "twoo prose *bookes* played at the Bell-Sauage:" and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of William of Worcester, that he had seen a MS. in the nature of a *Play* or *Interlude*, intitled the *Booke of Sir Thomas Moore*."

And in fact there is such an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope's list: "A pleasant conceited history, called, the *Taming of a Shrew*—sundry times acted by the earl of Pembroke his servants." Which seems to have been republished by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakespeare's copy appeared at the Black-Friars or the Globe.—Nor let this seem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reason to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own; for it was not even printed till some years after his death; but he merely revived it on his stage as a *manager*.

In support of what I have said relative to this play, let me only observe further at present, that the author of *Hamlet* speaks of Gonzago, and his wife Baptista; but the author of the *Taming of the Shrew* knew Baptista to be the name of a man. Mr. Capell indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the testimony of sir Aston Cockayn. I knew sir Aston was much acquainted with the writers immediately subsequent to Shakespeare; and I was not inclined to dispute his authority: but how was I surprised, when I found that Cockayn ascribes nothing more to Shakespeare, than the *Induction-Wincot-ale and the Beggar!* I hope this was only a slip of Mr. Capell's memory. FARMER.

The following is sir Aston's Epigram.

To Mr. Clement Fisher of Wincot.

Shakespeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
That fox'd a beggar so (by chance was found
Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
To make him to believe he was a lord:
But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)
'Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakespeare fancies
Did put *Kit Sly* into such lordly trances:
And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness)
And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.

Sir *A. Cockayn's Poems*, 1659, p. 124.

In spite of the great deference which is due from every commentator to Mr. Farmer's judgment, I own I cannot concur with him on the present occasion. I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakespeare was not its author. I think his

Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*[4]; let the world slide[5]: *Sessa!*

Host.

his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Katharine and Petruchio.

I once thought that the title of this play might have been taken from an old story, entitled, *The Wyf lapped in Morells skin, or The Taming of a Shrew*; but I have since discovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following. "Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleasaunt conceyted hystorie called, *The Tayminge of a Shrowe.*" It is likewise entered to Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of Shakespeare, to avail themselves of the titles of ancient performances. Thus, as Mr. Warton has observed, Spenser sent out his *Pastorals* under the title of the *Shepherd's Kalendar*, a work which had been printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before these poems of Spenser appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, is of opinion, that *The Frolicksome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, an ancient ballad in the Pepy's *Collection*, might have suggested to Shakespeare the Induction for this comedy.

Chance, however, has at last furnished me with the original to which Shakespeare was indebted for his fable; nor does this discovery at all dispose me to retract my former opinion, which the reader may find at the conclusion of the play. Such parts of the dialogue as our author had immediately imitated, I have occasionally pointed out at the bottom of the page; but must refer the reader, who is desirous to examine the whole structure of the piece, to *Six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, at Charing-cross, as a Supplement to our commentaries on Shakespeare.

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote what may be called a sequel to this comedy, viz. *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tam'd*; in which Petruchio is subdued by a second wife. STEEVENS.

[2] *I'll pheese you,*——] To *pheeze* or *fease*, is to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken, like *teaze* or *toze*, for to *harrass*, to *plague*. Perhaps *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phrase vulgarly used by persons of Sly's character on like occasions. The following explanation of the word is given by Sir Tho. Smith in his book *de Sermone Anglico*, printed by Robert Stephens, 4to. To *feize*, means *in fila diducere*. JOHNSON.

Shake-

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst[6]?

Sly.

Shakespeare repeats his use of the word in *Troilus and Cressida*, where Ajax says he will *pheese* the pride of Achilles; and Lovewit in the *Alchemist* employs it in the same sense. Again, in *Puttenham's Art of Poetry*, 1589:

"Your pride serves you to *feaze* them all alone."

Again, in Stanyhurst's version of the first book of *Virgil's Æneid:*

"We are touz'd, and from Italye *feazed*."

—Italis longe *disjungimur* oris.

Again, *ibid:*

"*Feaze* away the droane bees, &c." STEEVENS.

3 ——*no rogues:*] That is, *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but gentlemen. JOHNSON.

One *William Sly* was a performer in the plays of Shakespeare, as appears from the list of comedians prefixed to the folio, 1623. This *Sly* is likewise mentioned in Heywood's *Actor's Vindication*. He was also among those to whom James I. granted a licence to act at the *Globe* theatre in 1603. STEEVENS.

4 ——paucas pallabris;] Sly, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet. THEOBALD.

This is a burlesque on Hieronymo, which Theobald speaks of in the following note. "*What new device have they devised now?* Pocas pallabras." In the comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, 1611, a cut-purse makes use of the same words. Again they appear in *The Wise Woman of Hogsden*, 1638, and in some others, but are always appropriated to the lowest characters. STEEVENS.

5 ——*let the world slide:*] This expression is proverbial. It is used in B. and Fletcher's *Wit without Money:*

"——will you go drink,
"And *let the world slide*, uncle?" STEEVENS.

6 ——*you have* burst?] To *burst* and to *break* were anciently synonymous. Falstaff says—that "John of Gaunt *burst* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marshal's men."

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda:*

"God save you, sir, you have *burst* your shin."

Again, in Dr. *Philemon Holland's* translation of *Plutarch's* Apophthegmes, edit. 1603, p. 405. To *brast* and to *burst*, have the same meaning. So, in *All for Money*, a tragedy by T. Lupton, 1574:

"If you forsake our father, for sorrow he will *brast*."

In

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee [7].

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough [8]. [*Exit.*

Sly.

In the same piece *burst* is used when it suited the rhime. Again, in the old Morality of *Every Man:*

"Though thou weep till thy hart to *brast.*" STEEVENS.

Burst?] You will not pay for the glasses you have *burst?* I believe the true reading to be *brast* which often literally, and in the sense of the text, signifies *broke.* A word perpetually used by Shakespeare's contemporary poets, particularly Spenser.

WARTON.

7 *Go by, S. Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] All the editions have coined a saint here, for Sly to swear by. But the poet had no such intentions. The passage has particular humour in it, and must have been very pleasing at that time of day. But I must clear up a piece of stage history, to make it understood. There is a fustian old play, called *Hieronymo*; or, *The Spanish Tragedy:* which, I find, was the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakespeare's time: and a passage, that appeared very ridiculous in that play, is here humorously alluded to. Hieronymo, thinking himself injur'd, applies to the king for justice; but the courtiers, who did not desire his wrongs should be set in a true light, attempt to hinder him from an audience.

"Hiero. *Justice, oh! justice to Hieronymo.*
"Lor. *Back;——see'st thou not the king is busy?*
"Hiero. *Oh, is he so?*
"King. *Who is he, that interrupts our business?*
"Hiero. *Not I:—Hieronymo, beware;* go by, go by."

So Sly here, not caring to be dun'd by the Hostess, cries to her in effect, "Don't be troublesome, don't interrupt me, *go by;*" and to fix the satire in his allusion, pleasantly calls her Jeronimo.

THEOBALD.

The first part of this tragedy is called *Jeronimo.* The Tinker therefore does not say *Jeronimo* as a mistake for *Hieronimo.*

STEEVENS.

8 ——*I must go fetch the* Headborough.

Sly. Third, *or* fourth, *or* fifth *Borough*, &c.]

This corrupt reading had pass'd down through all the copies, and none of the editors pretended to guess at the poet's conceit. What an insipid, unmeaning reply does Sly make to his Hostess? How do *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* borough relate to *Headborough?* The author intended but a poor witticism, and even that is lost. The Hostess would say, that she'll fetch a *constable:* and this officer she calls by his other name, a *Third-borough;* and upon this term Sly

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll anſwer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls aſleep* [9].

Sly ſounds the conundrum in his anſwer to her. Who does not perceive at a ſingle glance, ſome conceit ſtarted by this certain correction? There is an attempt at wit, tolerable enough for a tinker, and one drunk too. *Third-borough* is a Saxon term ſufficiently explained by the gloſſaries: and in our ſtatute-books, no further back than the 28th year of Henry VIII. we find it uſed to ſignify a *conſtable*. THEOBALD.

Theobald took his explanation of *Third-borough*, from Cowel's *Law Dict.* which at the ſame time might have taught him to doubt of its propriety. In the Perſonæ Dramatis to Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*, the *high-conſtable*, the *petty-conſtable*, the *head-borough*, and the *third-borough*, are enumerated as diſtinct characters. It is difficult to ſay preciſely what the office of a *third-borough* was. STEEVENS.

A *thirdborough* ſeems originally to have ſignified him who had the principal government within his own *tything*, or *trithing*. Norden's *Hiſt. of Cornwall*, decides for the former word *tithing*. See p. 29, 30. "The ſhirife has his bayliwickes; the hundreds have conſtables; tythings have *therd-barows*, in ſome places hedborows, in ſome borrowſhed, and in the weſte partes, a tythingman." TOLLET.

If the authority of Lambard and Cowel are not ſufficient to to juſtify Theobald in preferring this word to *headborough*, gloſſaries are of no uſe. As to the office of *thirdborough*, it is known to all acquainted with the civil conſtitution of this country to be co-extenſive with that of conſtable. Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

9 *Falls aſleep.*] The ſpurious play already mentioned, begins thus: "*Enter a Tapſter, beating out of his doores* Slie *drunken.*

" *Tapſ.* You whoreſon drunken ſlave, you had beſt be gone,
" And empty your drunken panch ſomewhere elſe,
" For in this houſe thou ſhalt not reſt to night. [*Exit. Tapſter.*
" *Slie.* Tilly vally; by criſee Tapſter Ile *feſe you* anone:
" Fills the t'other pot, and all's paid for: looke you,
" I doe drinke it of mine owne inſtigation. *Omne bene.*
" Heere Ile lie awhile: why Tapſter, I ſay,
" Fill's a freſh cuſhen heere:
" Heigh ho, heere's good warme lying. [*He falles aſleepe.*
" *Enter a noble man and his men from hunting.*"

STEEVENS.

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is imbost [1],—
And

[1] Brach *Merriman,—the poor cur is imbost,*
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.]
Here, says Pope, *brach* signifies a degenerate hound: but Edwards explains it a hound in general.

That the latter of these criticks is right, will appear from the use of the word *brach* in Sir J. Moores's *Comfort against Tribulation*, book iii. ch. 24. "Here it must be known of some men that can skill of hunting, whether that we mistake not our terms, for then are we utterly ashamed, as ye wott well.—And I am so cunning, that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitche be a bitche or no; but as I remember she is no bitch but a *brache*." The meaning of the latter part of the paragraph seems to be, "I am so little skilled in hunting, that I can hardly tell whether a bitch be a bitch or not; my judgment goes no further, than just to direct me to call either dog or bitch by their general name—Hound." I am aware that Spelman acquaints his reader, that *brache* was used in his days for a *lurcher*, and that Shakespeare himself has made it a dog of a particular species.

"*Mastiff, greyhound, mungrill grim,*
"*Hound or spaniel,* brache *or hym.*"
K. Lear, act III. sc. v.

But it is manifest from the passage of *More* just cited, that it was sometimes applied in a general sense, and may therefore be so understood in the passage before us; and it may be added, that *brache* appears to be used in the same sense by Beaumont and Fletcher. "*A.* Is that your brother? *E.* Yes, have you lost your memory? *A.* As I live he is a pretty fellow. *Y.* O this is a sweet *brache.*" *Scornful Lady*, act. I. sc. 1. WARTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads, Leech *Merriman*, that is, *apply some remedies* to Merriman, the poor cur has his *joints swell'd.* Perhaps we might read, *bathe* Merriman, which is I believe the common practice of huntsmen, but the present reading may stand:

—— *tender well my hounds:*
Brach—Merriman —— *the poor cur is imbost.*
JOHNSON.

Imbost,] a hunting term; when a deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *emboss'd.* A dog also when he is strained with hard running (especially upon hard ground) will have his knees swelled, and then he is said to be *emboss'd:* from the

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good?
At

the French word *boſſe* which ſignifies a tumour. This explanation of the word will receive illuſtration from the following paſſage in the old comedy, intitled, *A pleaſant Comedy of the gentle Craft*, acted at court, and printed in the year 1618. ſignat. C:

" ———Beate every brake, the game's not farre,
" This way with winged feet he fled from death:
" Beſides, the miller's boy told me even now,
" He ſaw him take ſoyle, and he hallowed him,
" Affirming him ſo *emboſs'd*." WARTON.

Mr. Warton's firſt explanation is juſt. Lylly, in his *Midas*, 1592, has not only given us the term, but the explanation of it.

" *Pet.* There was a boy leaſh'd on the ſingle, becauſe when he was *imboſs'd* he took ſoyle.

" *Li.* What's that?

" *Pet.* Why a boy was beaten on the tayle with a leathern thong, becauſe, when he *fom'de at the mouth* with running, he went into the water." STEEVENS.

I believe *brach Merriman* means only *Merriman the brach*. So in the old ſong, " *Cow Crumbocke* is a very good cow."

Brach however appears to have been a particular ſort of hound. In an old metrical charter, granted by Edward the Confeſſor to the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing, in Eſſex, there are the two following lines;

" Four greyhounds & ſix *Bratches*,
" For hare, fox, and wild-cattes."

Merriman ſurely could not be deſigned for the name of a *female* of the canine ſpecies. STEEVENS.

It ſeems from the commentary of Ulitius upon *Gratius*, from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*, from *bracco*, in Spelman's *Gloſſary*, and from Markham's *Country Contentments*, that *brache* originally meant a bitch. *Ulitius*, p. 163, obſerves, that bitches have a ſuperior ſagacity of noſe, " fœminis [canibus] ſagacitatis plurimum ineſſe, uſus docuit;" and hence, perhaps, any hound with eminent quickneſs of ſcent, whether dog or bitch, was called *brache*, for the term *brache* is ſometimes applied to males. Our anceſtors hunted much with the large ſouthern hounds, and had in every pack a couple of dogs peculiarly good and cunning to find game, or recover the ſcent, as *Markham* informs us. To this cuſtom Shakeſpeare ſeems here to allude, by naming *two braches*, which, in my opinion, are beagles; and this diſcriminates *brache* from the *lym*, a blood-hound mentioned together with it, in the tragedy of *King Lear*. In the following quotation offered by Mr. Steevens on another occaſion, the *brache*
hunts

At the hedge-corner, in the coldeſt fault?
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.
Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the meereſt loſs,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.
Lord. Thou art a fool; if Eccho were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.
Hun. I will, my lord.
Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?
2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.
Lord. O monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thine image!—
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.——
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet cloaths, rings put upon his fingers,
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf?
1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot chuſe.
2 *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd.

hunts truely by the ſcent, behind the doe, while the hounds are on every ſide:

—— "For as the dogs purſue the ſilly doe,
"The *brache* behind, the hounds on every ſide;
"So trac'd they me among the mountains wide."
Phaer's *Legend of Owen Glendower.* TOLLET.

—— *how Silver* made it good] This, I ſuppoſe, is a technical term. It occurs likewiſe in the 23d ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"What's offer'd by the firſt, the other *good doth make.*"
STEEVENS.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthleſs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:—
Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet:
Procure me muſick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And, with a low ſubmiſſive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon,
Full of roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And ſay,——Will't pleaſe your lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And aſk him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his lady mourns at his diſeaſe:
Perſuade him, that he hath been lunatick;
And, when he ſays he is,——ſay that he dreams [2],
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle ſirs;
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,

[2] *And when he ſays he is,—ſay that he dreams,*
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.]
I ſhould rather think that Shakeſpeare wrote:
"And when he ſays he's *poor*,—ſay, that he dreams."
The dignity of a lord is then ſignificantly oppoſed to the poverty which it would be natural for him to acknowledge. STEEVENS.
If any thing ſhould be inſerted, it may be done thus:
"And when he ſays he's *Sly*, ſay that he dreams."
The likeneſs in writing of *Sly* and *ſay* produced the omiſſion.
JOHNSON.
This is hardly right; for how ſhould the lord know the beggar's name to be *Sly*? STEEVENS.

If

If it be husbanded with modesty [3].

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out Sly. Sound trumpets.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—
Belike, some noble gentleman; that means,

[*Exit Servant.*

Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your honour, players,
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

Enter Players [4].

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty [5].

Lord.

[3] —*modesty.*] By *modesty* is meant *moderation*, without suffering our merriment to break into an excess. JOHNSON.

[4] *Enter Players.*] The old play already quoted reads:
" *Enter two of the plaiers with packs at their backs, and a boy.*"
"—Now, sirs, what store of plaies have you?
" *San.* Marry my lord you may have a tragicall,
" Or a commoditie, or what you will.
" *The other.* A comedie thou shouldst say, souns thou'lt shame us all.
" *Lord.* And what's the name of your comedie?
" *San.* Marrie my lord, 'tis calde *The Taming of a Shrew*:
" 'Tis a good lesson for us my L. for us that are maried men," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*to accept our duty.*] It was in those times the custom of

players

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name; but, ſure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sincklo. I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means [6].

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didſt it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;

players to travel in companies, and offer their ſervice at great houſes. JOHNSON.

In the fifth *Earl of Northumberland's Houſehold Book*, (with a copy of which I was honoured by the late dutcheſs) the following article occurs. The book was begun in the year 1512:

"Rewards to Playars.

"Item, to be payd to the ſaid Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy for rewards to players for playes playd in Chryſtinmas by ſtranegers in my houſe after xxd. every play by eſtimacion ſomme xxxiij s. iiij d. Which ys apoynted to be payd to the ſaid Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy at the ſaid Chriſtynmas in full contentacion of the ſaid rewardys xxxiij s. iiij d." STEEVENS.

6 *I think, 'twas Soto*——] I take our author here to be paying a compliment to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleaſed*, in which comedy there is the character of Soto, who is a farmer's ſon, and a very facetious ſerving-man. Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope prefix the name of *Sim* to the line here ſpoken; but the firſt folio has it *Sincklo*; which, no doubt, was the name of one of the players here introduced, and who had played the part of Soto with applauſe. THEOBALD.

As both the quarto and folio prefix the name of *Sincklo* to this line, why ſhould we diſplace it? *Sincklo* is a name elſewhere uſed by Shakeſpeare. In one of the parts of *Henry* VI. *Humphrey* and *Sincklo* enter with their bows, as foreſters.

With this obſervation I was favoured by a learned lady, and have replaced the old reading. STEEVENS.

It is true that *Soto*, in the play of *Women Pleaſed*, is *a farmer's eldeſt ſon*, but *he does not wooe any gentlewoman*; ſo that it may be doubted, whether that be the character alluded to. There can be little doubt that *Sincklo* was the name of one of the players, which has crept in, both here and in the Third Part of *Henry* VI. inſtead of the name of the perſon repreſented.

Again, at the concluſion of the Second Part of *K. Henry* IV. "Enter *Sincklo* and three or four officers." See the quarto 1600.
TYRWHITT.

The

The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world [7].

Lord.

[7] *—in the world.*] Here follows another insertion made by Mr. Pope from the old play. These words are neither found in the quarto, 1631, nor in the folio, 1623. I have therefore sunk them into a note, as we have no proof that the first sketch of the piece was written by Shakespeare.

"2 *Play.* [*to the other*] Go, get a dish-clout to make clean your shoes, and I'll speak for the properties *. [*Exit Player.*

"My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a property, and a little vinegar to make our devil roar †."

The *shoulder of mutton* might indeed be necessary afterwards for the dinner of Petruchio, but there is no devil in this piece, or in the original on which Shakespeare form'd it; neither was it yet determined what comedy should be represented. STEEVENS.

* *Property*] in the language of a playhouse, is every implement necessary to the exhibition. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633:

"No matter for *properties*,
"We'll imagine, madam, you have a beard."

Again, in *The Noble Stranger*, 1640:

"To an antiquary's study for strange *properties* to perform the ceremonies requisite at inspiration." STEEVENS.

† *——a little vinegar to make our devil roar.*] When the acting the mysteries of the Old and New Testament was in vogue, at the representation of the mystery of the Passion, Judas and the devil made a part. And the devil, wherever he came, was always to suffer some disgrace, to make the people laugh: as here, the buffoonery was to apply the gall and vinegar to make him roar. And the Passion being that, of all the mysteries, which was most frequently represented, vinegar became at length the standing implement to torment the devil; and was used for this purpose even after the mysteries ceased, and the moralities came in vogue; where the devil continued to have a confi-

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one;

a considerable part.—The mention of it here was to ridicule so absurd a circumstance in these old farces. WARBURTON.

All Dr. Warburton has said, relative to *Judas* and the *vinegar*, wants confirmation. I have met with no such circumstances in any mysteries, whether in MS. or in print; and yet both the *Chester* and *Coventry* collections are preserved in the British Museum. See MS. Harl. 2013, and Cotton MS. Vespasian. D. viii.

Perhaps, however, some entertainments of a farcical kind might have been introduced between the acts. Between the divisions of one of the *Chester Mysteries*, I met with this marginal direction.—*Here the Boy and Pig*; and perhaps the devil in the intervals of this first comedy of the *Taming of a Shrew*, might be tormented for the entertainment of the audience; or, according to a custom observed in some of our ancient puppet-shews, might beat his wife with a shoulder of mutton. In the Preface to Marlow's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, the Printer says:

"I have (purposelie) omitted and left out some fond and frivolous jestures, digressing (and in my poore opinion) farre unmeete for the matter, which I thought might seeme more tedious unto the wise, than any way els to be regarded, though (happly) they have bene of some vaine conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what time they were shewed upon the stage in their graced deformities: nevertheless now to be mixtured in print with such matter of worth, it would prove a great disgrace, &c."

The *bladder of vinegar* was, however, used for other purposes. I meet with the following stage direction in the old play of *Cambyses* (by T. Preston) when one of the characters is supposed to die from the wounds he had just received.—*Here let a small bladder of vinegar be prick'd.* I suppose to counterfeit blood: red-wine vinegar was chiefly used, as appears from the ancient books of cookery.

In the ancient *Tragedy*, or rather *Morality*, called *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578. *Sin* says:

"I knew I would make him soon change his note,
"I will make him sing the Black Sanctus, I hold him a groat.
"Here *Satan* shall *cry and roar.*"

Again, a little after.

"Here he *roareth and crieth.*"

Of the kind of wit current through these productions, a better specimen can hardly be found than the following:

"*Satan.* Whatever thou wilt have, I will not thee denie.
"*Sinne.* Then give me a piece of thy tayle to make a flappe for a flie,
"For if I had a piece thereof, I do verely believe
"The humble bees stinging should never me grieve.
"*Satan.* No, my friend, no, my tayle I cannot spare,
"But aske what thou wilt besides, and I will it prepare.
"*Sinne.* Then your nose I would have to stop my tayle behind,
"For I am combred with collike and letting out of winde:
"And if it be too little to make thereof a case,
"Then I would be so bold to borrowe your face."

Such were the entertainments, of which our maiden queen sat a spectatress in the earlier part of her reign. STEEVENS.

Let

Let them want nothing that my house affords.—
[*Exit one with the players.*
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May shew her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being over-joy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for twice seven years hath esteemed him [8]
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An [9] onion will do well for such a shift;
Which

[8] *Who for twice seven years*——] In former editions:
Who for these *seven years hath esteem'd himself*
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
I have ventured to alter a word here, against the authority of the printed copies; and hope, I shall be justified in it by two subsequent passages. That the poet designed, the tinker's supposed lunacy should be of fourteen years standing at least, is evident upon two parallel passages in the play to that purpose.
THEOBALD.

The remark is just, but perhaps the alteration may be thought unnecessary by those who recollect that our author rarely reckons time with any great correctness. Both *Falstaff* and *Orlando* forget the true hour of their appointments. The old copy, however, reads—for *this* seven years, &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *An onion*——] It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient used by the actors of interludes. JOHNSON.

Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despight enforce a watry eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.——
[*Exit Servant.*
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exit Lord.*

SCENE II.

A room in the lord's house.

Enter Sly[1], *with Attendants, some with apparel, bason and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.
1 *Man.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Man.

So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra:*
" *The tears live in an* onion *that should water this sorrow.*"
STEEVENS.

[1] *Enter Sly, &c.*] Thus in the original play. " Enter two with a table and banquet on it, and two other with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musick plaieng." —
" *One.* So, sirha, now go call my lord;
" And tell him all things are ready as he will'd it.
" *Another.* Set thou some wine upon the boord,
" And then Ile go fetch my lord presently. *Exit.*
" *Enter the Lord and his men.*
" *Lord.* How now, what is all things readie?
" *One.* Yea, my lord.
" *Lord.* Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him strait,
" And see you doe as earst I gave in charge.
" My lord, my lord, (he sleepes soundly) my lord.

" *Slie.*

2 *Man.* Will't pleaſe your honour taſte of theſe conſerves?

3 *Man.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Chriſtophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordſhip: I ne'er drank ſack in my life; and if you give me any conſerves, give me conſerves of beef: Ne'er aſk me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhoes than feet; nay, ſometimes, more feet than ſhoes, or ſuch ſhoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven ceaſe this idle humour in your honour!
Oh, that a mighty man, of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Chriſtopher Sly, old Sly's ſon [2] of Burton-heath; by

" *Slie.* Tapſter, gives a little ſmall ale: heigh ho.
" *Lord.* Here's wine, my lord, the pureſt of the grape.
" *Slie.* For which lord?
" *Lord.* For your honor, my lord.
" *Slie.* Who I, am I a lord?—What fine apparell have I got!
" *Lord.* More richer far your honour hath to weare,
" And if it pleaſe you I will fetch them ſtraight.
" *Wil.* And if your honour pleaſe to ride abroad,
" Ile fetch your luſtie ſteedes more ſwift of pace
" Then winged Pegaſus in all his pride,
" That ran ſo ſwiftlie over Perſian plaines.
" *Tom.* And if your honour pleaſe to hunt the deere,
" Your hounds ſtands readie cuppled at the doore,
" Who in running will oretake the row,
" And make the long-breathde tygre broken-winded." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*of Burton-heath——Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,*] I ſuſpect we ſhould read *Barton-heath. Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of them in Gloſterſhire, near the reſidence of Shakeſpeare's old enemy, Juſtice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. STEEVENS.

Wilnt-

by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught[3]: Here's——

1 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
Oh, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:
Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Musick.*

Wilncotte is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shakespeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The house kept by our genial hostess, still remains, but is at present a mill. The meanest hovel to which Shakespeare has an allusion, interests curiosity, and acquires an importance: at least, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries. WARTON.

[3] *I am not* bestraught:] I once thought that if our poet did not design to put a corrupted word into the mouth of the Tinker, we ought to read, *distraught*, i. e. *distracted*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O, if I wake, shall I not be *distraught*, &c."

For there is no verb extant from which the participle *bestraught* can be formed. In *Albion's England*, however, by *Warner*, 1602, I meet with the word as spelt by Shakespeare:

"Now teares had drowned further speech, till she as one *bestrought*
"Did crie, &c."

Again, in the old *Song*, beginning, "When griping griefes, &c."

"*Be-straughted* heads relyef hath founde."

Again, in Lord Surrey's Translation of the 4th book of *Virgil's Æneid*:

"Well near *bestraught*, upstart his heare for dread."

STEEVENS.

And

And twenty caged nightingales do ſing:
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will beſtrow the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks, will ſoar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.
1 *Man.* Say, thou wilt courſe; thy greyhounds are as ſwift
As breathed ſtags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
2 *Man.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtraight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in ſedges hid;
Which ſeem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving ſedges play with wind.
Lord. We'll ſhew thee Io, as ſhe was a maid;
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
3 *Man*, Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds:
And at that ſight ſhall ſad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.
1 *Man.* And, 'till the tears, that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world;
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.
Sly. Am I a lord? and have I ſuch a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?

I do

I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Man.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
Oh, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Man.* Oh, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the [4] leet,
Because she brought stone-jugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Man.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor so such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece [5],
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;

[4] —*Leet,*] As the *Court leet*, or courts of the manor.
JOHNSON.

[5] ——*John Naps of* Greece,] A *hart of Greece* was a *fat hart*. *Graisse*, Fr. So, in the old ballad of *Adam Bell*, &c.

"Eche of them slew a hart of *graece*."

Again, in *Ives's Select Papers*, at the coronation feast of Elizabeth of York, queen of king Henry VII. among other dishes were "capons *of high Greece*."

Perhaps this expression was used to imply that *John Naps* (who might have been a real character) was *a fat man*: or as Poins calls the associates of Falstaff *Trojans*, John Naps might be called a *Grecian* for such another reason. STEEVENS.

And

And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen [6].

Sly. I thank thee; thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with attendants [7].

Lady. How fares my noble lord?

Sly.

[6] In this place, Mr. Pope, and after him other editors, had introduced the three following ſpeeches, from the old edition 1607. I have already obſerved that it is by no means probable, that the former comedy of the *Taming of the Shrew* was written by Shakeſpeare, and have therefore removed them from the text.

" *Sly.* By the maſs, I think I am a lord indeed:
" What is thy name?
" *Man. Sim*, an it pleaſe your honour.
" *Sly. Sim?* that's as much as to ſay, *Simeon*,
" or *Simon*. Put forth thy hand, and fill the pot."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Enter the Page*, &c.] Thus in the original play.

" *Enter the boy in woman's attire.*
" *Slie. Sim*, is this ſhe?
" *Lord.* I, my lord.
" *Slie.* Maſſe 'tis a pretty wench; what's her name?
" *Boy.* Oh that my lovelie lord would once vouchſafe
" To looke on me, and leave theſe frantike fits!
" Or were I now but half ſo eloquent
" To paint in words what Ile performe in deedes,
" I know your honour then would pittie me.
" *Slie.* Harke you, miſtreſſe; will you eate a piece of bread?
" Come, ſit down on my knee: drinke to her, *Sim*;
" For ſhe and I will go to bed anon.
" *Lord.* May it pleaſe you, your honour's plaiers be come
" To offer your honour a plaie.
" *Slie.* A plaie, *Sim*, O brave! be they my plaiers?
" *Lord.* I, my lord.
" *Slie.* Is there not a foole in the plaie?
" *Lord.* Yes, my lord.
" *Slie.* When will they plaie, *Sim?*
" *Lord.* Even when it pleaſe your honor; they be readie.
" *Boy.* My lord, Ile go bid them begin their plaie.
" *Slie.* Doo, but looke that you come again.
" *Boy.* I warrant you, my lord, I will not leave you thus.
Exit. Boy.

" *Slie.*

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Lady. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?
My men should call me—lord, I am your good-man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. [8] Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd, and slept
Above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;——Servants, leave me and her alone.——
Madam, undress you, and come now to-bed [9].

Lady. Thrice noble lord, let me intreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

"*Slie.* Come, *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim* stand by me,
"And weele flowt the plaiers out of their coates.
"*Lord.* Ile cal them my lord. Ho, where are you there?
"*Sound trumpets.*
"*Enter two young gentlemen, and a man, and a boy.*"
STEEVENS.

[8] Mr. Pope made likewise the following addition to this speech from the elder play.
"*Sly.* Come, sit down on my knee. *Sim*, drink to her." Madam, &c. STEEVENS.

[9] —*come now to bed.*] Here Mr. Pope adds again—*Sim, drink to her.* STEEVENS.

In peril

In peril to incur your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed:
I hope, this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Sly. Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſo long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant comedy,
For ſo your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commonty a Chriſtmas gambol, or a tumbling trick [1]?

Lady. No, my good lord; it is more pleaſing ſtuff.

Sly. What, houſhold ſtuff?

Lady. It is a kind of hiſtory.

Sly. Well, we'll ſee't: Come, madam wife, ſit by my ſide, and let the world ſlip; we ſhall ne'er be younger.

[1] *Is not a* commonty *a Chriſtmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?*] Thus the old copies; the modern ones read, *It is not a commodity*, &c. *Commonty* for comedy, &c. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Padua.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy [2],
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and [3] ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens [4],
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.

[2] ——from *fruitful Lombardy,*] So Mr. Theobald. The former editions, instead of *from*, had *for*. JOHNSON.

Padua is a city of Lombardy, therefore Mr. Theobald's emendation is unnecessary. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*ingenious*] I rather think it was written *ingenuous studies*, but of this and a thousand such observations there is little certainty. JOHNSON.

[4] *Pisa renowned for grave citizens,*] This passage, I think, should be read and pointed thus:

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.

In the next line, which should begin a new sentence, *Vincentio his son*, is the same as *Vincentio's son*, which the author of the *Revisal* not apprehending, has proposed to alter Vincentio into Lucentio. It may be added, that Shakespeare expresses the genitive case in the same improper manner. See *Love's Labour Lost.*

"——— His teeth as white as *whale his* bone.

TYRWHITT.

Vin-

Vincentio his ſon [5], brought up in Florence,
It ſhall become, to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue, and that part of philoſophy [6]
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs
By virtue 'ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Piſa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.

Tra. *Me pardonato* [8], gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as yourſelf;
Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy.
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no ſtoicks, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or ſo devote to Ariſtotle's checks [7],
As Ovid be an outcaſt quite abjur'd:
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetorick in your common talk;
Muſick, and poeſy, uſe to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphyſicks,
Fall to them, as you find your ſtomach ſerves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en;—
In brief, ſir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well doſt thou adviſe.

[5] *Vincentio* his ſon,] i.e. Vincentio's ſon. So Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, Book IV. cant. i. ſtanza 35:
"This knight too late *his manhood and his might*
"I did aſſay." MUSGRAVE.

[6] *Virtue, and that part of philoſophy*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *to* virtue; but formerly *ply* and *apply* were indifferently uſed, as to *ply* or *apply* his ſtudies. JOHNSON.

[7] *Me pardonato*,] We ſhould read, *Mi perdonate*. STEEVENS.

[8] —*Ariſtotle's checks*,] are, I ſuppoſe, the harſh rules of Ariſtotle. STEEVENS.

If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, with Katharina and Bianca. Gremio and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I-wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not, her care shall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat[9]! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books, and instruments, shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak. [*aside.*

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so[1] strange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:——
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit Bianca.*

9 *A pretty* peat!] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit, little,* as if it meant pretty little thing. JOHNSON.

This word is used in the old play of *King Leir* (not Shakespeare's):

"*Gon.* I marvel, Ragan, how you can endure
"To see that proud, pert *peat*, our youngest sister, &c."

Again, in *Coridon's Song*, by Tho. Lodge; published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"And God send every *pretty peate*,
"Heigh hoe the *pretty peate*, &c."

and is, I believe, of Scotch extraction. I find it in one of the proverbs of that country, where it signifies *darling*.

"He has fault of a wife, that marries mam's *pet*." i. e. He is in great want of a wife who marries one that is her mother's darling.

Again, in *Look about You*, 1600:

"An old knave, and cannot be content with such a *peat!*"

Again, in *Lingua*, 1607:

"Was nothing like thy busk-point, *pretty peat*."

STEEVENS.

1 ———*so strange?*] That is, so odd, so different from others in your conduct. JOHNSON.

And for I know, ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſick, inſtruments, and poetry,
Schoolmaſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth.—If you, Hortenſio,—
Or ſignior Gremio, you,—know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men [2]
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And ſo farewel. Katharina, you may ſtay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and, I truſt, I may go too, May I not?
What, ſhall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!
[*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are ſo good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not ſo great, Hortenſio, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out; our cake's dough on both ſides. Farewel:—Yet, for the love I bear my ſweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father.

Hor. So will I, ſignior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair miſtreſs, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'ſpecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry ſir, to get a huſband for her ſiſter.

Gre. A huſband! a devil.

Hor. I ſay, a huſband.

Gre. I ſay, a devil: Think'ſt thou, Hortenſio, though her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be married to hell?

[2] *Cunning men*] *Cunning* had not yet loſt its original ſignification of *knowing*, *learned*, as may be obſerved in the tranſlation of the Bible. JOHNSON.

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole[3]! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*

Manent Tranio, and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh, Tranio, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish Tranio,

[3] —*happy man be his dole!*] A proverbial expression. It is used in *Damon and Pithias*, 1582. *Dole* is any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. STEEVENS.

If I atchieve not this young modeft girl :
Counfel me, Tranio, for I know thou canft ;
Affift me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Mafter, it is no time to chide you now ;
Affection is not rated from the heart :
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but fo [4],
[5] *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*

Luc. Gramercies, lad ; go forward : this contents ;
The reft will comfort, for thy counfel's found.

Tra. Mafter, you look'd fo longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I faw fweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor [6] had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kifs'd the Cretan ftrand.

Tra. Saw you no more ? mark'd you not, how her fifter
Began to fcold ; and raife up fuch a ftorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

Luc. Tranio, I faw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath fhe did perfume the air ;
Sacred, and fweet, was all I faw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to ftir him from his trance,
I pray, awake, fir ; If you love the maid,

[4] *If love hath* touch'd *you, nought remains but fo,*] The next line from Terence, fhews that we fhould read :

"*If Love hath* toyl'd *you,*"———

i. e. taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the *captus eft, habet*, of the fame author. WARBURTON.

[5] *Redime* &c.] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument of his learning. JOHNSON.

Mr. Farmer's pamphlet affords an additional proof that this line was taken from *Lilly*, and not from *Terence* ; becaufe it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*, and not as it appears in the *poet*. It may be added, that *captus eft, habet*, is not in the fame play which furnifhed the quotation. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*daughter of Agenor*] Europa, for whofe fake Jupiter transformed himfelf into a bull. STEEVENS.

Bend

Bend thoughts and wits to atchieve her. Thus it ſtands:—
Her eldeſt ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrewd,
That, 'till the father rid his hands of her,
Maſter, your love muſt live a maid at home;
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd with ſuitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning ſchoolmaſters to inſtruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, ſir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt.
Tra. You will be ſchool-maſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tra. Not poſſible; For who ſhall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's ſon?
Keep houſe, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Viſit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Baſta [7]; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe;
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man, or maſter: then it follows thus;—
Thou ſhalt be maſter, Tranio, in my ſtead,
Keep houſe, and [8] port, and ſervants, as I ſhould:
I will ſome other be; ſome Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Piſa.—
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo:—Tranio, at once
Uncaſe thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:

[7] *Baſta*;] i. e. *'tis enough*; Italian and Spaniſh. This expreſſion occurs in the *Mad Lover*, and the *Little French Lawyer*, of Beaumont and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

[8] *port*,] *Port*, is figure, ſhow, appearance. JOHNSON.

When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, ſir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am ty'd to be obedient;
(For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſerviceable to my ſon, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another ſenſe)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Becauſe ſo well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be ſo, becauſe Lucentio loves:
And let me be a ſlave, to atchieve that maid
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Maſter, has my fellow Tranio ſtoln your cloaths?
Or you ſtoln his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jeſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am deſcry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to ſave my life:
You underſtand me?

Bion. Ay, ſir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'Would, I were ſo too!

Tra. So would I, 'faith boy, to have the next wiſh after,—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptiſta's youngeſt daughter.

But,

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—
I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty [9].
[*Exeunt.*

1 Man. *My lord you nod; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely; Comes there any more of it?*

Page. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'Would, it were done!*

SCENE II.

Before Hortensio's house in Padua.

Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worship [1]?

[9] ——*good and weighty.*] The division for the second act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakespeare seems to have meant the first act to conclude here, where the speeches of the Tinker are introduced; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the first act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*has* rebus'd *your worship?*] What is the meaning of *rebus'd?* or is it a false print for *abus'd?* TYRWHITT.

Pet.

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.

Gru. Knock you here, ſir? why, ſir, what am I, ſir,
That I ſhould knock you here, ſir?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My maſter is grown quarrelſome: I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after who comes by the worſt.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, ſirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can *ſol, fa,* and ſing it.
[*He wrings him by the ears.*

Gru. Help, maſters, help! my maſter is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: ſirrah! villain!

Enter Hortenſio.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortenſio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I ſay.

Hor. *Alla noſtra caſa ben venuto,*
Molto honorato ſignor mio Petruchio.
Riſe, Grumio, riſe; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges [2] in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice,—Look you, ſir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly, ſir: Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo; being, perhaps, (for ought I ſee) two and thirty,—a pip out?

[2] ——*what he* 'leges *in Latin.*] i. e. I ſuppoſe, what he *alleges* in Latin. Petruchio has been juſt ſpeaking Italian to Hortenſio, which Grumio miſtakes for the other language. STEEVENS.

I cannot help ſuſpecting that we ſhould read: "Nay, 'tis no matter what *he leges* in Latin, if this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice. Look you, ſir."—That is, *'Tis no matter what is* law, *if this be not a lawful cauſe,* &c. TYRWHITT.

Whom

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at firſt,
Then had not Grumio come by the worſt.

Pet. A ſenſeleſs villain!—Good Hortenſio,
I bid the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—
Spake you not theſe words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly[3]?
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, truſty, pleaſant ſervant Grumio.
And tell me now, ſweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes farther than at home,
[4] Where ſmall experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortenſio, thus it ſtands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thruſt myſelf into this maze,
Happly to wive, and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

[3] ——knock me *ſoundly?*] Shakeſpeare ſeems to deſign a ridicule on this clipt and ungrammatical phraſeology; which yet he has introduced in *Othello*:

"I pray *talk me* of Caſſio." STEEVENS.

[4] *Where ſmall experience grows. But, in a* few,] This nonſenſe ſhould be read thus:

Where ſmall experience grows but in a mew,

i. e. a confinement at home. And the meaning is, that no improvement is to be expected of thoſe who never look out of doors. WARBURTON.

Why this ſhould ſeem nonſenſe, I cannot perceive. *In a few*, means the ſame as *in ſhort, in few* words. JOHNSON.

So, in K. *Henry* IV. Part II:

"In *few*;—his death, whoſe ſpirit lent a fire," &c.

STEEVENS.

Hor.

Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thank me but a little for my counſel:
And yet I'll promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wiſh thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortenſio, 'twixt ſuch friends as we,
Few words ſuffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burden of my wooing-dance [5])
Be ſhe as foul as was Florentius' love [6],
As

[5] (*As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance*)] The *burthen* of a *dance* is an expreſſion which I have never heard; the *burthen of his wooing ſong* had been more proper. JOHNSON.

[6] *Be ſhe as foul as was Florentius' love,*] This I ſuppoſe relates to a circumſtance in ſome Italian novel, and ſhould be read Florentio's. WARBURTON.

Be ſhe as foul as was Florentius' love,] I ſuppoſe this alludes to the ſtory of a Florentine, which is met with in an old book, called, *A Thouſand Notable Things*, and perhaps in other Collections. "He was raviſhed over-night with the luſtre of jewels, and was mad till the marriage was ſolemnized; but next morning, viewing his lady before ſhe was ſo gorgeouſly trim'd up.—She was ſuch a leane, yellow, rivell'd, deform'd creature, that he never lived with her afterwards." FARMER.

The alluſion is to a ſtory told by Gower in the firſt book *De Confeſſione Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himſelf to marry a deformed hag, provided ſhe taught him the ſolution of a riddle on which his life depended. The following is the deſcription of her.

"*Florent* his wofull heed up lifte,
And ſaw this vecke, where that ſhe ſit,
Which was the lotheſt wighte
That ever man caſte on his eye:
Hir noſe baas, hir browes hie,
Hir eyes ſmall, and depe ſette,
Hir chekes ben with teres wette,
And rivelyn as an empty ſkyn,
Hangyng downe unto the chyn;
Hir lippes ſhronken ben for age,
There was no grace in hir viſage.
"Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,
"She loketh foorth as doth a more;

As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
[7] Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatick seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby [8]; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as

Hir neck is shorte, hir shulders courbe,
That might a mans luste distourbe:
Hir bodie great, and no thyng small,
And shortly to descrive hir all,
She hath no lith without a lacke,
" But like unto the woll sacke: &c."——

" Though she be the *foulest* of all, &c."

This story might have been borrowed by Gower from an older narrative in the *Gesta Romanorum.* See the Introductory Discourse to the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, last edit. vol. IV. p. 153. STEEVENS.

[7] *Affection's* edge *in* me,] This man is a strange talker. He tells you he wants money only. And, as to *affection*, he thinks so little of the matter, that give him but a rich mistress, and he will take her though incrusted all over with the worst bad qualities of age, ugliness, and ill-manners. Yet after this, he talks of *affection's edge* being so strong in him that nothing can abate it. Some of the old copies indeed, instead of *me* read *time:* this will direct us to the true reading, which I am persuaded is this:

" *Affection* sieg'd in coin,

i. e. placed, seated, fixed. This makes him speak to the purpose, that his *affection* is all love of money. The expression too is proper, as the metaphor is intire——*to remove affection sieg'd in coin.* WARBURTON.

Surely the sense of the present reading is too obvious to be missed or mistaken. Petruchio says, that, *if a girl has money enough, no bad qualities of mind or body will* remove affection's edge; i. e. hinder him from liking her. JOHNSON.

[8] *aglet*] the tag of a point. POPE.

So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

" And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
" Are *aglets* on her sleeve-pins and her train." STEEVENS.

many

many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes: why, nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we have ſtept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jeſt.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as beſt becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
Is,—that ſhe is intolerably curſt,
And ſhrewd, and froward; ſo beyond all meaſure,
That, were my ſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortenſio, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect:—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptiſta Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is, Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her ſcolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceaſed father well:—
I will not ſleep, Hortenſio, till I ſee her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, ſir, let him go while the humour laſts. O' my word, an ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a ſcore knaves, or ſo: why, that's nothing; [9] an he begin once,

[9] *an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.*] This is obſcure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *he'll rail in his* rhetorick; *I'll tell you,* &c. Rhetorick agrees very well with *figure* in the ſucceeding part of the ſpeech, yet I am inclined to believe that *rope-tricks* is the true word. JOHNSON.

In

once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, ſir,—an ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo disfigure her with it,[1] that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat: You know him not, ſir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I muſt go with thee;
For in Baptiſta's keep[2] my treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt daughter, beautiful Bianca;

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakeſpeare uſes *ropery* for *roguery*, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*.

Rope-tricks we may ſuppoſe to mean tricks of which the contriver would deſerve the *rope*. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat*:] The humour of this paſſage I do not underſtand. This animal is remarkable for the keenneſs of its ſight. Probably the poet meant to have ſaid—*a cat in a bottle*. Of this diverſion ſee an account in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act I. to the note on which, the following paſſages may be added from a poem called *Cornu-copiæ, or Paſquil's Night-cap, or an Antidote for the Head-ache*, 1623, p. 48:

"Fairer than any ſtake in Greys-inne field, &c.
"Guarded with gunners, bill-men, and a rout
"Of bow-men bold, which *at a cat do ſhoot*."

Again, *ibid*:

"Nor on the top a *cat-a-mount* was fram'd,
"Or ſome wilde beaſt that ne'er before was tam'd;
"Made at the charges of ſome archer ſtout,
"To have his name canoniz'd in the clout."

I did not meet with theſe inſtances till the play to which they belong was printed off. They ſerve, however, to ſhew that it was cuſtomary to ſhoot at factitious as well as real cats.

There are two proverbs which any reader who can, may apply to this alluſion of Grumio:

"Well might the *cat* wink when both her eyes were out."
"A *muffled* cat was never a good hunter."

The firſt in is *Ray's Collection*, the ſecond in *Kelly's*. STEEVENS.

It may mean, that he ſhall ſwell up her eyes with blows, till ſhe ſhall ſeem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*in Baptiſta's* keep] *Keep* is cuſtody. The ſtrongeſt part of an ancient caſtle was called the *keep*. STEEVENS.

[3] And her witholds he from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;—
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
'Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a school-master
Well seen in musick [4], to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguis'd, with books under his arm.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: Who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:— Petruchio, stand by a while.

[3] *And her witholds,* &c.] It stood thus:
And her witholds he from me.
Other more suitors to her, and rivals in my love, &c.
The regulation which I have given to the text, was dictated to me by the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

[4] *Well* seen *in musick,*] *Seen* is *versed*, practised. So, in *The longer thou Livest the more Fool thou art,* 1570:
"Sum would have you *seen* in stories,
"Sum to feates of arms will you allure, &c.
"Sum will move you to reade Scripture.
"Marry, I would have you *seene* in cardes and dise."
Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. IV. c. ii:
"Well *seene* in every science that mote be." STEEVENS.

Gru.

Gru. A proper ſtripling, and an amorous!
Gre. O, very well; I have peruſ'd the note.
Hark you, ſir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, ſee that at any hand[5];
And ſee you read no other lectures to her:
You underſtand me:—Over and beſide
Signior Baptiſta's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largeſs:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume itſelf,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?
Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (ſtand you ſo aſſur'd)
As firmly as yourſelf were ſtill in place:
Yea, and (perhaps,) with more ſucceſsful words
Than you, unleſs you were a ſcholar, ſir.
Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!
Gru. O this woodcock! what an aſs it is!
Pet. Peace, ſirrah.
Hor. Grumio, mum!—God ſave you, ſignior Gremio!
Gre. And you are well met, ſignior Hortenſio. Trow you
Whither I am going?—To Baptiſta Minola.
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a ſchoolmaſter for the fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.
Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me[6] to another,
A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs;
So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, ſo belov'd of me.

[5] —*at any hand,*] i. e. at all events. STEEVENS.
[6] —help *me*—] The old copy reads:—help *one.* STEEVENS.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds ſhall prove.
Gru. And that his bags ſhall prove. [*Aſide.*
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Liſten to me, and, if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curſt Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:—
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know, ſhe is an irkſome brawling ſcold;
If that be all, maſters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, ſay'ſt me ſo, friend? What countryman?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's ſon [7]:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to ſee.
Gre. Oh, ſir, ſuch a life, with ſuch a wiſe, were ſtrange:
But, if you have a ſtomach, to't o'God's name;
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aſide.*
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think, you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great ordinance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the ſkies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing ſteeds, and [8] trumpets' clang?
And

[7] —*old* Antonio's *ſon.*] The folio 1623, and quarto 1631, read old *Butonio's* ſon. STEEVENS.

[8] —*and trumpets clang?*] Probably the word *clang* is here uſed

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear [9],
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys [1] with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none. [*Aside.*

Gre. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided, that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner. [*Aside.*

used adjectively, as in the *Paradise Lost*, b. xi. v. 834, and not as a verb:

"——*an island salt and bare,*
"*The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews* clang."
WARTON.

I believe Mr. Warton is mistaken. *Clang* as a substantive, is used in *The Noble Gentleman* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"*I hear the* clang *of trumpets in this house.*"

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

"—— hear you the *clang*
"Of Scythian trumpets?"——

Again, in *The Collier's Prophecy*, 1594:

"The trumpet's *clang*, and roaring noise of drums."

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Hath not the *clang* of harsh Armenian troops, &c."

Again, in Drant's translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:

"Fit for a chorus, and as yet the boystous sounde and shryll
"Of trumpetes *clang* the stalles was not accostomed to fill."

The trumpet's clang is certainly *the clang of trumpets*, and not an epithet bestowed on those instruments. STEEVENS.

9 *That gives not half so great a blow to* hear,] This awkward phrase could never come from Shakespeare. He wrote, without question,

——*so great a blow to* th'ear. WARBURTON.

So, in *K. John*:

"Our *ears* are *cudgell'd*; not a word of his
"But *buffets* better than a fist of France." STEEVENS.

1 ——*with bugs.*] i. e. with *bug-bears*.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

"————*are become*
"*The mortal* bugs *o'th' field.*" STEEVENS.

To them Tranio bravely apparell'd, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God ſave you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of ſignior Baptiſta Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters [2]? is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he. Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, ſir; You mean not her to——

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, ſir; What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, ſir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, ſir: Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aſide.*

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a ſuitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be, ſir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, ſir, I pray, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.

Tra. For what reaſon, I beſeech you?

Gre. For this reaſon, if you'll know,——
That ſhe's the choice love of ſignior Gremio.

Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of ſignior Hortenſio.

Tra. Softly, my maſters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than ſhe is,

[2] *He that has the two fair daughters,* &c.] This ſpeech ſhould rather be given to Gremio; to whom, with the others, Tranio has addreſſed himſelf. The following paſſages might be written thus:

Tra. *Even he.* *Biondello!*

Gre. *Hark you, ſir; you mean not her* too. TYRWHITT.

This ſpeech, in the old copy, is given to *Tranio.* STEEVENS.

She

She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two:
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the eldest sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat [3],—
Atchieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon [4],

And

[3] —*this* feat—] The old old copy read—this *feeke*— The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

[4] *Please ye we may* contrive *this afternoon*,] Mr. Theobald asks what

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Baptista's house in Padua.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: [5] but for these other gawds,—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,

what they were to contrive? and then says, *a foolish corruption possesses the place*, and so alters it to *convive*; in which he is followed, as he pretty constantly is, when wrong, by the Oxford editor. But the common reading is right, and the critic was only ignorant of the meaning of it. *Contrive* does not signify here to *project* but to *spend*, and *wear out*. As in this passage of *Spenser*:

Three ages such as mortal men contrive.

Fairy Queen, b. xi. ch. 9. WARBURTON.

The word is used in the same sense of *spending* or *wearing out* in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Damon and Pithias*, 1582:

"In travelling countries, we three have *contrived*
"Full many a year, &c."

Contrive, I suppose, is from *contero*. So, in the *Hecyra* of Terence. "Totum hunc *contrivi* diem." STEEVENS.

[5] —*but for these other* goods,] This is so trifling and unexpressive a word, that, I am satisfied our author wrote *gawds*, (i. e. toys, trifling ornaments;) a term that he frequently uses and seems fond of. THEOBALD.

Yea,

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kath. Minion, thou ly'st; Is't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
Kath. Oh then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair [6].
Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?——
Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding [7] of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after Bianca.*
Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit Bianca.*

6 —*to keep you fair.*] I wish to read, *To keep you fine.* But either word may serve. JOHNSON.

7 ——*hilding*——] The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch*; it is applied to Katharine for the coarseness of her behaviour. JOHNSON.

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit Kath.*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio with Hortensio, like a musician; Tranio, and Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to shew myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
[*Presenting Hortensio.*
I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap.

Bap. You're welcome, ſir; and he, for your good ſake:
But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I ſee, you do not mean to part with her;
Or elſe you like not of my company.

Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeak but as I find.
Whence are you, ſir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's ſon,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, ſpeak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward [8].

Pet. Oh, pardon me, ſignior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

[8] —Baccare, *you are marvellous forward.*] We muſt read, *Baccalare*; by which the Italians mean, thou arrogant, preſumptuous man! the word is uſed ſcornfully upon any one that would aſſume a port of grandeur. WARBURTON.

The word is neither wrong nor Italian: it was an old proverbial one, uſed by John Heywood; who hath made, what he pleaſes to call, *Epigrams* upon it. Take two of them, ſuch as they are:

"*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his ſow,
"Went that ſow *backe* at that bidding, trow you?"
"*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his ſow: ſe
"Mortimer's ſow ſpeaketh as good Latin as he."

Howel takes this from Heywood, in his *Old Sawes and Adages*; and Philpot introduces it into the proverbs collected by Camden. FARMER.

Again, in the ancient Enterlude of the *Repentaunce of Mary Magdalene*, 1567:

"Nay, hoa there, *Backare*, you muſt ſtand apart:
"You love me beſt, I trow, myſtreſſe Mary."

Again, in John *Lylly's Midas*—1592. "The maſculine gender is more worthy than the feminine, and therefore Licio *Backare.*" Again, in John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577, "—yet wreſted he ſo his effeminate bande to the ſiege of *backwarde* affection, that both trumpe and drumme ſounded nothing for their larum, but *Baccare*, *Baccare*." STEEVENS.

Gre.

Gre. [9] I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, free leave give to this young scholar [1], that hath been long studying at Rheims; [*Presenting Lucentio,*] as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in musick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, methinks, you walk like a stranger; [*To Tranio.*] May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books [2]:
If

[9] *I doubt it not, sir, but you will curse your wooing neighbours. This is a gift*] This nonsense may be rectified by only pointing it thus, *I doubt it not sir, but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift,* &c. addressing himself to Baptista. WARBURTON.

[1] —*free leave give to this young scholar,*] This is an injudicious correction of the first folio, which reads—*freely give unto* this young scholar. We should read, I believe———

I freely give unto *you* this young scholar,
That hath been long studying at Rheims, as cunning
In Greek, &c. TYRWHITT.

[2] —*this small packet of Greek and Latin books.*] In queen Elizabeth's

If you accept them, then their worth is great.
Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?
Tra. Of Piſa, ſir; ſon to Vincentio.
Bap. A mighty man of Piſa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, ſir.——
Take you the lute, and you the ſet of books,
[*To Hortenſio and Lucentio.*
You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently.
Holla, within!—

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
Theſe gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
Theſe are their tutors; bid them uſe them well.
[*Exit Servant with Hortenſio and Lucentio.*
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to think yourſelves.
Pet. Signior Baptiſta, my buſineſs aſketh haſte,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry ſhall I have with her to wife?
Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in poſſeſſion, twenty thouſand crowns.
Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll aſſure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that ſhe ſurvive me,—
In all my lands and leaſes whatſoever:
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

zabeth's time the young ladies of quality were uſually inſtructed in the learned languages, if any pains were beſtowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Gray and her ſiſters, queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite inſtances. PERCY.

Bap.

Bap. Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtained,
This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do conſume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extream guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'ſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed!
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That ſhake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortenſio, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend? why doſt thou look ſo pale?

Hor. For fear, I promiſe you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good muſician?

Hor. I think, ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſoldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canſt not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for ſhe hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, ſhe miſtook her frets[9],
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a moſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit,
Frets, call you theſe? quoth ſhe: *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, ſhe ſtruck me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way;
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:

[9] —*her* frets.] A fret is that ſtop of a muſical inſtrument which cauſes or regulates the vibration of the ſtring. JOHNSON.

While

While ſhe did call me,—raſcal fidler,
And—twangling Jack [4]; with twenty ſuch vile terms,
As ſhe had ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a luſty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
Oh, how I long to have ſome chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[*Exit Baptiſta with Gremio, Hortenſio, and Tranio.*
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say, that ſhe rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that ſhe frown; I'll ſay, ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew:
Say, ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And ſay—ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall aſk the banns, and when be married:—
But here ſhe comes; and now, Petruchio, ſpeak.

Enter Katharine

Good-morrow, Kate [5]; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath.

[4] *And*—twangling Jack;—] Of this contemptuous appellation I know not the preciſe meaning. Something like it, however, occurs in *Magnificence* an ancient folio interlude by Skelton, printed by Raſtell:

" ———ye wene I were ſome haſter,
" Or ellys ſome *jangelynge jacke* of the vale." STEEVENS.

[5] *Good-morrow Kate*; &c.] Thus in the original play:
" *Feran.* Twenty good-morrows to my lovely *Kate.*
" *Kate.* You jeaſt I am ſure; is ſhe yours already?
" *Feran.*

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lye, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,

" *Feran.* I tel thee *Kate*, I know thou lov'st me wel.
" *Kate.* The divel you do; who told you so?
" *Feran.* My mind, sweet *Kate*, doth say I am the man,
" Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate*.
" *Kate.* Was ever seene so grosse an asse as this?
" *Feran.* I, to stand so long and never get a kisse.
" *Kate.* Hands off, I say, and get you from this place;
" Or I will set my ten commandements in your face.
" *Feran.* I prithy do, *Kate*; they say thou art a shrew,
" And I like thee the better, for I would have thee so.
" *Kate.* Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare.
" *Feran.* No, *Kate*, this hand is mine, and I thy love.
" *Kate.* Yfaith, sir, no; the woodcoke wants his taile.
" *Feran.* But yet his bil will serve, if the other faile.
" *Alfon.* How now, *Ferando?* what [says] my daughter?
" *Feran.* Shee's willing, sir, and loves me as her life.
" *Kate.* 'Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.
" *Alfon.* Come hither, *Kate*, and let me give thy hand,
" To him that I have chosen for thy love;
" And thou to-morrow shall be wed to him.
" *Kate.* Why father, what do you mean to do with me,
" To give me thus unto this brainsicke man,
" That in his mood cares not to murder me?
[*She turns aside and speaks.*
" But yet I will consent and marry him,
" (For I methinkes have liv'd too long a maide)
" And match him too, or else his manhood's good.
" *Alfon.* Give me thy hand: *Ferando* loves thee well,
" And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state.
" Here *Ferando*, take her for thy wife,
" And Sunday next shall be our wedding day.
" *Feran.* Why so, did not I tel thee I should be the man?
" Father, I leave my lovely *Kate* with you.
" Provide yourselves against our marriage day,
" For I must hie me to my country house
" In haste, to see provision may be made
" To entertaine my *Kate* when she doth come, &c." STEEVENS.

For

For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my conſolation;—
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
(Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs)
Myſelf am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the firſt,
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Kath. A joint-ſtool [6].
Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come, ſit on me.
Kath. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Kath. No ſuch jade, ſir, as you, if me you mean.
Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—
Kath. Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight ſhould be.
Pet. Should be? ſhould buz.
Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh, ſlow-wing'd turtle! ſhall a buzzard take thee?
Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard [7].

[6] *A joint ſtool.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion:
"Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd ſtool."
See Ray's *Collection.* It is likewiſe repeated as a proverb in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy by Lilly, 1594, and by the Fool in *King Lear.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.*] Perhaps we may read better:
Ay, for a turtle, and he takes a buzzard.
That is, he may take me for a *turtle*, and he ſhall find me a hawk. JOHNSON.

This kind of expreſſion likewiſe ſeems to have been proverbial. So, in the *Three Lords of London*, 1590:
"———haſt no more ſkill,
"Than *take a faulcon for a buzzard?*" STEEVENS.

Pet.

Pet. Come, come, you waſp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a waſp doth wear his ſting?
In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whoſe tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and ſo farewel.

Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*She ſtrikes him.*

Pet. I ſwear, I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.

Kath. So may you loſe your arms:
If you ſtrike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? oh, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your creſt? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combleſs cock, ſo Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven[8].

Pet. Nay, come, Kate come; you muſt not look ſo ſour.

Kath. It is my faſhion, when I ſee a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not ſour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then ſhew it me.

Kath. Had I a glaſs, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.

Pet. Now, by ſaint George, I am too young for you.

8 ——*a craven.*] A *craven* is a degenerate, diſpirited cock. So, in *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631:
"That we will pull the *craven* from his neſt."

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in ſooth, you 'ſcape not ſo.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit; I find you paſſing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers:
Thou canſt not frown, thou canſt not look aſkance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk;
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why doth the world report, that Kate doth limp?
Oh ſlanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is ſtrait, and ſlender; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
O, let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command[9].
Pet. Did ever Dian ſo become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaſte, and Dian ſportful!
Kath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witleſs elſe her ſon.
Pet. Am I not wiſe[1]?

Kath.

[9] *Go fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.*] This is exactly the Πασσάμενος ἐπίτασσε of Theocritus, Eid. xv. v. 90. and yet I would not be poſitive that Shakeſpeare had ever read even a tranſlation of Theocritus. TYRWHITT.

[1] *Am I not wiſe?*
Yes; keep you warm.]
So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady:*
"——*your houſe has been kept* warm, *ſir.*
"*I am glad to hear it; pray God, you are* wiſe *too.*"

 So,

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you [2], I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well)
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate [3]
Conformable, as other houshold Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, signior Petruchio; how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me, daughter? now, I promise you,
You have shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;

Again, in our poet's *Much Ado about Nothing*:
" —— *that if he has wit enough to keep himself* warm."
STEEVENS.

[2] —*nill you,*] So, in the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:
" Will you or *nill* you, you must yet go in."
Again, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:
" Neede hath no law; *will I, or nill I*, it must be done."
STEEVENS.

[3] —— *a wild* Kate *to a Kate Conformable,*]
Thus the folio, and the quarto 1631. The modern editors read, with an appearance of probability, but without authority or notice:
—— *a wild* Cat *to a Kate*, &c. STEEVENS.

A mad-

A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourſelf and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy:
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience ſhe will prove a ſecond Griſſel [4];
And Roman Lucrece for her chaſtity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed ſo well together,
That upon ſunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll ſee thee hang'd on ſunday firſt.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! ſhe ſays, ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I chuſe her for myſelf;
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me: Oh, the kindeſt Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiſs on kiſs [5]

She

[4] ——— *a ſecond* Griſſel; &c.] So, in the *Fair Maid of Briſtow*, 1605, bl. l.

"I will become as mild and dutiful
"As ever *Griſſel* was unto her lord,
"And for my conſtancy as *Lucrece* was."

There is a play entered at Stationers' Hall, May 28, 1599, called "The plaie of *Patient Griſſel*." Bocaccio was the inventor of the ſtory, and Chaucer copied it in his *Clerke of Oxenforde's Tale*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——— *kiſs on kiſs*
She vy'd *ſo faſt*, ———]

I know not that the word *vie* has any conſtruction that will ſuit this place; we may eaſily read:

——— *kiſs on kiſs*
She ply'd *ſo faſt*. JOHNSON.

Vie and revye were terms at cards, now ſuperſeded by the more modern word, *brag*. Our author has in another place, "*time revyes*

She vy'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath to oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices! 'tis a world to ſee [6],
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch [7] can make the curſteſt ſhrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day:—
Provide the feaſt, father, and bid the gueſts;
I will be ſure, my Katharine ſhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to ſay: but give me your hands;

revyes us," which has likewiſe been unneceſſarily altered. The words were frequently uſed in a ſenſe ſomewhat remote from their original one. In the famous trial of the ſeven biſhops, the chief juſtice ſays, "We muſt not permit *vying and revying* upon one another." FARMER.

It appears from a paſſage in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1599, that to *vie* was one of the terms uſed at the game of *Gleek*.—"I *vie* it."—"I'll none of it:"—"nor I."

"Give me a mourneval of aces and a *gleek* of queens."

The ſame expreſſion occurs in Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, 1632.

"All that I have is thine, though I could *vie*,
"For every ſilver hair upon my head,
"A piece of gold."

It appears from Cyril Turner's *All's Loſt by Luſt*, 1633, that it was likewiſe a term uſed at the game of *Maw*.

Again, in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, 1620:

"Again for me too: I will *vye* it.
"I'll ſee you, and *revy* it again." STEEVENS.

6 —*'tis a world to ſee*,] i. e. It is wonderful to ſee. This expreſſion is often met with in old hiſtorians, as well as dramatic writers. So, in *Holinſhed*, vol. I. p. 209:

"It is *a world alſo to ſee* how many ſtrange heartes, &c."

Again, in *Parthenia Sacra*, 1633:

"It is *a world to ſee* what mines and countermines they will make." STEEVENS.

7 —*a meacock wretch*,] i. e. a timorous daſtardly creature. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

"—woman's well holp up with ſuch a *meacock*."

Again, in Glapthorne's *Hollander*, 1640:

"They are like my huſband; mere *meacocks* verily."

Again, in *Apius and Virginia*, 1575:

"As ſtout as a ſtockfiſh, as meek as a *meacock*."

STEEVENS.

God

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, sunday comes apace:——
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'sunday.
[*Exit Petruchio, and Katharine severally.*
Gre. Was ever match clap'd up so suddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry[8].
Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

[8] *But thine doth fry.*] Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by *Shadwell:*
" *The fire of love in youthful blood,*
" *Like what is kindled in brush-wood,*
" *But for a moment burns*——
" *But when crept into aged veins,*
" *It slowly burns, and long remains,*
" *It glows, and with a sullen heat,*
" *Like fire in logs, it burns, and warms us long;*
" *And though the flame be not so great,*
" *Yet is the heat as strong.*" JOHNSON.
A similar thought occurs in *A Woman never Vex'd*, a comedy by Rowley, 1632:
" My old dry wood shall make a lusty bonfire, when thy green chips lie hissing in the chimney-corner." STEEVENS.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife:
'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints [9],
Costly apparel, tents [1], and canopies,
Fine linen, Turky cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter [2] and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or house-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,

[9] —*counterpoints*,] So, in a *Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:
"Then I will have rich *counterpoints*, and musk."
These coverings for beds are at present called *counterpanes*; but either mode of spelling is proper.

Counterpoint is the monkish term for a particular species of music, in which notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are set in opposition to each other.

In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently composed of patch-work, and so contrived that every *pane* or partition in them, was contrasted with one of a different colour, though of the same dimensions. STEEVENS.

[1] tents *and canopies*,] I suppose by *tents* old Gremio means work of that kind which the ladies call *tent-stitch*. He would hardly enumerate *tents* (in their common acceptation) among his domestic riches. STEEVENS.

[2] Pewter—] We may suppose that *pewter* was, even in the time of queen Elizabeth, too costly to be used in common. It appears from "The regulations and establishment of the household of Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth earl of Northumberland, &c." that vessels of *pewter* were hired by the year. *This household-book* was begun in the year 1512. See Holinshed's Description of England, p. 188, and 189. STEEVENS.

And

And all things anſwerable to this portion.
Myſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilſt I live, ſhe will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in——Sir, liſt to me;
I am my father's heir, and only ſon:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,
Within rich Piſa walls, as any one
Old ſignior Gremio has in Padua;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which ſhall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, ſignior Gremio?

Gre. Two thouſand ducats by the year, of land[3]!
My land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall have; beſides an argoſy,
That now is lying in Marſeilles' road:——
What, have I choak'd you with an argoſy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no leſs

[3] Gre. *Two thouſand ducats by the year, of land!*
My land amounts not *to ſo much in all:*
That ſhe ſhall have; beſides——]
Though all the copies concur in this reading, ſurely, if we examine the reaſoning, ſomething will be found wrong. Gremio is ſtartled at the high ſettlement Tranio propoſes: ſays, his whole eſtate in land can't match it, yet he'll ſettle ſo much a year upon her, &c. This is playing at croſs purpoſes. The change of the *negative* in the ſecond line ſaves the abſurdity, and ſets the paſſage right. Gremio and Tranio are vyeing in their offers to carry Bianca: the latter boldly propoſes to ſettle land to the amount of two thouſand ducats per annum. My whole eſtate, ſays the other, in land, amounts *but* to that value; yet ſhe ſhall have *that:* I'll endow her with the *whole*; and conſign a rich veſſel to her uſe over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to outbid his rival. WARBURTON.

Gremio only ſays, his whole eſtate in land doth not indeed amount to two thouſand ducats a year, but ſhe ſhall have that, whatever be its value, and an argoſy over and above; which argoſy muſt be underſtood to be of very great value from his ſubjoining:

What, have I choak'd you with an argoſy? REVISAL.

 Then

Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses [4],
And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied [5].

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd:—On sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be marry'd:
Now, on the sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waining age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!

[4] ——*two* galliasses] A *galeas* or *galliass*, is a heavy low-built vessel of burthen, with both sails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ship and a galley. So, in the *Noble Soldier*, 1634:

"—to have rich gulls come aboard their pinnaces, for then they are sure to build *galliasses*." STEEVENS.

[5] —*out-vied.*] This is a term at the old game of *gleek*. So, in Greene's *Art of Coney-catching*, 1592: "They draw a card, and the barnacle *vies*, and the countryman *vies* upon him, &c." When one man was *vied* upon another, he was said to be *out-vied*. So, in the *Jealous Lovers*, by Randolph, 1632:

"Thou canst not finde out wayes enow to spend it;
"They will *out-vie* thy pleasures." STEEVENS.

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten[6].

'Tis

[6] *Yet I have fac'd it with a* card of ten.] That is, with the highest card, in the old simple games of our anceſtors. So that this became a proverbial expreſſion. So, Skelton:

"*Fyrſte pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,*
"*And ſo outface him with* a card of ten.

And, Ben Jonſon, in his *Sad Shepherd:*

"——*a* Hart of ten
"*I trow he be.*"

i. e. an extraordinary good one. WARBURTON.

If the word *hart* be right, I do not ſee any uſe of the latter quotation. JOHNSON.

A hart of ten is an expreſſion taken from the *Laws of the Foreſt*, and relates to the age of the deer. When a hart is paſt ſix years of age, he is generally call'd *a hart of ten*.

Foreſt Laws, 4to. 1598.

Again, in the ſixth ſcene of the *Sad Shepherd:*

"——a great large deer!
"*Rob.* What head?
"*John.* Forked. *A hart of ten.*"

The former expreſſion is very common. So, in *Law-Tricks*, &c. 1608:

"*I may be out-fac'd with a* card of ten."

In the *Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *a card of five* is mentioned; and in the *Emperor of the Eaſt*, by Maſſinger:

"He is a *deer* of *ten*, at the leaſt."

As we are on the ſubject of cards, it may not be amiſs to take notice of a common blunder relative to their names. We call the *king*, *queen*, and *knave*, *court-cards*, whereas they were antiently denominated *coats* or *coat-cards*, from their *coats* or dreſſes. So Ben Jonſon, in his *New Inn:*

"*When ſhe is pleas'd to trick or trump mankind,*
"*Some may be* coats, *as in the cards.*"

So, Greene, in his *Art of Coneycatching*, 1592:

"Call what you will, either hart, ſpade, club, or diamond, *cote-card*, or other."

Again, in *May-Day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1611:

"She had in her hand the ace of hearts and a *coat-card*. She led the board with her *coat*; I plaid the varlet, and took up her *coat*; and meaning to lay my finger on her ace of hearts, up ſtarted a quite contrary card."

Again, in B. Jonſon's *Staple of News:*

"—— We call'd him a *coat-card*
"O' the laſt order."

Again,

'Tis in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning [7].

[*Exit.*

Again, in Massinger's *Old Law*:

"—Here's a trick of discarded cards of us: we were rank'd with *coats* as long as my old master liv'd."

Again, in *The Ball*, a comedy by *Chapman and Shirley*, 1639:

"——— name but one,
"And if he cannot shew as many *coats*——
"*Ma.* Methinks he has good *cards* for her."

Again, in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1613:

"You have been at *noddy*, I see.
"Ay, and the first *card* comes to my hand is a *knave*.
"I am a *coat-card*, indeed.
"Then thou must needs be a *knave*, for thou art neither *queen* nor *king*." STEEVENS.

[7] —*if I fail not of my* cunning.] As this is the conclusion of an act, I suspect that the poet design'd a rhyming couplet. Instead of *cunning* we might read—*doing*, which is often used by Shakespeare in the sense here wanted, and agrees perfectly well with the beginning of the line—"a child shall *get* a sire."

After this, the former editors add;

Sly. *Sim, when will the fool come again* * ?
Sim. *Anon, my lord.*
Sly. *Give us some more drink here; where's the tapster? Here, Sim, eat some of these things.*
Sim. *I do, my lord.*
Sly. *Here, Sim, I drink to thee.*

These speeches of the presenters, (as they are called) are neither to be found in the folio or quarto. Mr. Pope, as in some former instances, introduced them from the old spurious play of the same name; and therefore we may easily account for their want of connection with the present comedy. I have degraded them as usual into the note. By the *fool* in the original piece, is either meant *Sander* the servant to *Ferando* (who is the *Petruchio* of Shakespeare) or *Ferando* himself. STEEVENS.

* *When will the fool come again?*] The character of the *fool* has not been introduced in this drama, therefore I believe that the word *again* should be omitted, and that Sly asks, *When will the fool come?* the fool being the favourite of the vulgar, or, as we now phrase it, of the upper gallery, was naturally expected in every interlude. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Baptista's house.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in musick we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar [8] in the schools;
I'll not be ty'd to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—

[8] —*no* breeching *scholar*] i.e. no school-boy liable to corporal correction. So, in *King Edward the Second*, by Marlow, 1622:
"Whose looks were as a *breeching* to a boy."
Again, in *The Hog has lost his Pearl*, 1614:
"—he went to fetch whips I think, and, not respecting my honour, he would have *breech'd* me."
Again, in *Amends for Ladies*, 1639:
"If I had had a son of fourteen that had served me so, I would have *breech'd* him." STEEVENS.

Take

Take you your inſtrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?
[*Hortenſio retires.*

Luc. That will be never;—tune your inſtrument.

Bian. Where left we laſt?

Luc. Here, madam:——
Hac ibat Simois; hic eſt Sigeia tellus;
Hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.

Bian. Conſtrue them.

Luc. *Hac ibat,* as I told you before,—*Simois,* I am Lucentio,—*hic eſt,* ſon unto Vincentio of Piſa,—*Sigeia tellus,* diſguiſed thus to get your love;—*Hic ſteterat,* and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami,* is my man Tranio,—*regia,* bearing my port,—*celſa ſenis,* that we might beguile the old pantaloon [9].

Hor. Madam, my inſtrument's in tune.
[*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear:—O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me ſee if I can conſtrue it: *Hac ibat Simois,* I know you not;—*hic eſt Sigeia tellus,* I truſt you not;—*Hic ſteterat Priami,* take heed he hear us not;—*regia,* preſume not;—*celſa ſenis,* deſpair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the baſe.

Hor. The baſe is right; 'tis the baſe knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedaſcule, I'll watch you better yet [1].

[9] *Pantaloon.*] the old cully in Italian farces. JOHNSON.

[1] *Pedaſcule.*] He would have ſaid *Didaſcale,* but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedaſcule,* in imitation of it, from *pedant.* WARBURTON.

I believe it is no coinage of Shakeſpeare's. It is more probable that *it lay in his way, and he found it.* STEEVENS.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust [2].

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides [3]
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave awhile;
My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*reading.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*
Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:

[2] *In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.*] This and the seven verses that follow, have in all the editions been stupidly shuffled and misplaced to wrong speakers; so that every word said was glaringly out of character. THEOBALD.

[3] ——*for, sure, Æacides* &c.] This is only said to deceive Hortensio who is supposed to listen. STEEVENS.

Old

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice [4],
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet masters, both; I must be gone. [*Exit.*

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

[4] *Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice*
To change true rules for new inventions.]
This is sense and the meaning of the passage; but the reading of the second verse, for all that, is sophisticated. The genuine copies all concur in reading:
To change true rules for old inventions. THEOBALD.

I suppose we may safely read *odd* inventions. I know not who first proposed it. STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald is unfaithful in his account of the old copies. The quarto and folio read:
To *charge* true rules for old inventions.
I believe that an opposition was intended, and that *old* is right.— As *change* was corrupted into *charge*, why might not *true* have been put instead of *new*, I think the author wrote:
To change *new* rules for old inventions;
i.e. to accept of new rules in exchange for old inventions.
MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharine, Lucentio, Bianca, and attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be marry'd,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen [5];
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—*Lo there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.*

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would, Katharine had never seen him though!
[*Exit weeping.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;

[5] *full of spleen*;] That is, *full of* humour, caprice, and inconstancy. JOHNSON.

For

For ſuch an injury would vex a ſaint,
Much more a ſhrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, maſter! news, old news [6], and ſuch news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bian. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, ſir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But, ſay, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd, [7] a pair of boots that have been candle-caſes [8], one buckled,

[6] ——— *old news,*] Theſe words have been added by ſome of the editors, and neceſſarily, for the reply of Baptiſta ſuppoſes them to have been already ſpoken,—*old laughing,*—*old utis,* &c. are expreſſions of that time merely hyperbolical, and have been more than once uſed by Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

So, in *Lingua*, 1607: "Here's *old* turning! Theſe chymicks ſeeking to turn lead into gold, turn away all their own ſilver." MALONE.

[7] *a pair of boots—one buckled, another laced; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs, with two broken points:*] How a ſword ſhould have *two broken points,* I cannot tell. There is, I think, a tranſpoſition cauſed by the ſeeming relation of *point* to *ſword.* I read, *a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced* with two broken points; *an old ruſty ſword —with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs.* JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect that ſeveral words giving an account of Petruchio's *belt* are wanting. The belt was then broad and rich, and worn on the outſide of the clothes.—*Two broken points* might therefore have concluded the deſcription of its oſtentatious meanneſs. STEEVENS.

The broken *points* might be the two broken tags to the laces. TOLLET.

buckled, another lac'd ; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points : His horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred : besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine ; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows [9], past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots ; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten ; near-legg'd before [1], and with a half-check'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather ; which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots : one girt six times piec'd, and a

[8] —*that have been candle-cases,*] That is, I suppose, boots long left off, and after having been converted into cases to hold the ends of candles, returning to their first office. I do not know that I have ever met with the word *candle-case* in any other places, except the following preface to a dramatic dialogue, 1635, entitled, *The Case is Alter'd, How?* —— "I write upon cases, neither knife-cases, pin-cases, nor candle-cases."
And again, in *How to chuse a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1608 :
"A bow-case, a cap-case, a comb-case, a lute-case, a fiddle-case, and a *candle-case*." STEEVENS.

[9] ———*infected with the fashions,———past cure of the* fives,] *Fashions*. So called in the West of England, but by the best writers on farriery, *farcins*, or *farcy*.
Fives. So called in the West : *vives* elsewhere, and *avives* by the French ; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles. GRAY.
Shakespeare is not the only writer who uses *fashions* for *farcy*. So, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600 :
"*Shad*. What shall we learn by travel ?
"*Andel*. *Fashions*.
"*Shad*. That's a *beastly disease*."
Again, in the *New Ordinary*, by Brome :
"My old beast is infected with the *fashions*, fashion-sick."
Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609 :—"*Fashions* was then counted a disease, and *horses* died of it." STEEVENS.

[1] —*near-legg'd before,*] I do not understand what is meant by this description, unless it signifies that *the horse moved his legs so close together as to cut himself*. STEEVENS.

woman's crupper of velure [1], which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, sir, his lacquey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock [2] on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; [3] an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;—
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

[1] *—a crupper of* velure,] *Velure* is velvet. *Velours*, Fr. So, in the *World tossed at Tennis*, 1620, by Middleton and Rowley:
"Come, my well-lined soldier (with valour
"Not *velure*) keep me warm."
Again, in the *Noble Gentleman*, by B. and Fletcher:
"——— an old hat,
"Lin'd with *velure*." STEEVENS.

[2] ———*stock*] i. e. stocking. STEEVENS.

[3] *an old hat, and* the humour of forty fancies *prick'd in't for a feather*:] This was some ballad or drollery of that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his footboy's old hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps and stanzas of old ballads, and often very obscurely; for, so well are they adapted to the occasion, that they seem of a piece with the rest. In Shakespeare's time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggrel compositions. And he seems to have borne them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers with excellent humour. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, he makes Benedict say, *Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen.* As the bluntness of it would make the execution of it extremely painful. And again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Pandarus in his distress having repeated a very stupid stanza from an old ballad, says, with the highest humour, *There never was a truer rhime; let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse. We see it, we see it.* WARBURTON.

Bion.

Bion. Why, ſir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, ſir; I ſay, his horſe comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by ſaint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not
many.

Enter Petruchio, and Grumio [3].

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? who is at
home?

Bap.

[3] *Enter Petruchio and Grumio.* Thus in the original play—
" *Enter* Ferando, *baſely attired, and a red cap on his head.*"
" *Feran.* Good-morrow, father: *Polidor* well met:
" You wonder, I know, that I have ſtaide ſo long.
" *Alfon.* Yea, marry ſonne: we were almoſt perſuaded
" That we ſhould ſcarce have had our bridegroom here:
" But ſay, why art thou thus baſely attired?
" *Feran.* Thus richly, father, you ſhould have ſaide;
" For when my wife and I are married once,
" Shee's ſuch a ſhrew, if we ſhould once fall out,
" Sheele pull my coſtly ſutes over mine eares,
" And therefore am I thus attir'd a while:
" For many things I tell you's in my head,
" And none muſt know thereof but *Kate* and I;
" For we ſhall live like lambes and lions ſure:
" Nor lambs to lions never were ſo tame,
" If once they lie within the lions pawes,
" As Kate to me, if we were married once:
" And therefore, come, lets to church preſently.
" *Pol.* Fie, *Ferando!* not thus attir'd: for ſhame,
" Come to my chamber, and there ſuite thyſelfe,
" Of twenty ſutes that I did never weare.
" *Feran.* Tuſh *Polidor*, I have as many ſutes
" Fantaſtike made to fit my humor ſo,
" As any in *Athens*; and as richly wrought
" As was the maſſie robe that late adorn'd
" The ſtately legat of the *Perſian* king,
" And this from them I have made choiſe to weare.

Bap. You are welcome, ſir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not ſo well apparell'd
As I wiſh you were.
Pet. Were it better, I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?
Bap. Why, ſir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fye! doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemn feſtival.
Tra. And tell us, what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike yourſelf?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in ſome part enforced to digreſs [4];
Which, at more leiſure, I will ſo excuſe
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in theſe unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.
Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll viſit her.
Bap. But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good ſooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;

" *Alfon.* I prethee, *Ferando*, let me intreat,
" Before thou go'ſt unto the church with us,
" To put ſome other ſute upon thy backe.
" *Feran.* Not for the world, &c." STEEVENS.

4 ——*to digreſs*;] to deviate from any promiſe. JOHNSON.

To

To me she's marry'd, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exit. Pet. Gru. and Bion.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*

Tra. But, sir, our love [5] concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow school-master
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despight of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:—

[5] *Tra. But, sir, our love*] *Our* is an injudicious interpolation. The first folio reads—*But, sir, love concerneth us to add, Her father's liking*—which I think, should be thus corrected:

But, sir, *to her* love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking.————

We must suppose, that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here resumes the conversation, by observing, that *to her love* it concerns them to add *her father's consent*; and then goes on to propose a scheme for obtaining the latter. TYRWHITT.

We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint mufician, amorous Licio;
All for my mafter's fake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from fchool [6].
Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroom, fay you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl fhall find.
Tra. Curfter than fhe? why, 'tis impoffible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, fhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut! fhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, fir Lucentio; When the prieft
Should afk—if Katharine fhould be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and fwore fo loud,
That, all amaz'd, the prieft let fall the book:
And, as he ftoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him fuch a cuff,
That down fell prieft and book, and book and prieft;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any lift.*
Tra. What faid the wench, when he rofe up again?
Gre. Trembled and fhook; for why, he ftamp'd, and fwore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:
A health, quoth he; as if he had been aboard,
Carowfing to his mates after a ftorm:
Quaff'd off the mufcadel [7], and threw the fops
All

6 *As willingly* &c.] This is a proverbial faying. See Ray's *Collection.* STEEVENS.

7 —*quaff'd off the mufcadel,*] It appears from this paffage, and

All in the sexton's face; having no other reason,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

and the following one in *The History of the two Maids of More-clacke*, a comedy by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the custom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. Armin's play begins thus:

Enter a Maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming the door.

"*Maid.* Strew, strew.
"*Man.* The *muscadine* stays for the bride at church.
"The priest and Hymen's ceremonies 'tend
"To make them man and wife."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:
—"and when we are at church, bring the *wine* and cakes."

In Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*, the wine drank on this occasion is called a "*knitting cup*."

Again, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, by Middleton:
"Even when my lip touch'd the *contracting cup*."

There was likewise a flower that borrowed its name from this ceremony.

"Bring sweet carnations, and *sops in wine*,
"Worne of paramours."
Hobbinol's Dittie, &c. by Spenser.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*:
"Were the rosemary branches dipp'd, and all
"The *hippocras* and *cakes* eat and drunk off;
"Were these two arms encompass'd with the hands
"Of batchelors to lead me to the church, &c." STEEVENS.

In an old canzonet on a wedding, set to musick by Morley, 1606:
"*Sops in wine*, spice-cakes are a dealing." FARMER.

The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding to be drank by the bride and bridegroom and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. We find it practised at the magnificent marriage of queen Mary and Philip, in Winchester cathedral, 1554. "The trumpetts sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned untill masse was done: at which tyme, *wyne* and *sopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both." Collect. Append. Vol. IV. p. 400, edit. 1770. Mr. WARTON.

I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Musick plays.*

Enter Petruchio, Katharine, Bianca, Hortensio, and Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?
Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:—
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewel to you all.
Tra. Let us intreat you stay 'till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me intreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me intreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall intreat me stay;
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio my horses.
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses [8].

Kath.

[8] —*the oats have eaten the horses.*] There is still a ludicrous expression used when horses have staid so long in a place as to have eaten

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to-day;

eaten more than they are worth—viz. that *their heads are too big for the ſtable-door.* I ſuppoſe Grumio has ſome ſuch meaning, though it is more openly expreſs'd, as follows, in the original play.

" *Enter* Ferando *and* Kate, *and* Alfonſo *and* Polidor, *and* Emilia, *and* Aurelius *and* Phylema."

" *Feran.* Father, farewel; my *Kate* and I muſt home:
" Sirrha, go make ready my horſe preſently.
" *Alfon.* Your horſe! what ſon, I hope you do but jeſt;
" I am ſure you will not go ſo ſuddainely.
" *Kate.* Let him go or tarry, I am reſolv'd to ſtay;
" And not to travel on my wedding day.
" *Feran.* Tut, *Kate*, I tel thee we muſt needes go home:
" Vilaine, haſt thou ſadled my horſe?
" *San.* Which horſe? your curtall?
" *Feran.* Souns you ſlave, ſtand you prating here?
" Saddle the bay gelding for your miſtris.
" *Kate.* Not for me, for I will not go.
" *San. The oſtler will not let me have him: you owe ten pence*
" *For his meate, and 6 pence for ſtuffing my miſtris ſaddle.*
" *Feran.* Here, villaine; goe pay him ſtrait.
" *San.* Shall I give him another pecke of lavender?
" *Feran.* Out ſlave, and bring them preſently to the dore.
" *Alfon.* Why ſon, I hope at leaſt youle dine with us.
" *San.* I pray you, maſter, lets ſtay til dinner be done.
" *Feran.* Sounes vilaine, art thou here yet? [*Exit Sander.*
" Come, Kate, our dinner is provided at home.
" *Kate.* But not for me, for here I mean to dine:
" Ile have my wil in this as well as you;
" Though you in madding mood would leave your friends,
" Deſpite of you Ile tarry with them ſtill.
" *Feran.* I *Kate* thou ſhalt, but at ſome other time:
" When as thy ſiſters here ſhall be eſpouſed,
" Then thou and I wil keepe our wedding-day,
" In better ſort then now we can provide;
" For heere I promiſe thee before them all,
" We will ere longe returne to them againe:
" Come, *Kate*, ſtand not on termes; we will away;
" This is my day, to-morrow thou ſhalt rule,
" And I will doe whatever thou commandes.
" Gentlemen, farewell, wee'l take our leaves;
" It will be late before that we come home.
[*Exeunt* Ferando *and* Kate.
" *Pol.* Farewell *Ferando*, ſince you will be gone.
" *Alfon.* So mad a couple did I never ſee, &c." STEEVENS.

No,

No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I pleaſe myſelf.
The door is open, ſir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I pleaſe myſelf:—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry; What haſt thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.

Gre. Ay, marry, ſir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I ſee, a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.

Pet. They ſhall go forward, Kate, at thy command:—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer,
Carouſe full meaſure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourſelves;
But for my bonny Kate, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret;
I will be maſter of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,
My horſe, my ox, my aſs, my any thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring my action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beſet with thieves;
Reſcue thy miſtreſs, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee againſt a million.

[*Exit Petruchio, and Katharine.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc.

Luc. Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?
Bian. That, being mad herſelf, ſhe's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to ſupply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feaſt;—
Lucentio, you ſhall ſupply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her ſiſter's room.
Tra. Shall ſweet Bianca practiſe how to bride it?
Bap. She ſhall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Petruchio's country houſe.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fye, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad maſters! and all foul ways! Was ever man ſo beaten? [9] was ever man ſo ray'd? was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are coming

[9] *Was ever man ſo ray'd?*] That is, was ever man ſo mark'd with laſhes. JOHNSON.

It rather means *beway'd*, i.e. made dirty. So Spenſer ſpeaking of a fountain, b. ii. cant. 8. ſt. 32:

"*Which ſhe increaſed with her bleeding heart,*
"*And the clean waves with purple gore did* ray."

Again, b. iii. cant. 8, ſt. 32:

"*The whiles the piteous lady up did riſe,*
"*Ruffled and foully* ray'd *with filthy ſoil.*" TOLLET.

So, in *The laſt Will and Teſtament of Summer*, 1600. "Let there be a few ruſhes laid in the place where Backwinter ſhall tumble, for fear of *raying* his clothes." STEEVENS.

after

after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot [1], and ſoon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, ſhall warm myſelf; for, conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that, calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my maſter and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; caſt on no water.

Curt. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this froſt: but, thou know'ſt, [2] winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for

[1] *a little pot, and ſoon hot.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. It introduced in the *Iſle of Gulls*, 1633:

"—Though I be but a *little pot*, I ſhall be as *ſoon hot* as another." STEEVENS.

[2] Gru. ——*winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and* my *ſelf, fellow Curtis.*

Curt. *Away, you three inch'd fool; I am no beaſt.*] Why, had Grumio call'd him one; to give his reſentment any colour? We muſt read as, without queſtion, Shakeſpeare wrote:

——*and* thy *ſelf, fellow Curtis.*

Why Grumio ſaid that winter had tamed Curtis, was for his ſlowneſs in ſhewing Grumio to a good fire. Beſides, all the joke conſiſts in the ſenſe of this alteration. WARBURTON.

"*Winter*, ſays Grumio, tames *man, woman, and beaſt:* for it has tamed my old maſter, my new miſtreſs, and *myſelf*, fellow *Curtis.*—Away, you three-inch'd fool, replies *Curtis, I am no beaſt.* Why, aſks Dr. Warburton, had Grumio call'd him one? he alters therefore *myſelf* to *thyſelf*, and all the editors follow him. But there is no neceſſity; if Grumio calls *himſelf* a *beaſt*, and *Curtis*,

for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs,. and myſelf, fellow Curtis.

Curt. [3] Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? [4] why, thy horn is a foot; and ſo long am I, at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſtreſs, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand) thou ſhalt ſoon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to death.

Curtis, Fellow; ſurely he calls *Curtis a beaſt* likewiſe. Malvolio takes this ſenſe of the word, "let this *fellow* be look'd to!—— *Fellow!* not *Malvolio*, after my degree, but *fellow!*"

In Ben Jonſon's *Caſe is Altered*, "What ſays my *Fellow Onion?*" quoth *Chriſtophero*.—"All of a houſe, replies *Onion*, but not *fellows*."

In the old play, call'd *The Return from Parnaſſus*, we have a curious paſſage, which ſhews the opinion of contemporaries concerning the *learning of Shakeſpeare*; this uſe of the word *fellow* brings it to my remembrance. Burbage and Kempe are introduced to teach the univerſity-men the art of acting, and are repreſented (particularly Kempe) as *leaden ſpouts—very illiterate*. "Few of the univerſity, ſays Kempe, pen plays well; *they* ſmell too much of that writer *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphoſis*:—why, here's our *Fellow Shakeſpeare* puts them all down."

FARMER.

The ſentence delivered by Grumio is proverbial:

"Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beaſt."

See *Ray's Collection*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Away, you three-inch fool!*] i. e. with a ſkull three inches thick, a phraſe taken from the thicker ſort of planks.

WARBURTON.

[4] *Why* thy *horn is a foot, and ſo long am I, at the leaſt.*] *Though all the copies agree in this reading*, Mr. Theobald ſays, *yet he cannot find what horn Curtis had*; therefore he alters it to *my horn*. But the common reading is right, and the meaning is that he had made Curtis a cuckold. WARBURTON.

Curt.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, [5] *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

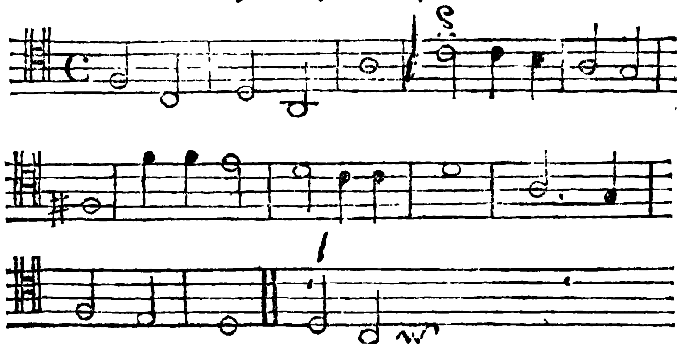
Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? [6] be the

[5] *Jack boy*, &c.] fragment of some old ballad. WARBURTON.

Jack boy, ho boy. Dr. Warburton is nearly right in his conjecture on this passage: It is the beginning of an old round in three parts, here given with the music.

Jack boy! ho Boy!



Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

[6] *be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without?*] i. e. Are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid servants dress'd? But the Oxford Editor alters it thus:

Are the Jacks fair without, the Jills fair within?

What his conceit is in this, I confess I know not.

WARBURTON.

Hanmer's meaning seems to be this: *Are the men who are waiting without the house to receive my master, dress'd; and the maids, who are waiting within, dress'd too?*

I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which signify *two drinking measures*, as well as *men* and *maid servants.* The distinction made in the questions concerning them, was owing to this. The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas, the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to

the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listning. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:——But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how the horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoil'd [7]; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat

to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside like the leather.

The quibble on the former of these words I find in the *Atheist's Tragedy*, by C. Turner, 1611:

"——have you drunk yourselves mad?
"1 *Ser.* My lord, the *Jacks* abus'd me.
"*D'Am.* I think they are *jacks* indeed that have abus'd thee."

"I owe money to several hostesses, and you know such *jills* will quickly be upon a man's *jack.*" *Puritan Widow*, 1600. In this last instance, the allusion to drinking measures is evident.

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*bemoil'd*;] i. e. be-draggled, bemired. STEEVENS.

me,

me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled; how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; [8] how he ſwore; how ſhe pray'd—that never pray'd before; how I cry'd; how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was burſt; how I loſt my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarſop, and the reſt: let their heads be ſleekly comb'd, their blue coats bruſh'd, and their [9] garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtſy with their left legs; and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe-tail, 'till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

[8] ——— *how he ſwore,*
And how ſhe pray'd—that never pray'd before;]
Theſe lines, with little variation, are found in the old copy of *K. Leir*, publiſhed before that of Shakeſpeare. STEEVENS.

[9] *garters of an indifferent knit:*] What is the ſenſe of this I know not, unleſs it means, that their *garters* ſhould be *fellows*; *indifferent*, or *not different*, one from the other. JOHNSON.

This is rightly explained. So, in *Hamlet:*
"As the *indifferent* children of the earth." STEEVENS.

In Shakeſpeare's time *indifferent* was uſed for *different*. Thus Speed in his *Hiſt. of Great Britaine*, 1614, p. 779, deſcribing the French and Engliſh armies at the battle of Agincourt, ſays, —"The face of theſe hoaſts were diverſe and *indifferent*; the French gallant, freſh, and through vaine hope of honour already mounted above men of mean rank;—the Engliſh weake, weary, and ſore-ſtarved." So, in Aretine's *Hiſt. of the Goths*, tranſlated by Golding, 1563. "In a place of advantage and eaſie to the Goths, but very untoward and un-*indifferent* for the ſouldiers of Beliſarius."

That garters of a *different knit* were formerly worn, appears from ΤΕΧΝΟΓΑΜΙΑ, *or the Marriages of the Arts*, by Barton Holyday, 1630, where the following ſtage direction occurs. "Phantaſtes in a branched velvet jerkin—red ſilk ſtockings, and *particoloured garters*." MALONE.

Gru.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that call'st fo c ompany to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five serving men.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready: How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,——Cock's passion, silence!——I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio, and Katharine[1].

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door,

To

[1] *Enter Petruchio,* &c.] Thus the original play. "Enter *Ferando* and *Kate.*

" *Feran.* Now welcome *Kate.* Wheres these villaines
" Heere? what, not supper yet upon the boord!
" Nor table spread, nor nothing done at all!
" Where's that villaine that I sent before?
" *San.* Now, adsum, sir.
" *Feran.* Come hither you villaine; Ile cut your nose
" You rogue: help me off with my boots: wilt please

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

" You to lay the cloth? Sowns the villaine
" Hurts my foote: pull easily I say: yet againe?

He beates them all.

They cover the boord, and fetch in the meate.

" Sowns, burnt and scorch't! who drest this meate?

" *Wil.* Forsooth, *John Cooke.*

He throwes downe the table and meate, and all, and beates them all.

" *Feran.* Goe, you villaines; bring me such meate?
" Out of my sight, I say, and beare it hence.
" Come, *Kate*, wee'l have other meate provided:
" Is there a fire in my chamber, sir?

" *San.* I, forsooth. [*Exeunt Ferando and Kate.*

" *Manent serving men, and eate up all the meate.*

" *Tom.* Sownes, I thinke of my conscience my maister's madde since he was married.

" *Wil.* I laft what a boxe he gave *Sander*
" For pulling off his bootes.

Enter Ferando againe.

" *San.* I hurt his foote for the nonce man.

" *Feran.* Did you so, you damned villaine?

He beates them all out againe.

" This humour must I hold me to a while,
" To bridle and hold backe my head-strong wife,
" With curbes of hunger, ease, and want of sleepe:
" Nor sleep nor meate shall she enjoy to night;
" Ile mew her up as men do mew their hawkes,
" And make her gently come unto the lewre:
" Were she as stubborne and as full of strength
" As was the Thracian horse Alcides tamde,
" That king *Egeus* fed with flesh of men,
" Yet would I pull her downe and make her come,
" As hungry hawkes doe flie unto their lewre. [*Exit.*"

STEEVENS.

Did

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat[2];
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—
[*Exeunt Servants.*
Where is the life that late I led— [*Singing.*
Where are those,——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud[3]!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey[4], [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way.

[2] ——*no link to colour Peter's hat,*] *Link*, I believe, is the same with what we now call *lamp-black.* JOHNSON.

A *link* is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, says—"This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dunghills, instead of newe, blackt over with the *smoake of an old linke.*" STEEVENS.

[3] ——*Soud, soud,* &c.] That is, *sweet, sweet. Soot*, and sometimes *sooth*, is *sweet.* So, in Milton, *to sing soothly*, is, to sing sweetly. JOHNSON.

So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578.
"He'll hang handsome young men for the *soote* sinne of of love." STEEVENS.

[4] *It was the friar of orders grey,*] Dispersed through Shakespeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, Dr. Percy has selected some of them, and connected them together with a few supplemental stanzas; a work, which at once shews his own poetical abilities, as well as his respect to the truly venerable remains of our most ancient bards. STEEVENS.

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what ho!—

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
[6] And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?—
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—
You, whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know, you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—
What's this? mutton?

1 *Ser.* Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*
You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

6 *And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:*] This cousin Ferdinand, who does not make his personal appearance on the scene, is mentioned, I suppose, for no other reason than to give Katharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his spaniel Troilus.

STEEVENS.

Pet.

Pet. I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt, and dry'd away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?
Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My faulcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, 'till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd [7],

[7] —*full-gorg'd*, &c.] A hawk too much fed was never tractable. So, in the *Tragedie of Crœsus*, 1604:
"And like a hooded hawk, *gorg'd* with vain pleasures,
"At random flies, and wots not where he is."
Again, in the *Booke of Haukyng*, bl. l. no date:
"—ye shall say your hauke is *full-gorged* and not cropped."
The *lure* was only a thing stuff'd like that kind of bird which the hawk was designed to pursue. The use of the *lure* was to tempt him back after he had flown. STEEVENS.

For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard [8],
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites [9],
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness [1];
And thus I'll curb her mad and head-strong humour:—
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity, to shew. [*Exit*.

[8] —*to man my* haggard,] A *haggard* is a *wild hawk*; to *man* a hawk is to *tame* her. JOHNSON.

So, in a comedy called *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606:

"*Haggard*, I'll make your proud heart stoop to the *lure* of obedience." STEEVENS.

[9] —watch *her as we* watch *these kites*,] Thus in the same book of *Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. commonly called, *The Book of St. Albans*. "And then the same night after the teding, *wake* her all night, and on the morrowe all day."

Again, in the *Lady Errant*, by Cartwright: "We'll keep you as they do *hawks*; *watching* you until you leave your wildness." STEEVENS.

[1] *This is the way to kill a wife with kindness*;] An allusion might be intended to Heywood's play, called, *A Woman killed with Kindness*, which was acted in 1604, and perhaps before. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio, and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca[1]
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand by.*

Enter Bianca, and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first, resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

[1] *Is't possible, friend Licio, &c.*] This scene, Mr. Pope, upon what authority I can't pretend to guess, has in his editions made the *first* of the *fifth* act: in doing which, he has shewn the very power and force of criticism. The consequence of this judicious regulation is, that two unpardonable absurdities are fixed upon the author, which he could not possibly have committed. For, in the first place, by this shuffling the scenes out of their true position, we find Hortensio, in the fourth act, already gone from Baptista's to Petruchio's country-house; and afterwards in the beginning of the fifth act we find him first forming the resolution of quitting Bianca; and Tranio immediately informs us, he is gone to the Taming-school to Petruchio. There is a figure, indeed, in rhetorick, call'd ὕστερον πρότερον; but this is an abuse of it, which the rhetoricians will never adopt upon Pope's authority. Again, by this misplacing, the Pedant makes his first entrance, and quits the stage with Tranio in order to go and dress himself like Vincentio, whom he was to personate: but his second *entrance* is upon the very heels of his *exit*; and without any interval of an *act*, or one word intervening, he comes out again equipp'd like Vincentio. If such a critick be fit to publish a stage-writer, I shall not envy Mr. Pope's admirers, if they should think fit to applaud his sagacity. I have replaced the scenes in that order, in which I found them in the old books. THEOBALD.

Bian. And may you prove, ſir, maſter of your art!

Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart. [*They retire backward.*

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs Bianca
Lov'd none in the world ſo well as Lucentio.

Tra. O deſpightful love! unconſtant woman-kind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Miſtake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be;
But one that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of ſuch a cullion:
Know, ſir, that I am call'd—Hortenſio.

Tra. Signior Hortenſio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,
I will with you,—if you be ſo contented,—
Forſwear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiſs and court!——Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forſwear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Never to marry her, though ſhe would intreat:
Fye on her! ſee, how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forſworn!
For me,—that I may ſurely keep mine oath,
I will be marry'd to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days paſs; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful haggard:
And ſo farewel, ſignior Lucentio.—
[illegible]ſs in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall

Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit Hortensio.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

[*Lucentio and Bianca come forward.*

Bian. Tranio, you jest; But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her[3].

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith he is gone unto the taming school.

Bian. The taming school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue[4].

Enter Biondello, running.

Bion. Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied

[3] *Ay, and he'll tame her.* &c.] Thus in the original play:
"——— he means to tame his wife ere long.
"*Val.* Hee saies so.
"*Aurel.* Faith he's gon unto the taming-schoole.
"*Val.* The taming-schoole! why is there such a place?
"*Aurel.* I: and *Ferando* is the maister of the schoole."
STEEVENS.

[4] —charm *her chattering tongue.*] So, in *K. Henry* VI. P. III:
"Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm* your tongue."
STEEVENS.

[5] An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatantè [6], or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father [7].

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,

[5] *An ancient angel*] For *angel* Mr. Theobald, and after him sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, read *engle*. Johnson.

It is true that the word *engble*, which sir T. Hanmer calls a gull, deriving it from *engluer*, Fr. to catch with bird-lime, is sometimes used by B. Jonson. It cannot, however, bear that meaning at present, as Biondello confesses his ignorance of the quality of the person who is afterwards persuaded to represent the father of Lucentio. The precise meaning of it is not ascertained in Jonson, neither is the word to be found in any of the original copies of Shakespeare.

Angel primitively signifies a *messenger*, but perhaps this sense is not strictly applicable to the passage before us. So, Ben Jonson, in the *Sad Shepherd*:

"——the dear good *angel* of the spring,
"The nightingale."——

And Chapman, in his translation of *Homer*, always calls a messenger an *angel*. See particularly B. xxiv.

In the *Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, an old usurer is indeed called:

"————old *angel* of gold." Steevens.

[6] *Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,*] The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercatantè* is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no scruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it spelt in the folio and quarto, were obliged to supply a syllable to make out the verse, which the Italian pronunciation renders unnecessary. A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "He loves to have a fencer, a *pedant*, and a musician, seen in his lodgings." Steevens.

Mercatantè. So, Spenser, in the third book of his *Fairy Queen*:

"Sleeves dependant Albanesè-wise."

And our author has *Veronesè* in his *Othello*. Farmer.

[7] ——*Surely* like a father.] I know not what he is, says the speaker, however this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. Warburton.

I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt Lucentio, and Bianca.*

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua [8]
To come to Padua; Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been:
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

[8] *'Tis death for any one in Mantua*, &c.] So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:
"——if any Syracusan born
"Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies. STEEVENS.

Tra.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. [*Aside.*
Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
'Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
Ped. Oh, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance [9] of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
[1] Go with me, sir, to cloath you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *To pass* assurance &c.] To *pass assurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, "The common *assurances* of the realm," because thereby each man's property is *assured* to him. So, in a subsequent scene of this act, "they are busied about a counterfeit *assurance.*" MALONE.

[1] *Go with me*, &c.] There is an old comedy called *Supposes*, translated from *Ariosto*, by George Gascoigne. Thence Shakespeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as some of the phraseology) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There likewise he found the quaint name of Petruchio. My young master and his man exchange habits, and persuade a *Scenæse*, as he is called, to personate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna* to *Ferrara*, contrary to the order of the government. FARMER.

SCENE III.

Enter Katharine, and Grumio[*].

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:

What

* *Enter Katharine and Grumio.*] Thus the original play,——
"Enter *Sander* and his mistris.
"*San.* Come, mistris.
"*Kate.* *Sander*, I prethee helpe me to some meat;
"I am so faint that I can scarcely stand.
"*San.* I marry mistris: but you know my maister
"Has given me a charge that you must eat nothing,
"But that which he himself giveth you.
"*Kate.* Why man, thy master needs never know it.
"*San.* You say true, indeed. Why looke you, mistris;
"What say you to a pece of bieffe and mustard now?
"*Kate.* Why, I say 'tis excellent meat; canst thou helpe me to some?
"*San.* I, I could helpe you to some, but that
"I doubt the mustard is too chollerick for you.
"But what say you to a sheapes head and garlicke?
"*Kate.* Why any thing; I care not what it be.
"*San.* I, but the garlicke I doubt will make your breath stincke; and then my master wil course me for letting you eate it. But what say you to a fat capon?
"*Kate.* That's meate for a king; sweete *Sander* help me to some of it.
"*San.* Nay, berlady, then 'tis too deere for us; we must not meddle with the king's meate.
"*Kate.* Out villaine! dost thou mocke me?
"Take that for thy sawsinesse. [*She beats him.*
"*San.* Sounes are you so light-fingred, with a murrin?
"Ile keepe you fasting for it these two daies.
"*Kate.* I tell thee, villaine, Ile tear the flesh off
"Thy face and eate it, and thou prate to me thus.
"*San.* Here comes my master now: heele course you.
"*Enter* Ferando *with a piece of meate upon his dagger point, and* Polidor *with him.*
"*Feran.* See here, *Kate*, I have provided meat for thee:
"Here, take it: what, is't not worthy thanks?
"Go, sirha, take it away againe, you shall be
"Thankful for the next you have.

"*Kate.*

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,—
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pry'thee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too phlegmatick a meat:—
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

" *Kate.* Why, I thanke you for it.

" *Feran.* Nay, now tis not worth a pin: go, sirha, and take it hence, I say.

" *San.* Yes, sir, Ile carrie it hence: Master, let her
" Have none; for she can fight, as hungry as she is.

" *Pol.* I pray you, sir, let it stand; for Ile eate
" Some with her myselfe.

" *Feran.* Wel, sirha, set it down againe.

" *Kate.* Nay, nay, I pray you, let him take it hence,
" And keep it for your owne diet, for Ile none;
" Ile nere be beholding to you for your meat:
" I tel thee flatly here unto thy teeth,
" Thou shalt not keepe me nor feed me as thou list,
" For I will home againe unto my father's house.

" *Feran.* I, when y'are meeke and gentle, but not before:
" I know your stomacke is not yet come downe,
" Therefore no marvel thou canst not eat:
" And I will go unto your father's house.
" Come *Polidor*, let us go in againe;
" And *Kate* come in with us: I know, ere long,
" That thou and I shall lovingly agree."

The circumstance of *Petruchio* bringing meat to *Katharine* on the point of his dagger, is a ridicule on Marloe's *Tamburlaine*, who treats *Bajazet* in the same manner. STEEVENS.

Kath.

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio, with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What sweeting, all amort[3]?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look chearfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof[4]:——
Here, take away this dish.

[3] ——*what, sweeting, all* amort?] This Gallicism is common to many of the old plays. So, in *Wily Beguil'd*:
"Why how now, Sophos, all *amort*?
Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:
"What all *amort*! What's the matter?" STEEVENS.

[4] *And all my pains is* sorted *to no proof*:] And all my labour has ended in nothing, or *proved* nothing. "*We tried an experiment, but it* sorted *not.*" *Bacon.* JOHNSON.

Kath.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame:
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.— [*Aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and [5] fardingals, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The taylor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.—

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments;

[5] —*fardingals, and* things;] Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the authour had not another that would rhime. I once thought to transpose the words *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement. JOHNSON.

However poor the word, the poet must be answerable for it, as he had used it before, act II. sc. 5. when the rhime did not force it upon him.

We will have rings, and things, *and fine array.*

Again, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1632:

"'Tis true that I am poor, and yet have *things*,
"And golden rings, &c."

A *thing* is a trifle too inconsiderable to deserve particular discrimination.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602:

"And after meat presented him with many a sight and *thing*." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Haberdasher[6].

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet.

[6] *Enter Haberdasher.*] Thus in the original play.

" *San.* Master, the haberdasher has brought my mistris home her cap here.

" *Feran.* Come hither, sirha: what have you there?

" *Haber.* A velvet cap, sir, and it please you.

" *Feran.* Who spoke for it? Didst thou, *Kate*?

" *Kate.* What if I did? Come hither, sirha, give me the cap; Ile see if it wil fit me. [*She sets it on her head.*

" *Feran.* O monstrous! why it becomes thee not.
" Let me see it, *Kate*: here, sirha, take it hence;
" This cap is out of fashion quite.

" *Kate.* The fashion is good inough: belike you mean to make a fool of me.

" *Feran.* Why true, he means to make a foole of thee,
" To have thee put on such a curtald cap:
" Sirha, begone with it.

" *Enter the Taylor with a gowne.*

" *San.* Here is the Taylor too with my mistris gowne.

" *Feran.* Let me see it, Taylor: What, with cuts and jags?
" Sounes, thou vilaine, thou hast spoil'd the gowne.

" *Taylor.* Why, sir, I made it as your man gave me direction;
" You may read the note here.

" *Feran.* Come hither, sirha: Taylor, read the note.

" *Taylor.* Item, a faire round compass'd cape.

" *San.* I, that's true.

" *Taylor.* And a large truncke sleeve.

" *San.* That's a lie maister; I said two truncke sleeves.

" *Feran.* Well, sir, go forward.

" *Taylor.* Item, a loose-bodied gowne.

" *San.* Maister, if ever I said loose bodies gowne,
" Sew me in a seame, and beat me to death
" With a bottom of browne thred.

" *Taylor.* I made it as the note bade me.

" *San.* I say the note lies in his throate, and thou too, and thou sayest it.

" *Taylor.* Nay, nay, ne'er be so hot, sirha, for I feare you not.

" *San.* Dost thou heare, Tailor? thou hast braved many men:
" Brave not me. Th'ast fac'd many men.

" *Taylor.* Wel, sir.

" *San.* Face not me: I'le neither be fac'd, nor braved, at thy hands, I can tell thee.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer [7];
A velvet dish;—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

" *Kate.* Come, come, I like the fashion of it wel inough;
" Heere's more adoe than needes; I'le have it, I;
" And if you doe not like it, hide your eies:
" I think I shall have nothing, by your will.
" *Feran.* Go, I say, and take it up for your maister's use.
" *San.* Souns villaine, not for thy life; touch it not:
" Souns, take up my mistris gowne to his maister's use!
" *Feran.* Well, sir, what's your conceit of it?
" *San.* I have a deeper conceit in it than you thinke for. Take up my mistris gowne to his maister's use!
" *Feran.* Taylor, come hither; for this time make it:
" Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.
" *Taylor.* I thanke you, sir. [*Exit Taylor.*
" *Feran.* Come, *Kate*, wee now will go see thy father's house,
" Even in these honest meane abiliments;
" Our purses shall be rich, our garments plaine,
" To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage;
And that's inough, what should we care for more?
Thy sisters, *Kate*, to-morrow must be wed,
And I have promised them thou should'st be there:
The morning is well up; lets haste away;
It wil be nine a clocke ere we come there.
" *Kate.* Nine a clocke! why 'tis already past two in the afternoon, by al the clockes in towne.
" *Feran.* I say tis but nine a clocke in the morning.
" *Kate.* I say 'tis two a clocke in the afternoone.
" *Feran.* It shall be nine then ere you go to your fathers:
" Come backe againe; we will not goe to day:
" Nothing but crossing me still?
" Ile have you say as I doe, ere I goe. [*Exeunt omnes.*
STEEVENS.

[7] ——*on a porringer*;] The same thought occurs in *King Henry* VIII. " ——rail'd upon me till her pink'd *porringer* fell off her head." STEEVENS.

Kath.

Kath. [8] Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin [9], a bauble, a silken pye:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, taylor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a [1] censer in a barber's shop:—

Why

[8] *Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak*, &c.] Shakespeare has here copied nature with great skill. Petruchio, by frightening, starving, and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleness and submission. And the audience expects to hear no more of the shrew: when on her being crossed, in the article of fashion and finery, the most inveterate folly of the sex, she flies out again, though for the last time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature. WARBURTON.

[9] *A custard*-coffin,——] A *coffin* was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust of a pye or custard. So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*:

" ————if you spend
" The red-deer pies in your house, or sell them forth, sir,
" Cast so, that I may have their *coffins* all
" Return'd, &c."

Again, in Ben Jonson's Masque of *Gypsies Metamorphosed*:

" And *coffin'd in crust* 'till now she was hoary." STEEVENS.

[1] *Censer*,] *Censers* in barber's shops, are now disused, but they may

 easily

Why, what, o' devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown. [*Aside.*

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tay. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance!
Thou lyest, thou thread, thou thimble[3],
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee[4] with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tay. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made?

easily be imagined to have been vessels which, for the emission of the smoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interstices. JOHNSON.

2 —— *thou thimble,*] The taylor's trade having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged English, liable to sarcasms and contempt. JOHNSON.

3 —— *be*-mete] i. e. be-measure thee. STEEVENS.

Gru.

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things[5].

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men[6]; brave not me; I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tay. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-body'd gown[7], sow me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. *With a small compass'd cape*[8];

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tay. *With a trunk sleeve*;——

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

[5] faced *many things.*] i. e. turned up many gowns, &c. with *facings*, &c. So, in *Hen. IV.*:
"To *face* the garment of rebellion
"With some fine colour." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*brav'd many men*;] i. e. made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dress. STEEVENS.

[7] —*loose-body'd gown*,] I think the joke is impair'd, unless we read with the original play already quoted—a *loose body's* gown. It appears, however, that *loose-bodied* gowns were the dress of *harlots*. Thus, in the *Michaelmas Term* by Middleton, 1607: "Dost dream of virginity now? remember a *loose-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go." STEEVENS.

[8] —*a small compass'd cape*;] Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses* 1565, gives a most elaborate description of the gowns of women; and adds—"Some have *capes* reaching down to the midst of their backs, faced with velvet, or else with some fine wrought taffata, at the least, fringed about, very bravely." STEEVENS.

A *compass'd cape* is a round cape. To *compass* is *to come round*. JOHNSON.

Tay. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shou'dst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill [9], give me thy [1] mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown unto his master's use!
Oh, fye, fye, fye!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the taylor paid:— [*Aside.*
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away, I say; commend me to thy m[aster.] [*Exit Taylor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

[9] *take thou the* bill,] The same quibble between the written *bill*, and *bill* the ancient weapon carried by foot-soldiers, is to be met with in *Timon.* STEEVENS.

[1] —*thy mete-yard,*] i. e. thy measuring-yard. So, in the *Miseries of Inforc'd Marriage*, 1607:
"Be not a bar between us, or my sword
"Shall *mete* thy grave out." STEEVENS.

Even

Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.

[*Exit Petruchio, Katharine, and Hortensio*[2].

[2] After this exit, the characters before whom the play is supposed to be exhibited, have been hitherto introduced from the original so often mentioned in the former notes.

"Lord. *Who's within there?*

"Enter Servants.

"*Asleep again! go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see you wake him not in any case.*"

"Serv. *It shall be done, my lord; come help to bear him hence.*

[They bear off Sly."

STEEVENS.

[3] SCENE IV.

Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house; Please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus [4].

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,

[3] I cannot but think that the direction about the Tinker, who is always introduced at the end of the acts, together with the change of the scene, and the proportion of each act to the rest, make it probable that the fifth act begins here. JOHNSON.

[4] Tra. *Where we were lodgers, at the Pegasus.*] This line has in all the editions hitherto been given to Tranio. But Tranio could with no propriety speak this, either in his assumed or real character. Lucentio was too young to know any thing of lodging with his father, twenty years before at Genoa; and Tranio must be as much too young, or very unfit to represent and personate Lucentio. I have ventured to place the line to the Pedant, to whom it must certainly belong, and is a sequel of what he was before saying. THEOBALD.

Shakespeare has taken a sign out of *London*, and hung it up in *Padua*:

"Meet me an hour hence at the sign of the *Pegasus* in Cheapside." *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

Again, in the *Jealous Lovers* by Randolph, 1632:

"A pottle of elixir at the *Pegasus*,
"Bravely carous'd, is more restorative." STEEVENS.

Now

Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him, that your father was in Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista, and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—
Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd:
For curious I cannot be with you [5],
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have say;—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here

[5] *For* curious *I cannot be with you,*] *Curious* is scrupulous. So, in Holinshed, p. 888: "The emperor obeying more compassion than the reason of things, was not *curious* to condescend to performe so good an office, &c." Again, p. 890. "—and was not *curious* to call him to eat with him at his table." STEEVENS.

Doth

Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you ſay no more than this,—
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.

Tra. I thank you, ſir. [6] Where then do you know beſt,
We be affy'd; and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand?

Bap. Not in my houſe, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants:
Beſides, old Gremio is heark'ning ſtill;
And, happily, we might be interrupted [7].

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, ſir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this,—that, at ſo ſlender warning,
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready ſtraight:
And, if you will, tell what hath happened;—

[6] ——*Where then do you know beſt,*
Be we affy'd; ———]
This ſeems to be wrong. We may read more commodiouſly:
——*Where then* you do *know beſt*
Be we affied; ———
Or thus, which I think is right:
——*Where then do you* trow *beſt,*
We be affied; ——— JOHNSON.

[7] And *happily* we might be interrupted.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope reads:
And *haply then* we might be interrupted. STEEVENS.

Happily, in Shakeſpeare's time, ſignified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*. It is rather ſurpriſing, that an editor ſhould be guilty of ſo groſs a corruption of his author's language, for the ſake of *modernizing his orthography*. TYRWHITT.

Lucen-

Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!
[*Exit* [8].

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Bion. Cambio.— [*Lucentio returns.*

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; But he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect [9] they are busied about

[8] *Exit.*] It seems odd management to make Lucentio *go out* here for nothing that appears, but that he may *return* again five lines lower. It would be better, I think, to suppose that he lingers upon the stage, till the rest are gone, in order to talk with Biondello in private. TYRWHITT.

[9] *I cannot tell; expect,*] I can make no sense of *expect*. I rather believe this passage should be read thus.—I cannot tell; *except*—they are busied, &c. i. e. I cannot tell; *except* thus much; they are busied, &c.
And below I would read—*to the church*; take, &c. i. e. go *to the church*; take, &c. TYRWHITT.

a coun

a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solùm:* to the church take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to
say,
But, bid Bianca farewel for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsly to stuff a rabbet; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*[1]

SCENE

[1] *Exit.*] Here, in the original play, the *Tinker* speaks again, and the scene continues thus.

" *Sl&c.* Sim, must they be married now?
" *Lord.* I my lord.
" *Enter* Ferando, *and* Kate, *and* Sander.
" *Slie.* Looke, *Sim,* the foole is come againe now.
" *Feran.* Sirha, go fetch our horses forth, and bring them to the backe-gate presently.
" *San.* I wil, sir, I warrant you. [*Exit Sander.*
" *Feran.* Come, *Kate:* the moone shines cleere to-night, methinkes.
" *Kate.* The moone! why husband you are deceiv'd; it is the sun.
" *Feran.* Yet againe? come backe againe; it shal be the moone ere we come at your fathers.
" *Kate.* Why Ile say as you say; it is the moone.
" *Feran.* ——, save the glorious moone!
" *Kate.* ——, save the glorious moone!
" *Feran.* I am glad, *Kate,* your stomacke is come downe;
" I know it well thou knowst it is the sun;
" But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
" And crosse me now as thou hast done before:
" And trust me, *Kate,* hadst thou not namde the moone,

" We

SCENE V.

A green lane.

Enter Petruchio, Katharine, and Hortensio.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the moon!
Kath. The moon! the ſun; it is not moon-light now.
Pet. I ſay, it is the moon that ſhines ſo bright.
Kath. I know, it is the ſun that ſhines ſo bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's ſon, and that's myſelf,
It ſhall be moon, or ſtar, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe:—
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.—
Evermore croſt, and croſt; nothing but croſt!
Hor. Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.
Kath. Forward I pray, ſince we are come ſo far,
And be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.
Pet. I ſay, it is the moon.
Kath. I know, it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lye; it is the bleſſed ſun.
Kath. Then, God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed ſun:—

" We had gone backe againe as ſure as death.
" But ſoft, who's this that's comming here?
" *Enter the Duke of* Ceſtus *alone.*
" *Duke.* Thus al alone from Ceſtus am I come,
" And left my princely court, and noble traine,
" To come to *Athens*, and in this diſguiſe
" To ſee what courſe my ſon *Aurelius* takes.
" But ſtay; here's ſome it may be travels thither:
" Good ſir, can you direct me the way to *Athens*?
[*Ferando ſpeaks to the old man.*
His ſpeech is very partially and incorrectly quoted by Mr. Pope in the following page. STEEVENS.

But

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft; company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?— [*To Vincentio.*
[1]Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,—
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

[1] *Tell me, sweet Kate,*] In the first sketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two speeches in this place worth preserving, and seeming to be of the hand of Shakespeare, though the rest of that play is far inferior:

"Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,
"More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
"Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
"Of amethists, or glistering hyacinth ———
"———Sweet Catharine, this lovely woman ———
"*Cath.* Fair lovely lady, bright and chrystaline,
"Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
"As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
"Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
"And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.
"Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
"Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
"Uninhabitable as the burning zone,
"With sweet reflections of thy lovely face. POPE.

An attentive reader will perceive in this speech several words which are employed in none of the legitimate plays of Shakespeare. Such, I believe, are, *sardonyx*, *hyacinth*, *eye-train'd*, *radiations*, and especially *uninhabitable*; our poet generally using *inhabitable* in its room, as in *Rich.* II:

"*Or any other ground* inhabitable."

These instances may serve as some slight proofs, that the former piece was not the work of Shakespeare; but I have since observed that Mr. Pope had changed *inhabitable* into *uninhabitable*.

STEEVENS.

Such

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope, thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou ſay'ſt he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my miſtaking eyes,
That have been ſo bedazzled with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green:
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.

Pet. Do, good old grand-ſire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travelleſt: if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair ſir,—and you my merry miſtreſs,—
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Piſa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle ſir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy ſon.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The ſiſter to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy ſon by this hath marry'd:—Wonder not,

Nor

Nor be not griev'd ; ſhe is of good eſteem ;
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
Beſide, ſo qualify'd as may beſeem
The ſpouſe of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio :
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſon,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true ? or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake ?

Hor. I do aſſure thee, father, ſo it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof ;
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharine, and Vincentio.*

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow ; and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught Hortenſio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Lucentio's houſe.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca ; Gremio walking on one ſide.

Bion. Softly and ſwiftly, ſir ; for the prieſt is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello : but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll ſee the church o' your back ; [3] and then come back to my maſter as ſoon as I can.

[*Exeunt.*

[3] —*and then come back to my* miſtreſs *as ſoon as I can.*] The editions all agree in this reading ; but what miſtreſs was Biondello to come back to ? he muſt certainly mean ; " Nay, faith, ſir, I muſt ſee you in the church ; and then for fear I ſhould be wanted, I'll run back to wait on Tranio, who at preſent perſonates you, and whom therefore I at preſent acknowledge for my *maſter.*" THEOBALD.

Gre.

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharine, Vincentio, and attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not chuse but drink before you go;
I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.
[*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder. [*Pedant looks out of the window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was belov'd in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come to Padua[4], and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

[4] —*to* Padua,] The reading of the old copies is *from Padua*, which is certainly wrong. The editors have made it *to Padua*, but it should rather be *from Pisa*. Both parties agree that Lucentio's father is *come from Pisa*, as indeed they necessarily must; the point in dispute is, whether he be *at the door*, or *looking out of the window*. TYRWHITT.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen ſomebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have ſeen them in the church together; God ſend 'em good ſhipping!—But who is here? mine old maſter Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing Biondello.*

Bion. I hope, I may chuſe, ſir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, ſir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy maſter's father Vincentio?

Bion. What, my worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry, ſir; ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo indeed? [*He beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, ſon! help, ſignior Baptiſta!

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter below, the Pedant with ſervants, Baptiſta, and Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my ſervant?

Vin. What am I, ſir? nay, what are you, ſir?—Oh, immortal gods? Oh, fine villain! a ſilken doublet! a velvet hoſe! a ſcarlet cloak! and a [5] copatain hat!

[5] —*a copatain-hat,*] is I believe, a hat with a conical crown, ſuch as was anciently worn by well-dreſſed men. JOHNSON.

This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gaſcoigne. See *Hearbes*, p. 154:

" *A* coptankt *hat made on a Flemiſh block.*

And

hat!—Oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good huſband at home, my ſon and my ſervant ſpend all at the univerſity.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhew you a mad-man: Why, ſir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father?—Oh villain!—he is a ſail-maker in Bergamo [6].

Bap. You miſtake, ſir; you miſtake, ſir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Tra. Away, away, mad aſs! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only ſon, and heir to the lands of me ſignior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio!—oh, he hath murdered his maſter!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—Oh, my ſon, my ſon!—tell me, thou villain, where is my ſon Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer [7]: carry this mad knave to the

And again, in his *Epilogue*, p. 216:

"*With high* copt *hats, and feathers flaunt a flaunt.*"

In Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter "on the hattes of England," beginning thus:

"*Sometimes they uſe them ſharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the ſpeare or ſhaft of a ſteeple, ſtanding a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads, &c.*" STEEVENS.

6 ——*a ſail-maker in Bergamo.*] Chapman has a parallel paſſage in his *Widow's Tears*, a comedy, 1612:

"——he draws the thread of his deſcent from Leda's diſtaff,
"when 'tis well known his grandſire cried coney-ſkins in Sparta."

STEEVENS.

7 *Call forth an officer*, &c.] Here, in the original play, the *Tinker* ſpeaks again:

"*Slie.* I ſay weele have no ſending to priſon.
"*Lord.* My lord, this is but the play; they're but in jeſt.

the jail:—father Baptista, I charge you, see, that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catch'd [8] in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio?

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the jail with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd:—Oh monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. Oh, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant.*

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;

" *Slie.* I tell thee, *Sim*, weele have no sending
" To prison, that's flat: why *Sim*, am not I don *Christo Vari*?
" Therefore I say they shall not goe to prison.
" *Lord.* No more they shall not, my lord:
" They be runne away.
" *Slie.* Are they run away, *Sim*? that's well:
" Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.
" *Lord.* Here, my lord." STEEVENS.

8 —— *coney-catch'd*] i. e. deceived, cheated. STEEVENS.

That

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes blear'd thine eyne[9].

Gre. Here's packing, with a witneſs, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my ſtate with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs:—
What Tranio did, myſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet father, for my ſake.

Vin. I'll ſlit the villain's noſe, that would have ſent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, ſir? Have you married my daughter without aſking my good-will?

9 *While counterfeit* ſuppoſes *blear'd thine eyne.*] The modern editors read *ſuppoſers*, but wrongly. This is a plain alluſion to Gaſcoigne's comedy entitled *Suppoſes*, from which ſeveral of the incidents in this play are borrowed. TYRWHITT.

This is highly probable; but yet *ſuppoſes* is a word often uſed in its common ſenſe, which, on the preſent occaſion is ſufficiently commodious. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: "—with Plato to build a commonwealth on *ſuppoſes*." Shakeſpeare uſes the word in *Troilus and Creſſida:* "That we come ſhort of our *ſuppoſe* ſo far, &c." It appears likewiſe from the Preface to Greene's *Metamorphoſis*, that *ſuppoſes* was a game of ſome kind. "After *ſuppoſes*, and ſuch ordinary ſports, were paſt, they fell to prattle, &c." Again, in Drayton's epiſtle from *K. John* to *Matilda:*

"And tells me thoſe are ſhadows and *ſuppoſes*."

To blear the eye, was an ancient phraſe ſignifying *to deceive*. So, in Chaucer's *Manciple's Tale:* v. 17202. late edit.

"For all thy waiting, *blered is thin eye*."

Again, in the 10th pageant of the *Coventry Plays*, in the *Britiſh Muſeum*. MS. Cott. Veſp. D. VIII:

"Shuld I now in age begynne to dote,
"If I her chyde, ſhe wolde clowte my cote,
"*Blere myne ey* and pyke out a mote." STEEVENS.

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to:
But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough[1]: But I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

[*Petruchio, and Katharine, advancing.*

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid: but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Lucentio's apartments.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Katharine, Grumio, Hortensio, and Widow. The serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,

[1] *My cake is dough:*] This is a proverbial expression which I meet with in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598;
"Alas poor Tom, *his cake is dough.*"
Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, 1609:
"Steward, *your cake is dough* as well as mine." STEEVENS.

To

To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house;
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer; Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit and chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense;
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly reply'd,

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:——
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a better jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharine, and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. Oh, sir, Lucentio slip'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile [1], but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird [2], good Tranio.

[2] ——*swift*] besides the original sense of *speedy in motion*, signified *witty*, *quick-witted*. So, in *As You Like It*, the Duke says of the Clown, "*He is very* swift *and sententious*." *Quick* is now used in almost the same sense as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin says of Hales, that *he had known Laud for a* nimble *disputant*. JOHNSON.

[3] —*that* gird, *good Tranio.*] A *gird* is a *sarcasm*, a *gibe*. So, in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "Curculio may chatte til his heart ake, ere any be offended with his *gyrdes*." STEEVENS.

Hor.

Hor. Confeſs, confeſs; hath he not hit you there?
Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And, as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good ſadneſs, ſon Petruchio,
I think thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.
Pet. Well, I ſay—no: and therefore, for aſſurance,
Let's each one ſend unto his wife [3];
And

[4] *Let's each one ſend unto his wife;*] Thus in the original play.
" *Feran.* Come, gentlemen; nowe that ſupper's done,
" How ſhall we ſpend the time til we go bed?
" *Aurel.* Faith, if you wil, in trial of our wives,
" Who wil come ſooneſt at their huſbands cal.
" *Pol.* Nay, then *Ferando*, he muſt needes ſit out;
" For he may cal, I thinke, til he be weary,
" Before his wife wil come before ſhe liſt.
" *Feran.* Tis wel for you that have ſuch gentle wives:
" Yet in this trial wil I not ſit out;
" It may be *Kate* will come as ſoone as I do ſend.
" *Aurel.* My wife comes ſooneſt, for a hundred pound.
" *Pol.* I take it. Ile lay as much to yours,
" That my wife comes as ſoone as I do ſend.
" *Aurel.* How now, *Ferando!* you dare not lay belike.
" *Feran.* Why true, I dare not lay indeed:
" But how? So little money on ſo ſure a thing.
" A hundred pound! Why I have laid as much
" Upon my dog in running at a deere.
" She ſhal not come ſo far for ſuch a trifle:
" But wil you lay five hundred markes with me?
" And whoſe wife ſooneſt comes, when he doth cal,
" And ſhewes herſelfe moſt loving unto him,
" Let him enjoy the wager I have laid:
" Now what ſay you? Dare you adventure thus?
" *Pol.* I, were it a thouſand pounds, I durſt preſume
" On my wife's love: and I will lay with thee.
Enter Alfonſo.
" *Alfon.* How now ſons! What in conference ſo hard?
" May I, without offence, know what about?
" *Aurel.* Faith, father, a waighty cauſe, about our wives:
" Five hundred markes already we have laid;
" And he whoſe wife doth ſhew moſt love to him,
" He muſt injoy the wager to himſelfe.
" *Alfon.* Why then *Ferando*, he is ſure to loſe it:
" I promiſe thee ſon, thy wife wil hardly come;
" And

And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall

" And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.
" *Feran.* Tush, father; were it ten times more,
" I durst adventure on my lovely *Kate*:—
" But if I lose, Ile pay, and so shal you.
" *Aurel.* Upon mine honor, if I lose, Ile pay.
" *Pol.* And so wil I upon my faith, I vow.
" *Feran.* Then sit we downe, and let us send for them.
" *Alfon.* I promise thee *Ferando*, I am afraid thou wilt lose.
" *Aurel.* Ile send for my wife first: *Valeria*,
" Go bid your mistris come to me.
" *Val.* I wil, my lord. [*Exit Valeria.*
" *Aurel.* Now for my hundred pound:—
" Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
" I know I should obtaine it by her love.
" *Feran.* I pray—you have not laid too much already.
" *Aurel.* Trust me, *Ferando*, I am sure you have;
" For you, I dare presume, have lost it al.

" *Enter* Valeria *againe.*

" Now, sirha, what saies your mistris?
" *Val.* She is something busie, but sheele come anone.
" *Feran.* Why so; did I not tel you this before?
" She was busie, and cannot come.
" *Aurel.* I pray—your wife send you so good an answere:—
" She may be busie, yet she saies shele come.
" *Feran.* Wel, wel: *Polidor*, send you for your wife.
" *Pol.* Agreed. Boy, desire your mistris to come hither.
" *Boy.* I will, sir. [*Exit.*
" *Feran.* I, so, so; he desires her to come.
" *Alfon.* *Polydor*, I dare presume for thee,
" I thinke thy wife wil not denie to come;
" And I do marvel much, *Aurelius*,
" That your wife came not when you sent for her.

" *Enter the Boy againe.*

" *Pol.* Now, wher's your mistris?
" *Boy.* She bade me tell you that shee will not come:
" And you have businesse, you must come to her.
" *Feran.* O monstrous intollerable presumption,
" Worse than a blasing star, or snow at midsummer,
" Earthquakes, or any thing unseasonable!
" She will not come; but he must come to her.
" *Pol.* Wel, sir, I pray you, let's hear what
" Answere your wife will make.
" *Feran.* Sirha, command your mistris to come
To me presently. *Exit. Sander.*

" *Aurel.*

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content;——What's the wager?

" *Aurel.* I thinke, my wife, for all she did not come,
" Wil prove most kind; for now I have no feare,
" For I am sure *Ferando's* wife, she will not come.
" *Feran.* The more's the pitty; then I must lose.
" *Enter* Kate *and* Sander.
" But I have won, for see where *Kate* doth come.
" *Kate.* Sweete husband, did you send for me?
" *Feran.* I did, my love, I sent for thee to come:
" Come hither, *Kate:* What's that upon thy head?
" *Kate.* Nothing, husband, but my cap, I thinke.
" *Feran.* Pul it off and tread it under thy feet;
" Tis foolish; I wil not have thee weare it.
[" *She takes off her cap and treads on it.*
" *Pol.* O wonderful metamorphosis!
" *Aurel.* This is a wonder, almost past beleefe.
" *Feran.* This is a token of her true love to me;
" And yet Ile try her further you shall see.
" Come hither, *Kate:* Where are thy sisters?
" *Kate.* They be sitting in the bridal chamber.
" *Feran.* Fetch them hither; and if they will not come,
" Bring them perforce, and make them come with thee.
" *Kate.* I will.
" *Alfon.* I promise thee, *Ferando*, I would have sworne
" Thy wife would ne'r have done so much for thee.
" *Feran.* But you shal see she wil do more then this;
" For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.
" *Enter* Kate *thrusting* Phylema *and* Emilia *before her, and makes them come unto their husbands cal.*
" *Kate.* See, husband, I have brought them both.
" *Feran.* Tis wel done, *Kate.*
" *Emel.* I sure; and like a loving peece, you're worthy
" To have great praise for this attempt.
" *Phyle.* I, for making a foole of herselfe and us.
" *Aurel.* Beshrew thee, *Phylema*, thou hast
" Lost me a hundred pound to night;
" For I did lay that thou wouldst first have come.
" *Pol.* But, thou, *Emilia*, has lost me a great deale more.
" *Emel.* You might have kept it better then:
" Who bade you lay?
" *Feran.* Now, lovely *Kate*, before their husbands here,
" I prethee tel unto these head-strong women
" What dewty wives do owe unto their husbands.
" *Kate.* Then, you that live thus by your pamper'd wils,

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll

" Now list to me, and marke what I shall say.—
" Th' eternal power, that with his only breath,
" Shall cause this end, and this beginning frame,
" Not in time, nor before time, but with time confus'd,
" For al the course of yeares, of ages, months,
" Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
" Are tun'd and stopt by measure of his hand—
" The first world was a forme without a forme,
" A heape confus'd, a mixture al deform'd,
" A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodilesse,
" Where al the elements were orderlesse,
" Before the great commander of the world,
" The king of kings, the glorious God of heaven,
" Who in six daies did frame his heavenly worke,
" And made al things to stand in perfect course—
" Then to his image he did make a man,
" Olde *Adam*, and from his side asleepe,
" A rib was taken; of which the Lord did make
" The woe of man, so term'd by *Adam* then,
" Woman, for that by her came sinne to us,
" And for her sinne was *Adam* doom'd to die.
" As *Sara* to her husband, so should we
" Obey them, love them, keepe and nourish them,
" If they by any meanes do want our helpes:
" Laying our hands under their feet to tread,
" If that by that we might procure their ease;
" And, for a president, Ile first begin,
" And lay my hand under my husband's feet.

" [*She laies her hand under her husband's feet.*

" *Feran.* Inough sweet; the wager thou hast won;
" And they, I am sure, cannot deny the same.
" *Alfon.* I, *Ferando*, the wager thou hast won;
" And for to shew thee how I am pleas'd in this,
" A hundred pounds I freely give thee more,
" Another dowry for another daughter,
" For she is not the same she was before.
" *Feran.* Thanks, sweet father; gentlemen, good night;
" For *Kate* and I will leave you for to-night:
" Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are sped:
" And so farewell, for we will to our beds.

" *Exit* Ferando, Kate, *and* Sander.

" *Alfon.* Now *Aurelius*, what say you to this?
" *Aurel.* Beleeve me, father, I rejoyce to see
" *Ferando* and his wife so lovingly agree.

" *Exeunt*

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and intreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*

" *Exeunt* Aurelius *and* Phylema, *and* Alfonso *and* Valeria.
" *Emel.* How now, *Polidor?* in a dumpe? What saist thou, man?
" *Pol.* I say, thou art a shrew.
" *Emel.* That's better than a sheepe.
" *Pol.* Well, since tis done, come, lets goe.
" *Exeunt* Polidor *and* Emelia.
" *Then enter two bearing of* Slie *in his owne apparell againe, and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out: then enters the* Tapster.
" *Tapster.* Now that the darkesome night is overpast,
" And dawning day appeares in christall skie,
" Now must I haste abroade: but soft! who's this?
" What *Slie?* o wondrous! hath he laine heere all night?
" Ile wake him; I thinke hee's starved by this,
" But that his belly was so stuff'd with ale:
" What now *Slie!* awake for shame,—&c." STEEVENS.

Pet.

Pet. Oh, ho! intreat her!
Nay, then ſhe needs muſt come.
Hor. I am afraid, ſir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Enter Biondello.

Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She ſays, you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand;
She will not come; ſhe bids you come to her.
Pet. Worſe and worſe; ſhe will not come!
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your miſtreſs;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*
Hor. I know her anſwer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katharine.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!
Kath. What is your will, ſir, that you ſend for me?
Pet. Where is your ſiſter, and Hortenſio's wife?
Kath. They ſit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their huſbands:
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.
[*Exit Katharine.*
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And ſo it is; I wonder, what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right ſupremacy;
And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou haſt won; and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,

For

For ſhe is chang'd, as ſhe had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.—

Re-enter Katharine, with Bianca, and Widow.

See, where ſhe comes; and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion.—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
'Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs!
Bian. Fye! what a fooliſh duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as fooliſh too:
The wiſdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath coſt me an hundred crowns ſince ſupper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell theſe headſtrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and huſbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I ſay; and firſt begin with her.
Wid. She ſhall not.
Pet. I ſay, ſhe ſhall;—and firſt begin with her.
Kath. Fye! fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
And in no ſenſe is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will deign to ſip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And, not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our soft condition, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now, I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
[5] Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

[5] *Then vail your stomachs,*——] i. e. abate your pride, your spirit. STEEVENS.

Luc.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:——
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the [6] white;
And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt Petruchio, and Katharine.*

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrow.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt omnes* [7].

[6] *Though you hit the white.*] To hit the *white* is a phrase borrowed from archery; the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name *Bianca*, or *white*. JOHNSON.

So, in Feltham's *Answer* to Ben Jonson's ode at the end of his *New Inn*:

> " As oft you've wanted brains
> " And art to strike *the white*,
> " As you have levell'd right."

Again, in Sir Aston's Cokayn's *Poems*, 1658:

> " And as an expert archer *hits the white*." MALONE.

[7] At the conclusion of this piece, Mr. Pope continued his insertions from the old play, as follows:

Enter two servants, bearing Sly in his own apparel, and leaving him on the stage. Then enter a Tapster.

" Sly. [awaking.] *Sim, give's some more wine.——What, all the players gone?——Am I not a lord?*

" Tap. *A lord, with a murrain?——Come, art thou drunk still?*

" Sly. *Who's this? Tapster!—Oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heard'st in all thy life.*

" Tap. *Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.*

" Sly. *Will she? I know how to* tame a shrew. *I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if she anger me.*"

These passages, which have been hitherto printed as part of the work of Shakespeare, I have sunk into the notes, that they may be preserved, as they seem to be necessary to the integrity of the piece, though they really compose no part of it, being neither published in the folio or quarto edition. Mr. Pope, however, has quoted them with a degree of inaccuracy which would have deserved cen-

ſure, had they been of greater conſequence than they are. The players delivered down this comedy, among the reſt, as one of Shakeſpeare's own; and its intrinſic merit bears ſufficient evidence to the propriety of their deciſion.

May I add a few reaſons why I neither believe the former comedy of the Taming the Shrew, 1607, nor the old play of King John in two parts, to have been the work of Shakeſpeare? He generally followed every novel or hiſtory from whence he took his plots, as cloſely as he could; and is ſo often indebted to theſe originals for his very thoughts and expreſſions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to ſpare himſelf the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both theſe plays, (like that of *Hen.* V. in which Oldcaſtle is introduced) were the unſucceſsful performances of contemporary players. Shakeſpeare ſaw they were meanly written, and yet that their plans were ſuch as would furniſh incidents for a better dramatiſt. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their ſcenes, ſtill writing the dialogue anew, and inſerting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preſerving, or was too much in haſte to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world, to ſee the track of others followed by thoſe who would never have given themſelves the trouble to mark out one of their own.

The following are the obſervations of Dr. Hurd on the Induction to this comedy. They are taken from his *Notes on the Epiſtle to Auguſtus*. "The Induction, as Shakeſpeare calls it, to *The Taming of the Shrew*, deſerves, for the excellence of its moral deſign and beauty of execution, throughout, to be ſet in a juſt light.

"This *Prologue* ſets before us the picture of a *poor drunken beggar*, advanced, for a ſhort ſeaſon, into the proud rank of *nobility*. And the humour of the ſcene is taken to conſiſt in the ſurprize and awkward deportment of *Sly*, in this his ſtrange and unwonted ſituation. But the poet had a further deſign and more worthy his genius, than this farcical pleaſantry. He would expoſe, under cover of this mimic fiction, the truly ridiculous figure of men of rank and quality, when they employ their great advantages of *place and fortune*, to no better purpoſes, than the ſoft and ſelfiſh gratification of their own intemperate paſſions: Of *thoſe*, who take the mighty privilege of *deſcent* and *wealth* to lie in the freer indulgence of thoſe pleaſures, which the beggar as fully enjoys, and with infinitely more propriety and conſiſtency of character, than their *lordſhips*.

"To give a poignancy to his ſatire, the poet makes a *man of quality* himſelf, juſt returned from the chace, with all his mind intent upon his pleaſures, contrive this metamorphoſis of the beggar, in the way of ſport and deriſion only; not conſidering, how

how severely the jest was going to turn upon himself. His first reflections, on seeing this brutal drunkard, are excellent :

"*O! monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!*
"*Grim death! how foul and loathsome is thy image!*

"The *offence* is taken at *human nature*, degraded into *bestiality*; and at a state of stupid *insensibility*, *the image of death*. Nothing can be juster, than this representation. For these lordly sensualists have a very nice and fastidious abhorrence of such ignoble brutality. And what alarms their fears with the prospect of death, cannot chuse but present *a foul and loathsome image*. It is, also, said in perfect consistency with the true Epicurean character, as given by these, who understood it best, and which is, here, sustained by this noble disciple. For, though these great masters of wisdom made *pleasure* the *supreme good*, yet, they were among the first, as we are told, to cry out against the *Asotos*; meaning such gross sensualists, "qui in mensam vomunt & "qui de conviviis auferuntur, crudique postridie se rursus ingurgitant." But as for the "mundos, elegantes, optumis cocis, "*pistoribus, piscatu, aucupio, venatione*, his omnibus exquisitis, "vitantes cruditatem," these they complimented with the name of *beatos* and *sapientes*. [Cic. *de Fin.* lib. ii. 8.]

"And then, though their philosophy promised an exemption from the terrors of death, yet the boasted exemption consisted only in a trick of keeping it out of the memory by continual dissipation; so that when accident forced it upon them, they could not help on all occasions, expressing the most dreadful apprehensions of it.

"However, this transient gloom is soon succeeded by gayer prospects. My *lord* bethinks himself to raise a little diversion out of this adventure :

"*Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man :*

And, so, proposes to have him *conveyed to bed*, and blessed with all those regalements of costly luxury, in which a selfish opulence is wont to find its supreme happiness.

"The project is carried into execution. And now the jest begins. *Sly*, awakening from his drunken nap, calls out as usual for a *cup of ale*. On which the *Lord*, very characteristically, and (taking the poets design *, as here explained) with infinite satyr, replies :

"*O! that a mighty man of such descent,*
"*Of such possessions, and so high esteem,*
"*Should be infused with so foul a spirit!*

* To apprehend it thoroughly, it may not be amiss to recollect what the sensible Bruyere observes on a like occasion. "Un *Grand* "aime le *Champagne*, abhorre la *Brie*; il s'enyvre de meilleure vin, "que l'homme de peuple : *seule difference*, que la crapule laisse entre "les conditions les plus disproportionnées, entre le *Seigneur*, & "*l'Estaffier*." [Tom. ii. p. 12]

"And again, afterwards:

"*Oh! noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,*
"*Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment;*
"*And banish hence these lowly, abject themes.*

For, what is the recollection of this *high descent* and large *[illegible] sions* to do for him? And, for the introduction of what better thoughts and nobler purposes, are these *lowly abject themes* to be discarded? Why, the whole inventory of Patrician pleasures is called over; and he hath his choice of whichsoever of them suits best with his lordship's improved palate. A long train of *servants ready at his beck:* music, such as *twenty caged nightingales do sing:* couches, *softer and sweeter than the lustful bed of Semiramis:* *burning odours, and distilled waters: floors bestrewed with carpets:* the diversions of *hawks, hounds, and horses:* in short, all the objects of exquisite indulgence are presented to him.

"But among these, one species of refined enjoyment, which requires a taste, above the coarse breeding of abject commonalty, is chiefly insisted on. We had a [illegible] of what we were to expect, before:

"*Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,*
"*And hang it round with all my* wanton pictures. Sc. II.

And what lord, in the luxury of his wishes, could feign to himself a more delicious collection, than is here delineated?

"2 Man. *Dost thou love* pictures? *We will fetch thee straight*
"Adonis *painted by a running brook;*
"*And* Citherea *all in sedges hid;*
"*Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,*
"*Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.*
"Lord. *We will shew thee* Io, *as she was a maid,*
"*And how she was beguiled and surprized,*
"*As lively painted, as the deed was done.*
"3 Man. *Or* Daphne, *roaming through a thorny wood,*
"*Scratching her legs, that one shall swear, she bleeds,*
"*So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.*

These pictures, it will be owned, are, all of them, well chosen *.

* Sir Epicure Mammon, indeed, would have thought this an insipid collection; for he would have *his rooms*

"Fill'd with such pictures, as Tiberius took
"From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
"But coldly imitated." *Alchemist,* Act II. sc. ii.

But then Sir Epicure was one of the *Asoti,* before mentioned. In general, the satiric intention of the poet in this collection of pictures may be further gathered from a similar stroke in Randolph's *Muse's Looking Glass,* where, to characterize the *voluptuous,* he makes him say

"——I would delight my sight
"With pictures of Diana and her nymphs
"*Naked and bathing.*"

But the ſervants were not ſo deep in the ſecret, as their maſter. They dwell entirely on circumſtantials. While his lordſhip, who had, probably, been trained in the *chaſt* ſchool of Titian, is for coming to the point more directly. There is a fine ridicule implied in this.

" After theſe incentives of *picture*, the charms of *beauty itſelf* are preſented, as the crowning privilege of his high ſtation :

" *Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful*
" *Than any woman in this waining age.*

Here indeed the poet plainly forgets himſelf. The *ſtate*, if not the *enjoyment*, of nobility, ſurely demanded a *miſtreſs*, inſtead of a *wife*. All that can be ſaid in excuſe of this indecorum, is, that he perhaps conceived, a ſimple beggar, all unuſed to the refinements of high life, would be too much ſhocked, at ſetting out, with a propoſal, ſo remote from all his former practices. Be it, as it will, *beauty*, even in a *wife*, had ſuch an effect on this *mock Lord*, that, quite melted and overcome by it, he yields himſelf at laſt to the inchanting deception.

" *I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak,*
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things;
Upon my life, I am a Lord indeed.

The ſatyr is ſo ſtrongly marked in this laſt line, that one can no longer doubt of the writer's intention. If any *ſhould*, let me further remind him, that the poet, in this fiction, but makes his Lord play the ſame game, *in jeſt*, as the Sicilian tyrant acted, long ago, very *ſeriouſly*. The two caſes are ſo ſimilar, that ſome readers may, perhaps, ſuſpect the poet of having taken the whole conceit from Tully. His deſcription of this inſtructive ſcenery is given in the following words :

" Viſne (inquit Dionyſius) ô Damocle, quoniam te haec vita
" delectat, ipſe eandem deguſtare & fortunam experiri meam ?
" Cum ſe ille cupere dixiſſet, conlocari juſſit hominem in *aureo lecto*,
" *ſtrato pulcherrimo, textili ſtragulo magnificis operibus picto :* aba-
" coſque complures ornavit *argento auroque caelato :* hinc ad men-
" ſam *eximia forma pueros* delectos juſſit conſiſtere, eoſque *nutum*
" *illius* intuentes diligenter miniſtrare : aderant *unguenta, coronae :*
" *incendebantur odores : menſae conquiſitiſſimis epulis extruebantur.*"
[Tuſc. Diſp. lib. v. 21.]

It follows, that *Damocles* fell into the ſweet deluſion of *Chriſtophero Sly*.

" *Fortunatus ſibi Damocles videbatur.*

" The event in theſe two dramas, was, indeed, different. For the philoſopher took care to make the *flatterer* ſenſible of his miſtake ; while the poet did not think fit to diſabuſe the *beggar*. But this was according to the deſign of each. For, the *former* would ſhew the *miſery* of *regal luxury* ; the *latter* its *vanity*. The *tyrant*, therefore, is painted *wretched*. And his *Lordſhip* only a *beggar in diſguiſe*.

" To

"To conclude with our poet. The strong ridicule and decorum of this *Induction* make it appear, how impossible it was for Shakespeare, in his idlest hours, perhaps, when he was only revising the trash of others, not to leave some strokes of the *master* behind him. But the morality of its purpose should chiefly recommend it to us. For the whole was written with the best design of exposing that monstrous Epicurean position, *that the true enjoyment of life consists in a delirium of sensual pleasure*. And this, in a way the most likely to work upon the *great*, by shewing their pride, that it was fit only to constitute the *summum bonum* of one

"*No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.* Sc. ii."

"Nor let the poet be thought to have dealt too freely with his *betters*, in giving this representation of *nobility*. He had the highest authority for what he did. For the great *master of life* himself gave no other of *Divinity*.

"*Ipse pater veri Doctus Epicurus in arte*
"*Jussit* & hanc vitam dixit habere Deos.

Petron. c. 132. STEEVENS.

From this play the Tatler formed a story, vol. iv. No. 231.

"THERE are very many ill habits that might with much ease have been prevented, which, after we have indulged our selves in them, become incorrigible. We have a sort of proverbial expression, of *taking a woman down in her wedding shoes*, if you would bring her to reason. An early behaviour of this sort, had a very remarkable good effect in a family wherein I was several years an intimate acquaintance.

"A gentleman in Lincolnshire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily, but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her sisters, either in person or accomplishments, had from her infancy discovered so imperious a temper, (usually called a high spirit) that it continually made great uneasiness in the family, became her known character in the neighbourhood, and deterred all her lovers from declaring themselves. However, in process of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune and long acquaintance, having observed that quickness of spirit to be her only fault, made his addresses, and obtained her consent in due form. The lawyers finished the writings, (in which, by the way, there was no pin-money) and they were married. After a decent time spent in the father's house, the bridegroom went to prepare his seat for her reception. During the whole course of his courtship, though a man of the most equal temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the most passionate creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once made her understand warmth of temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that constitution in himself. She at the same time thought herself highly obliged by the composed behaviour

which

which he maintained in her preſence. Thus far he with great ſucceſs ſoothed her from being guilty of violences, and ſtill reſolved to give her ſuch a terrible apprehenſion of his fiery ſpirit, that ſhe ſhould never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on the day appointed for carrying her home; but inſtead of a coach and ſix horſes, together with the gay equipage ſuitable to the occaſion, he appeared without a ſervant, mounted on a ſkeleton of a horſe, which his huntſman had the day before brought in to feaſt his dogs on the arrival of his new miſtreſs, with a pillion fixed behind, and a caſe of piſtols before him, attended only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging (but ſomewhat poſitive) manner, deſired his lady to ſeat herſelf on the cuſhion; which done, away they crawled. The road being obſtructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it: the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail; but the maſter, to ſhew the impatience of his temper, drew a piſtol and ſhot him dead. He had no ſooner done it, but he fell into a thouſand apologies for his unhappy raſhneſs, and begged as many pardons for his exceſſes before one for whom he had ſo profound a reſpect. Soon after their ſteed ſtumbled, but with ſome difficulty recovered; however the bridegroom took occaſion to ſwear, if he frightened his wife ſo again, he would run him through! And alas! the poor animal being now almoſt tired, made a ſecond trip; immediately on which the careful huſband alights, and with great ceremony, firſt takes off his lady, then the accoutrements, draws his ſword, and ſaves the huntſman the trouble of killing him: then ſays to his wife, Child, pr'ythee take up the ſaddle; which ſhe readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all things in the greateſt order, ſuitable to their fortune and the preſent occaſion. Some time after, the father of the lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their huſbands, where, when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen paſſing a toaſt about, our laſt married man took occaſion to obſerve to the reſt of his brethren, how much, to his great ſatiſfaction, he found the world miſtaken as to the temper of his lady, for that ſhe was the moſt meek and humble woman breathing. The applauſe was received with a loud laugh; but as a trial which of them would appear the moſt maſter at home, he propoſed they ſhould all by turns ſend for their wives down to them. A ſervant was diſpatched, and anſwer was made by one, Tell him I will come by and by; and another, That ſhe would come when the cards were out of her hand; and ſo on. But no ſooner was her huſband's deſire whiſpered in the ear of our laſt married lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down ſhe comes with, My dear, would you ſpeak with me? He received her in his arms, and, after repeated careſſes, tells her the experiment, confeſſes his good-nature, and aſſures her, that ſince ſhe could now command her temper, he would no longer diſguiſe his own."

It

It cannot but seem strange that Shakespeare should be so little known to the author of the Tatler, that he should suffer this story to be obtruded upon him; or so little known to the publick, that he could hope to make it pass upon his readers as a real narrative of a transaction in Lincolnshire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive, that he knew not himself whence the story was taken, or hoped that he might rob so obscure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharine and Petruchio is eminently sprightly and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.

END OF VOLUME THE THIRD.